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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
JOHN KEATS
IN FIVE VOLUMES
VOL III.

EDITED BY

H·BUXTON FORMAN

·VOL·III·

POSTHUMOUS POEMS 1819-1820

· ESSAYS & NOTES ·

· GOWANS & GRAY · GLASGOW ·

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PREFACE TO VOLUME III.

The chronology of the poems published in this third volume is continuous with that of those forming the latter part of the second volume. As nearly as can be ascertained, that volume brings the Posthumous and Fugitive Poems down to the end of the year 1818, and all those here following belong to the years 1819 and 1820. The bulk of these was first given in the 'Life, Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats,' edited by Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), and published in 1848. Of that important source a full account is given at pages 161 to 164 in the second volume of this edition. The reader should also consult the Preface to Volume II for information concerning George Keats's book of holographs and transcripts in the British Museum and Richard Woodhouse's Common-place book of transcripts, frequently cited in the notes to the Posthumous and Fugitive Poems now reprinted. He is likewise referred again to pages xii-xiv in the Preface to Volume I for details as to these and other sources of the text and *variorum* readings; and what further details are necessary will be found in the notes to the several poems.

The miscellaneous prose writings of Keats, consisting in the main of a few critiques (chiefly dramatic) and some *marginalia*, are appended to this volume for the sake of keeping together all his writings except his letters, and making a distinct collection of the letters themselves,—to form the fourth and fifth volumes. The Notes on Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" have not, as far as I am aware, been published before; and I am greatly obliged to Sir Charles Dilke for placing the book containing them at my disposal. Keats's *marginalia* are always interesting in a high degree; and this book is moreover of considerable illustrative importance.

The facility with which Keats entered into the spirit of the thing in the few known instances in which he undertook to assist Hunt in one of his periodicals, or to oblige John Hamilton Reynolds by acting as his substitute as dramatic critic for 'The Champion,' is a point of considerable interest; and some of the 'Champion' papers contain admirable bits of histrionic criticism.

In regard to the elucidation of the episode in Keats's life which these dramatic criticisms illustrate, I have to express my sincere thanks to my friend Mr. A. B. Walkley and his friend Mr. William Archer for giving me the benefit of their great knowledge in a department of literary history outside the general lines of my own reading; and I am glad to think that, in looking up some of the obscure points for me, Mr. Walkley had the pleasure of coming upon the footsteps of the

greatest of his forerunners in the office of dramatic critic to 'The Times,'—William Hazlitt. But nothing has transpired in the course of our researches to elucidate one aspect of the question whether, as a working man of letters, Keats could, with health, have made a decent living. Personally, I do not doubt that he could; and we know that, so far as his relations with Taylor and Hessey were concerned, money passed from publishers to poet to such an extent as to leave something for George Keats to settle after his brother's untimely death. For the rest, there is much uncomfortable darkness. Leigh Hunt was making his living by literature, and inserted a few of Keats's compositions in his publications. John Hamilton Reynolds was seemingly in regular employment as a dramatic critic; and when he went into the country at the end of 1817 he got Keats to do his work for him. Haydon obtained from Keats, for his *fidus Achates* James Elmes to publish in the 'Annals of the Fine Arts,' one or two of Keats's best minor poems. But if a single penny ever passed into Keats's pocket on account of all these contributions to periodical literature, the knowledge of such poor measure of material success, in what was certainly his scheme of life for some time, has not come down to us. I would give a good deal to see a receipt signed by Keats for an *honorarium* on account of any of these contributions.

It may be regarded as a bootless speculation; but I am disposed to think that, had Keats lived to buffet it out with the world, he would have had an excellent chance as a dramatic author. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the histrionic fire and fury of Edmund Kean were ever present in his mind while he was at work upon 'Otho the Great,' albeit the conditions in which that play was produced according to Brown's account—Brown dictating the plot of the first four acts at one side of a table, and Keats clothing the dry bones in the trappings and majesty of verse on the other side—forbad anything more than a partial success. It is difficult to think otherwise than that, when Keats brushed off Brown for the fifth act, and said he must do it all by himself, his mind was still fuller of the fire and fury of his idol on the stage, and that he saw moreover the splendid histrionic possibilities afforded by the close of Ludolph's career in despair and madness, and above all by the actual details of his long slow death,—for the representation of which he knew Kean to be supremely gifted. He had seen Kean die on the stage over and over again—he had noted how "the very eyelids" died,—how the man dissolved piecemeal after the springs of life had withered at the root; and I cannot but think he had laid specially to heart one of these representations of Orestes in 'The Distressed Mother' (see page 240, foot-note), and had been among the excited mob whose frantic plaudits brought down the curtain prematurely and would not let Mrs. Glover "chew the blank verse" to the bitter end, although it was only Ambrose Philips's blank verse. Be that as it may, Keats had created a part which had in it everything to give scope to these wondrous powers of Kean (not a great part as literature, but a part full of openings for histrionic display); and he had at all events succeeded so well that the tragedy was accepted for representation on Kean's own stage at Drury Lane. Hence, although Keats and Brown were impatient for the immediate performance of the piece, and withdrew

manuscript in the hope of getting the work produced sooner at Covent Garden,—and although it never was produced at either the one theatre or the other,—it and its story remain as a record of what Keats could do in that department of the poet's craft in unfavourable conditions; and it is legitimate to assume, with the fragment of 'King Stephen' also before us, that, in favourable conditions, he might have done almost what he chose. Indeed, that Keats, as a working dramatic author, might clearly have done great work, and probably productive work, the present volume contains, I think, ample evidence. But "whom the Gods love die young"; and to young Keats they showed their love in colours as strange and lurid as it was ever decked withal. That is why my speculation will be called (if it be so called) bootless.

Mr. Walkley has given me one morsel especially germane to this sombre aspect of the subject. In the course of his researches for me, he found, in that rare little publication 'The Theatrical Pocket Magazine,' an interesting entry in what its editors termed their 'Dramatic Necrology'—for 1821. It is this :—

February 23rd. At Rome, aged 25,
John Keats, author of 'Endymion' &c.

Perhaps the editors were aware that the young poet had written a tragedy which narrowly escaped performance, and had been an acting dramatic critic. According to this same necrology the illustrious deceased of that year included the wife of Elliston, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Inchbald, Bartolozzi the son of the engraver and the father of Madame Vestris, and Astley of circus renown. "Fancy," says Mr. Walkley, "Fancy Keats dying before the lady who had flirted with Dr. Johnson!" It is indeed a strange reflexion! Keats seems more than a century nearer to us than the great Doctor does, although even if both had lived to the same age, the later born would have survived the earlier born by no more than 85 years, and as a matter of history there were but 37 years between the death of Johnson and the death of Keats. Here is room for another bootless speculation; but the reader will be better employed in passing at once to that delightful fragment which stands first in the poems of this volume, 'The Eve of St. Mark.'

H. B. F.

January 1901.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

in explanation of the different types employed.

In order to prevent a difficulty that sometimes arises of distinguishing between the author and the editor, especially when author's and editor's notes to a text both occur, the following plan has been adopted. The text of the author and its variants have been printed throughout in 'old style' type, while all notes &c. added by the editor have been set in 'condensed' type. It is hoped that this innovation will be found of no small service to the general reader as well as to the student.

The titles of the under-mentioned poems in Vol. II, not having been supplied by the poems by Keats, should have been set in condensed type. Others may have been editorially supplied; but it is not in every instance possible to say with certainty.

Women Wine and Snuff
On Oxford: a Parody
The Poet: a Fragment
A Song of Opposites
Teignmouth
The Devon Maid

POSTHUMOUS

AND

FUGITIVE POEMS

CONTINUED

THE EVE OF SAINT MARK.

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell;
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,
That call'd the folk to evening prayer;
The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains;
And, on the western window panes,
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatur'd green vallies cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills.
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell:
The silent streets were crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their fire-side orat'ries;
And moving, with demurest air,

It should be borne in mind that the eve of St. Mark's day is the 24th of April. This unfinished poem was probably begun in the winter of 1818-19; for in a letter to George Keats and his wife the poet says under date February 14, "In my next packet ... I shall send you ..., if I should have finished it, a little thing called the Eve of St. Mark." In the Winchester journal-letter of September 1819, however, he introduces the fragment with the prefatory words: "I think it will give you the sensation of walking about an old country town in a coolish evening. I know not whether I shall ever finish it; I will give it as far as I have gone. Ut tibi placeat." The holograph letter containing the copy then made is extant; and in the British Museum Keats book so often referred to is another holograph showing many variations. Those recorded below are all from that manuscript unless stated to be from another source. Lord Houghton first published the fragment among the Literary Remains in 1848, with the date 1819.

1. Cancelled openings:

It was on a twice holiday

and

Twice holy was the Sabbath day bell.

7. The word 'blaz'd' stands cancelled after 'sunset'.

17. The word 'pacing' is cancelled for 'moving'.

To even-song, and vesper prayer.
Each arched porch, and entry low,
Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While play'd the organ loud and sweet.

The bells had ceas'd, the prayers begun,
And Bertha had not yet half done
A curious volume, patch'd and torn,
That all day long, from earliest morn,
Had taken captive her two eyes,
Among its golden broideries ;
Perplex'd her with a thousand things,—
The stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,
Azure saints in silver rays,
Moses' breastplate, and the seven
Candlesticks John saw in Heaven,
The winged Lion of Saint Mark,
And the Convenantal Ark,
With its many mysteries,
Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,
Dwelling in th' old Minster-square ;
From her fire-side she could see,
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall ;
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,
Full-leav'd, the forest had outstript,
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,
So shelter'd by the mighty pile.
Bertha arose, and read awhile,
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.
Again she try'd, and then again,
Until the dusk eve left her dark
Upon the legend of St. Mark.

22. The manuscript has 'organs' for 'organ'.
25. 'The' is cancelled for 'a'.
26. The words 'from the' are cancelled for 'all' before 'day'.
40. The manuscript reads 'the old' for 'th' old'.
41. The word 'and' is cancelled at the beginning.
45. The whole of this line is cancelled,—also the word 'Green' at the beginning.
52. 'Amid' is cancelled for 'Upon'. Then follow the cancelled attempts—

She look abroa...
She rais'd her head and all was gloom

From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,
She lifted up her soft warm chin,
With aching neck and swimming eyes,
And daz'd with saintly imageries.

All was gloom, and silent all,
Save now and then the still foot-fall
Of one returning homewards late,
Past the echoing minster-gate.
The clamorous daws, that all the day
Above tree-tops and towers play,
Pair by pair had gone to rest,
Each in its ancient belfry-nest,
Where asleep they fall betimes,
To music of the drowsy chimes.

All was silent, all was gloom,
Abroad and in the homely room:
Down she sat, poor cheated soul!
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal;
Lean'd forward, with bright drooping hair
And slant book, full against the glare.

S[h]e rais'd he[r] swimming eyes and all
Was hidden in a cloudy pall

The reading of the text is then given; and in it 'wide' is cancelled for 'pliated' (*sic*).

55. 'And swim' cancelled and 'With' written above.
56. The 'And' is apparently added, 'Daz'd' having a capital.
60. Cancelled readings—

By / Through } the [now?] echoing Minster gate

63. Cancelled beginning, 'Were gone long ago'; 'Were' had been cancelled for 'Had' and 'Had' is altered into 'Pair'.
66. The reading 'of the' for 'and the' is from the manuscript.
68. This line at first stood thus:—

Both abroad and in the room:

'Both' is cancelled at the beginning and 'homely' inserted in the manuscript. This line is followed by two cancelled ones:

The Maiden lost in dizzy maze
Tu[r]n'd to the fire and made a blaze

instead of which lines 69 and 70 are written in the margin. Over the latter part of 69 is written and cancelled 'She broke the coal crust'. Following 69 on the same level is written and cancelled 'She broke the cinders' and 'cinders' is changed to 'coal'. Partly between the latter portions of 69-70 is written and cancelled 'Down she sat with'.

71. 'Be' is cancelled at the beginning as if 'Lean'd' was to have been 'Bent'.
72. Cancelled beginning—'Against the'.

Her shadow, in uneasy guise,
Hover'd about, a giant size,
On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,
The parrot's cage, and panel square ;
And the warm angled winter screen,
On which were many monsters seen,
Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,
And legless birds of Paradise,
Macaw, and tender Avadavat,
And silken-furr'd Angora cat.
Untir'd she read, her shadow still
Glower'd about, as it would fill
The room with wildest forms and shades,
As though some ghostly queen of spades
Had come to mock behind her back,
And dance, and ruffle her garments black.
Untir'd she read the legend page,
Of holy Mark, from youth to age,
On land, on sea, in pagan chains,
Rejoicing for his many pains.
Sometimes the learned eremite,
With golden star, or dagger bright,
Referr'd to pious poesies
Written in smallest crow-quill size
Beneath the text ; and thus the rhyme
Was parcell'd out from time to time :
——"Als writith he of swevenis,
Men han beforne they wake in bliss,
Whanne that hir friendes thinke hem bound

76. 'And [bowing?]' is cancelled in favour of 'The Parrots'.
77. Cancelled reading—'And angled screen'.
79. 'Java Pheasants, Doves of Siam' cancelled for 'Doves of Siam, Lima Mice'.
81. The manuscript reads 'av'davat', the full word having the *a* cancelled in favour of an apostrophe.
83. 'She read untird' is cancelled for 'Untir'd she read'; then follows 'and still' cancelled; 'shadow' has been cancelled for 'image' and then re-written, 'image' being in its turn cancelled and 'still' restored.
86. The manuscript has 'three' cancelled for 'some' and reads 'Queens' for 'queen'.
88. The pronoun 'their' is cancelled; but whether 'their' has been re-written or 'her' substituted is not clear,—probably the latter, as the singular number is clearly right.
89. The word 'tale' is cancelled for 'page'.
91. The manuscript reads 'Seas' for 'sea'.
93. 'Monk referr'd' is cancelled for 'Eremite'.
95. Both 'Poesy' (or 'Poesys') and 'Madrigal' are cancelled for 'poesies'.
96. There are two cancelled readings: 'small characterd' (possibly *characters*, but I think not) and 'Below the text'.
101. The manuscript reads 'hem'—not 'him', as in previous editions.

In crimped shroude farre under grounde ;
And how a litling child mote be
A saint er its nativitie,
Gif that the modre (God her blesse !)
Kepen in solitarinesse,
And kissen devoute the holy crocc.
Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,—
He writith ; and thinges many mo :
Of swiche thinges I may not show.
Bot I must tellen verilie
Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,
And chieflie what he auctorethe
Of Saintè Markis life and dethe : "

At length her constant eyelids come
Upon the fervent martyrdom ;
Then lastly to his holy shrine,
Exalt amid the tapers' shine
At Venice,—

102. The curious word 'crimpid' stands for 'crimped'.
104. The word 'nativitie' is deliberately substituted for 'nativity'.
105. 'If' is altered to 'Gif'.
106. The little-used word solitariness is employed here with such exquisite tact that it is of some interest to allocate it to any one of the old authors whose works count for so much in Keats's vocabulary. Jeremy Taylor used this word; but I have not found it in Shakespeare's Plays or Milton's Poems, and am inclined to attribute its use to the example of Robert Burton, who, in describing one of the Compartments of the frontispiece to the Anatomy of Melancholy says

> The next of solitariness
> A portraiture doth well express,

where we have the word and the metre too.
108. The manuscript reads 'Goddis' for 'Goddes'.
117. Keats mis-spells 'shrine' as 'shine'.
118. 'In Venice' is cancelled in the manuscript.

The late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, writing to send me some information about the superstition connected with the Eve of St. Mark, said,—"Keats's unfinished poem on that subject is perhaps, with *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, the chastest and choicest example of his maturing manner, and shows astonishingly real mediævalism for one not bred as an artist. I copy an extract [from *The Unseen World* (Masters, 1853), page 72] which I have no doubt embodies the superstition in accordance with which Keats meant to develope his poem. It is much akin to the belief connected with the Eve of St. Agnes.

'It was believed that if a person, on St. Mark's Eve, placed himself near the church-porch when twilight was thickening, he would behold the apparition of those persons in the parish who were to be seized with any severe disease that year, go into the church. If they remained there it signified their death; if they came out again it portended their recovery; and the longer or shorter the time they remained in the building, the severer or less dangerous their illness. Infants, under age to walk, *rolled* in.'"

Rossetti pointed out that the choice of the locality of a "minster square"

ODE TO FANNY.

I.

PHYSICIAN Nature! let my spirit blood!
O ease my heart of verse and let me rest;
Throw me upon thy Tripod, till the flood
Of stifling numbers ebbs from my full breast.
A theme! a theme! great nature! give a theme;
Let me begin my dream.
I come—I see thee, as thou standest there,
Beckon me not into the wintry air.

accorded with this tradition: and at a later date, on reading the Letters to Fanny Brawne, he wrote to me "I should think it very conceivable—nay, I will say, *to myself* highly probable and almost certain,—that the 'Poem which I have in my head' referred to by Keats at page 106 was none other than the fragmentary *Eve of St. Mark*. By the light of the extract ..., I judge that the heroine—remorseful after trifling with a sick and now absent lover—might make her way to the minster-porch to learn his fate by the spell, and perhaps see his figure enter but not return". It appears that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, a very close student of Keats and most intimate friend of Rossetti, when made cognizant of this view, "was at once convinced of the great probability". Rossetti was re-reading the two volumes of *Life, Letters* &c. published in 1848, and saw nothing to qualify his view in the fact that *The Eve of St. Mark* was already begun when the letter quoted at the head of this note was written. He supposed that Keats "had had the poem for some time by him as a commencement", when he wrote to Fanny Brawne, "If my health would bear it, I could write a Poem which I have in my head, which would be a consolation for people in such a situation as mine. I would show some one in Love as I am, with a person living in such Liberty as you do." "Whether commenced or not with the view in question", writes Rossetti, "may be uncertain (though he must have *known* Miss B. when he wrote the Houghton letter); but he may (without even having at first intended it) have seen how well the scheme of the poem (which the superstition makes manifest enough) was fitted to work in with the ideas expressed in the Brawne letter." Concerning this passage beginning at line 39 Rossetti wrote—"In *The Cap and Bells* (the only unworthy stuff Keats ever wrote except an early trifle or two) there is a mention of one Bertha dwelling at Canterbury—a minster City. This seems oddly muddled up with the subject matter of *The Eve of St. Mark*." The passage referred to begins at Stanza xlii; and in Stanza lvi Canterbury, Bertha, and St. Mark's Eve are all three mentioned.

The Ode to Fanny was first given among the Literary Remains in 1848 without any date. The phase of feeling it represents was one of such frequent recurrence that, in the absence of direct evidence, no exact date can be assigned; but it seems very likely that the early part of 1819 would be the time. The first letter to Miss Brawne from Shanklin, written on the 3rd of July, corresponds with this poem in tone and thought, and might tend to fix the date wrongly in the reader's mind; but, if it be allowable to take the expression 'wintry air' in stanza 1 literally, and to accept stanza 7 as indicating that the young couple had really but lately come to an understanding when the ode was written, the probability is that

2.

Ah! dearest love, sweet home of all my fears,
And hopes, and joys, and panting miseries,—
To-night, if I may guess, thy beauty wears
A smile of such delight,
As brilliant and as bright,
As when with ravished, aching, vassal eyes,
Lost in soft amaze,
I gaze, I gaze!

3.

Who now, with greedy looks, eats up my feast?
What stare outfaces now my silver moon!
Ah! keep that hand unravished at the least;
Let, let, the amorous burn—
But, pr'ythee, do not turn
The current of your heart from me so soon.
O! save, in charity,
The quickest pulse for me.

4.

Save it for me, sweet love! though music breathe
Voluptuous visions into the warm air;
Though swimming through the dance's dangerous wreath,
Be like an April day,
Smiling and cold and gay,
A temperate lilly, temperate as fair;
Then, Heaven! there will be
A warmer June for me.

5.

Why, this—you'll say, my Fanny! is not true:
Put your soft hand upon your snowy side,
Where the heart beats: confess—'tis nothing new—
Must not a woman be
A feather on the sea,
Sway'd to and fro by every wind and tide?
Of as uncertain speed
As blow-ball from the mead?

it was composed during his absence at Chichester in January—in contemplation of some New Year dance at Hampstead at which Miss Brawne was to be. I have never seen a manuscript of this poem; but upon internal evidence I should be disposed to think that the word 'not' in the last line of stanza 1 should be 'out'; that the last line but one of stanza 2 should be 'Lost in a soft amaze,' and that the *a* has been dropped by accident.

6.

I know it—and to know it is despair
To one who loves you as I love, sweet Fanny!
Whose heart goes fluttering for you every where,
Nor, when away you roam,
Dare keep its wretched home,
Love, love alone, his pains severe and many:
Then, loveliest! keep me free,
From torturing jealousy.

7.

Ah! if you prize my subdu'd soul above
The poor, the fading, brief, pride of an hour;
Let none profane my Holy See of love,
Or with a rude hand break
The sacramental cake:
Let none else touch the just new-budded flower;
If not—may my eyes close,
Love! on their lost repose.

SONNET.

TO SLEEP.

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,

The Sonnet to Sleep was first given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in 1848. Keats appears to have drafted twelve lines of it in the copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' which he annotated and gave to Mr. and Mrs. Dilke; and he copied it after those on Fame in the journal-letter of February—May 1819. There is a complete fair manuscript dated 1819 in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion,' and a transcript dated '1819' in the Woodhouse book. I do not feel convinced that it was written as late as 1819; and it is the only possible fulfilment of the promise made in the journal-letter (on the 30th of April 1819) to copy some of his "old sins—that is to say sonnets" found by Brown. Against the evidence for assigning it to 1819 I have nothing to bring forward; and perhaps a sonnet three months old might be considered old by the poet; so I place it here with poems probably belonging to the beginning of 1819. The text as given above accords entirely with the fair manuscript, save that I have adopted Lord Houghton's

Or wait the "Amen," ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities.
Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,—
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

reading 'lulling' for 'dewy' in line 8, as probably from another and later manuscript, and taken a few pointings and capitals from Woodhouse. The draft, which was published in 'The Athenaeum' for the 26th of October 1872, reads finally thus (I transcribe directly from the manuscript) :—

O soft embalmer of the still Midnight
Shutting with careful fingers and benign
Our gloom pleas'd eyes embowered from the light
As wearisome as darkness is divine
O soothest sleep, if so it please thee close
My willing eyes in midst of this thine hymn
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Its sweet-death dews o'er every pulse and limb—
Then shut the hushed Casket of my soul
And turn the key round in the oiled wards
And let it rest until the morn has stole,
Bright tressed From the grey east's shuddering bourn...

There is a cancelled opening for line 4, 'Of sun or teasing candles'; in line 6 'Mine' has been but imperfectly altered to 'My': in line 11 the words 'has stole' are struck through, but without anything being substituted for them; and of line 12 there is an incomplete cancelled reading—

From the west's shuddering bourn...

Though the manuscript is a little blotty, there is but one word about which there is any doubt, namely the compound 'sweet-death'; and I have no serious doubt as to that; but literally it looks like 'sweet-dath', the *a* however having the appearance of an *e* and an *a* run together. The hyphen between 'sweet' and 'death' should perhaps be between 'death' and 'dews'; and in line 11 of the text the word 'lords' should probably be 'hoards', from which Keats would not have been unlikely to drop the *a*. That he did not add the final two lines to the draft is a great loss to students of his way of work; for this is one of the most notable instances of a good draft being converted into a far better poem. The transposition and transplantation of lines 9 and 10 of the draft, so as to bring 'the hushed casket of the soul' to the end, was a master-stroke of the highest poetic instinct.

The copy sent to George Keats corresponds almost exactly with the printed text, reading, however, 'dewy Charities' for 'lulling charities' in line 3. In line 12 'like the mole' has been rejected in favour of 'like a mole.'

SONG.

1.

HUSH, hush! tread softly! hush, hush my dear!
All the house is asleep, but we know very well
That the jealous, the jealous old bald-pate may hear,
Tho' you've padded his night-cap—O sweet Isabel!
Tho' your feet are more light than a Fairy's feet,
Who dances on bubbles where brooklets meet,—
Hush, hush! soft tiptoe! hush, hush my dear!
For less than a nothing the jealous can hear.

2.

No leaf doth tremble, no ripple is there
On the river,—all's still, and the night's sleepy eye
Closes up, and forgets all its Lethean care,
Charm'd to death by the drone of the humming Mayfly;
And the Moon, whether prudish or complaisant,
Has fled to her bower, well knowing I want
No light in the dusk, no torch in the gloom,
But my Isabel's eyes, and her lips pulp'd with bloom.

The Song 'Hush, hush! tread softly!' as far as I have been able to trace it, appeared for the first time in the 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains' (1848), where it is dated 1818. My friend the late Miss Charlotte Reynolds told me that the song was composed to a Spanish air which she used to play to Keats. The statement in the Aldine edition of 1876 that it was first printed in 'The Literary Pocket-book or Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art,' for 1818, must derive from some misapprehension, as there is no such book. The first volume of the 'Pocket-book' was that for 1819; and Keats had had it in his hands in the latter half of December 1818, when he wrote to George and Georgiana Keats of Hunt—"He has lately published a Pocket-Book—full of the most sickening stuff you can imagine". In a copy of that book now in Sir Charles Dilke's possession Keats wrote the Song; but it is not printed in that or in either of the four later 'Pocket-books' which complete the series. For the text of the song I follow the evidently later manuscript in Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion.' The variations shown by the 'Pooket-book' are, in stanza 1, line 7, 'tread softly' for 'soft tiptoe'; in stanza 2, line 6, 'Hath' for 'Has', and line 7, 'darkness' for 'dusk'; in stanza 3, line 2, 'chink' for 'clink', line 4, 'dream' for 'sleep', line 5, 'may' for 'shall', and line 6, 'morning' for 'morning's'. The final couplet is wanting in the later manuscript, with which Lord Houghton's version corresponds in the main. Here, however, previous texts read 'his soft twin-eggs and coo'; and I am compelled to revert to the reading of the only manuscript I know of that couplet. It must be a later reading, because in those days Keats never damaged his work; and 'his', if a correct transcript from a third manuscript, is poetically inferior to 'her', while 'soft' is inapplicable to eggs—applicable to the birds substituted. With lines 5 and 6 of stanza 3 compare, in the garden song in 'Maud,'

But the rose was awake all night for your sake,...

Tennyson's sumptuous lines can well afford the slight indebtedness.

3.

Lift the latch! ah gently! ah tenderly—sweet!
We are dead if that latchet gives one little clink!
Well done—now those lips, and a flowery seat—
The old man may sleep, and the planets may wink;
The shut rose shall dream of our loves, and awake
Full blown, and such warmth for the morning's take,
The stock-dove shall hatch her soft brace and shall coo,
While I kiss to the melody, aching all through!

SONG.

I HAD a dove and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving:
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied,
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why should you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You liv'd alone in the forest-tree,
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

ODE ON INDOLENCE.

"They toil not, neither do they spin."

I.

ONE morn before me were three figures seen,
With bowed necks, and joined hands, side-faced;

The song 'I had a dove' was given in the 'Life, Letters' &c., among the Literary Remains in Volume II, under the date 1818. The journal-letter of 1818-19 to George and Georgiana Keats contains a copy under the date Saturday, 2 January 1819, immediately after a promise to copy into the journal the poems he writes the days he writes them. This he then copies as "a little thing I wrote off to some Music as it was playing". It is at least possible that the music in this case as in that of "Hush, Hush! tread softly!" was of Miss Charlotte Reynolds's playing: she told me that she sometimes played to Keats for hours. In the holograph the third line is

O what could it mourn for? it was tied...

Line 6 reads 'did' for 'should', line 6 'would' for 'should' and 'dove' for 'bird', line 7 'on' for 'in', and line 8 'could' for 'would'.

The Ode on Indolence was first given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in 1848, with the date 1819. Among the many debts of these notes to the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, I must not fail to record the indication of the

And one behind the other stepp'd serene,
In placid sandals, and in white robes graced;
They pass'd, like figures on a marble urn,
When shifted round to see the other side;
They came again; as when the urn once more
Is shifted round, the first seen shades return;
And they were strange to me, as may betide
With vases, to one deep in Phidian lore.

2.

How is it, Shadows! that I knew ye not?
How came ye muffled in so hush a mask?
Was it a silent deep-disguised plot
To steal away, and leave without a task
My idle days? Ripe was the drowsy hour;
The blissful cloud of summer-indolence
Benumb'd my eyes; my pulse grew less and less;
Pain had no sting, and pleasure's wreath no flower:
O, why did ye not melt, and leave my sense
Unhaunted quite of all but—nothingness?

3.

A third time pass'd they by, and, passing, turn'd
Each one the face a moment whiles to me;
Then faded, and to follow them I burn'd
And ach'd for wings because I knew the three;
The first was a fair Maid, and Love her name;
The second was Ambition, pale of cheek,
And ever watchful with fatigued eye;
The last, whom I love more, the more of blame
Is heap'd upon her, maiden most unmeek,—
I knew to be my demon Poesy.

following passage from Keats's letter begun on the 14th of February 1819 as anticipating the 'Ode on Indolence':—

"This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent and supremely careless—I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's Castle of Indolence—my passions are all asleep, from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me, to a delightful sensation, about three degrees on this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl and the breath of lillies, I should call it languor, but as I am [Keats notes in the margin: "Especially as I have a black eye."] I must call it laziness. In this state of effeminacy the fibres of the brain are relaxed in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree that pleasure has no show of enticement and pain no unbearable power. Neither Poetry, nor Ambition, nor Love have any alertness of countenance as they pass by me; they seem rather like figures on a Greek vase, a man and two women whom no one but myself could distinguish in their disguisement. This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of the advantage of the body overpowering the Mind."

4.

They faded, and, forsooth! I wanted wings:
O folly! What is Love! and where is it?
And for that poor Ambition! it springs
From a man's little heart's short fever-fit;
For Poesy!—no,—she has not a joy,—
At least for me,—so sweet as drowsy noons,
And evenings steep'd In honied indolence;
O, for an age so shelter'd from annoy,
That I may never know how change the moons,
Or hear the voice of busy common-sense!

5.

And once more came they by;—alas! wherefore?
My sleep had been embroider'd with dim dreams;
My soul had been a lawn besprinkled o'er
With flowers, and stirring shades, and baffled beams:
The morn was clouded, but no shower fell,
Tho' in her lids hung the sweet tears of May;
The open casement press'd a new-leav'd vine,
Let in the budding warmth and throstle's lay;
O Shadows! 'twas a time to bid farewell!
Upon your skirts had fallen no tears of mine.

6.

So, ye three Ghosts, adieu! Ye cannot raise
My head cool-bedded in the flowery grass;
For I would not be dieted with praise,
A pet-lamb in a sentimental farce!
Fade softly from my eyes, and be once more
In masque-like figures on the dreamy urn;
Farewell! I yet have visions for the night,
And for the day faint visions there is store;
Vanish, ye Phantoms! from my idle spright,
Into the clouds, and never more return!

The date under which this passage occurs in the journal letter is the 19th of March. It seems almost certain therefore that the Ode must have been composed after the fragment of 'The Eve of St. Mark,'—not before it as usually given.

Of this Ode Mrs. Owen remarks ('John Keats a Study,' 1880, page 167) that 'the passing and repassing of the Shadowy figures of Love, Ambition, and Poetry, and the weariness with which the poet looks at them and turns from them, brings to us the same feeling as the 'Ode to the Nightingale,' the failure of vitality, the beginning of the end, the appealing beauty of the flower which is about to fall. It is a depth of suffering loneliness that no human comfort could reach or touch which speaks to us from the words,

Farewell! I yet have visions for the night,
And for the day faint visions there is store."

6. It is no doubt owing to the want of opportunity to revise the poem finally that this beautiful stanza comes down to us disfigured by the bad rhyme 'grass' and 'farce'.

SONNET.

Why did I laugh to-night? No voice will tell:
No God, no Demon of severe response,
Deigns to reply from Heaven or from Hell.
Then to my human heart I turn at once.
Heart! Thou and I are here sad and alone;
I say, why did I laugh? O mortal pain!
O Darkness! Darkness! ever must I moan,
To question Heaven and Hell and Heart in vain.
Why did I laugh? I know this Being's lease,
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads;
Yet would I on this very midnight cease,
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;
Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,
But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.

SONNET.

A Dream, after reading Dante's Episode of Paulo and Francesca.

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,
When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,
So on a Delphic reed, my idle spright
So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft

The sonnet 'Why did I laugh to-night?'—first given in 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848)—was probably composed between the 19th of March and the 15th of April 1819, as it formed part of the journal letter referred to in the note to the preceding poem, and was given immediately before a new division bearing the later date. Keats says he had intended not to send the sonnet to George and his wife, on account of their anxieties about his temperament; but he refers to other passages in his letter as "the best comment" on the sonnet, and ends the subject with a triumphant "I went to bed and enjoyed uninterrupted sleep. Sane I went to bed and sane I arose." A man might well go to bed sane after writing the final couplet, which is in a thoroughly self-contained and contemplative vein—strangely so for the end of such a bitter series of "obstinate questionings". The late Mrs. Owen pointed out in 'John Keats a Study (1880, page 177) the recurrence in this sonnet of the thought expressed in the wonderful sixth stanza of the Ode to a Nightingale, and in particular of the actual words in the line,

To cease upon the midnight with no pain,

remarking that the sonnet "has in it much of the weariness and sorrow" of the Ode, but goes beyond it "in its passionate intensity, in its loosening hold of life, and realisation of the infinity of death." It must be borne in mind, however, that the Ode is the later composition of the two by some weeks. In the holograph journal-letter the sixth line of the sonnet begins with "Say, wherefore did I laugh?" instead of "I say, why did I laugh?"—while the eleventh line reads 'could' for 'would'.

The beautiful Sonnet on a Dream seems to have been written originally in the first volume of the miniature Cary's Dante which Keats carried through Scotland

The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes;
And, seeing it asleep, so fled away—
Not to pure Ida with its snow-cold skies,
Nor unto Tempe where Jove griev'd a day;

is knapsack; and it is copied with scarcely any variation in the journal-letter un on the 14th of February. The composition should doubtless be assigned to early part of April 1819, to which month Woodhouse assigns it in his Common-e book. There is a fair transcript written on one of the blank leaves at the of the copy of 'Endymion' in Sir Charles Dilke's possession. The sonnet published over the signature "Caviare" in 'The Indicator' for the 28th of e 1830. Inside the recto cover of the little 'Inferno' Keats began by writing words 'Amid a thousand'; and he then seems to have turned the book nd for a fresh start; for inside the verso cover he has written—

Full in the midst of bloomless hours my { spright / soul
Seeing one night the dragon world asleep
Arose like Hermes...

sonnet is finally written in a cramped manner on the last end-paper, and is ost identical with the fair copy; but it shows the cancelled seventh line

But not olympus-ward to serene skies...

ugh finally agreeing with the other copy in reading 'Not to pure Ida', instead 'Not unto Ida' as 'The Indicator' reads. Both manuscripts read 'that day' tead of 'a day' in line 8; and so does Woodhouse; but I do not doubt that its revised the line, to avoid the repetition of *that* in line 9, when he gave the net to Hunt; and 'a' is substituted for 'that' in pencil in Woodhouse's book. will be remembered that the young poet was present at the making up of that mber of the elder poet's periodical, for, in No. 36 of 'Leigh Hunt's London rnal' (December 3, 1834), by way of foot-note to a quotation from Keats in *A Now*;" *Descriptive of a Cold Day*, Hunt says, referring to the very number taining the sonnet,—"Mr Keats gave us some touches in our account of the ot Day' (first published in the 'Indicator') as we sat writing it, in his company rteen or fourteen years back." On this evidence I do not hesitate to adopt also reading "mid' for 'in' in line 10 (although the journal-letter and Woodhouse o read 'in') and some details of punctuation. The mis-spelling 'world-wind' 'whirlwind' in the same line in 'The Indicator' is certainly much more like ats than Hunt, but of course accidental. It does not occur in Woodhouse's y. Keats gives a graphic account of the dream, in the journal-letter, der date the 15th of April 1819. It is worth while to record that Dante briel Rossetti, writing to me concerning the false rhyme 'slept' and 'bereft', aracterized this as "by far the finest of Keats's sonnets (mostly very faulty or erior) besides that on Chapman's Homer. This anomaly," added Rossetti, "is the more curious when we consider the sort of echo it gives of a line in *ndymion*,

So sad, so melancholy, so bereft".

e line will be found at page 130 of Volume I. The strangeness of the omission find out the fault in the rhyme is further enhanced when we consider how many nes Keats must have written the sonnet over. This place must serve me to te that Rossetti qualified his estimate of the sonnets in a later letter by forming me that on further examination he found there were fourteen "more or s worthy of him." I should have said more than fourteen, and had looked ward with interest to a comparison of notes we were to have had; but alas! e great artist's untimely death intervened.

But to that second circle of sad hell,
Where 'mid the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
Of rain and hail-stones, lovers need not tell
Their sorrows. Pale were the sweet lips I saw,
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form
I floated with, about that melancholy storm.

AN EXTEMPORE.

WHEN they were come into the Faery's Court
They rang—no one at home—all gone to sport
And dance and kiss and love as faerys do
For Faries be as humans lovers true—
Amid the woods they were so lone and wild
Where even the Robin feels himself exil'd
And where the very brooks as if afraid
Hurry along to some less magic shade.
'No one at home'! the fretful princess cry'd
'And all for nothing such a dre[a]ry ride
And all for nothing my new diamond cross
No one to see my persian feathers toss
No one to see my Ape, my Dwarf, my Fool
Or how I pace my Otaheitan mule.
Ape, Dwarf and Fool why stand you gaping there
Burst the door open, quick—or I declare
I'll switch you soundly and in pieces tear.'
The Dwarf began to tremble and the Ape
Star'd at the Fool, the Fool was all agape
The Princess grasp'd her switch but just in time
The dwarf with piteous face began to rhyme.
"O mighty Princess did you ne'er hear tell
What your poor servants know but too too well
Know you the three great crimes in faery land
The first alas! poor Dwarf I understand
I made a whipstock of a faery's wand
The next is snoring in their company
The next the last the direst of the three
Is making free when they are not at home.
I was a Prince—a baby prince—my doom

The holograph journal-letter of February—May 1819 contains among it varieties these ninety-six lines purporting to be an *extempore*. Mr. Colvin firs published them in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for August 1888, as being connecte in some sort with the 'Song of Four Faeries'; and certainly they are trivi enough for such a connexion. They have no particular reason for commencing and only a little more for ending, beyond that stated in prose at the conclusion.

You see, I made a whipstock of a wand
My top has henceforth slept in faery land.
He was a Prince the Fool, a grown up Prince
But he has never been a King's son since
He fell a snoring at a faery Ball—
Your poor Ape was a prince and he poor thing
Picklock'd a faery's boudour—now no king
But ape—so pray your highness stay awhile
'Tis sooth indeed we know it to our sorrow—
Persist and *you* may be an ape tomorrow—
While the Dwarf spake the Princess all for spite
Peal'd the brown hazel twig to lilly white
Clench'd her small teeth, and held her lips apart
Try'd to look unconcern'd with beating heart.
They saw her highness had made up her mind
And quaver'd like the reeds before the wind
And they had had it, but O happy chance
The Ape for very fear began to dance
And grin'd as all his ugliness did ache—
She staid her vixen fingers for his sake
He was so very ugly: then she took
Her pocket ~~glass~~ mirror and began to look
First at herself and [then] at him and then
She smil'd at her own beauteous face again.
Yet for all this—for all her pretty face
She took it in her head to see the place.
Women gain little from experience
Either in Lovers, husbands or expense.
The more the beauty the more fortune too
Beauty before the wide world never knew.
So each fair reasons—tho' it oft miscarries.
She thought *her* pretty face would please the faries.
"My darling Ape I wont whip you today
Give me the Picklock sirrah and go play."
They all three wept—but counsel was as vain
As crying cup biddy to drops of rain.
Yet lingeringly did the sad Ape forth draw
The Picklock from the Pocket in his Jaw.
The Princess took it and dismounting straight
Trip'd in blue silver'd slippers to the gate
And touch'd the wards, the Door ~~opes~~ full cou[r]teou[s]ly
Opened—she enter'd with her servants three.
Again it clos'd and there was nothing seen
But the Mule grasing on the herbage green.

End of Canto xii

Canto the xiii

The Mule no sooner saw himself alone

Than he prick'd up his Ears—and said 'well done
At least unhappy Prince I may be free—
No more a Princess shall side saddle me
O King of Othaietè—tho' a Mule
'Aye every inch a King'—tho 'Fortune's fool'
Well done—for by what Mr Dwarfy said
I would not give a sixpence for her head'.
Even as he spake he trotted in high glee
To the knotty side of an old Pollard tree
And rub['d] his sides against the mossed bark
Till his Girths burst and left him naked stark
Except his Bridle—how get rid of that
Buckled and tied with many a twist and plait.
At last it struck him to pretend to sleep
And then the thievish Monkies down would creep
And filch the unpleasant trammels quite away.
No sooner thought of than adown he lay
Sham'd a good snore—the Monkey-men descended
And whom they thought to injure they befriended.
They hung his Bridle on a topmost bough
And of[f] he went run, trot, or anyhow—
Brown is gone to bed—and I am tired of rhyming ...

SPENSERIAN STANZAS ON CHARLES ARMITAGE BROWN.

I

He is to weet a melancholy carle:
Thin in the waist, with bushy head of hair,
As hath the seeded thistle when in parle
It holds the Zephyr, ere it sendeth fair
Its light balloons into the summer air;
Therto his beard had not begun to bloom,
No brush had touch'd his chin or razor sheer;
No care had touch'd his cheek with mortal doom,
But new he was and bright as scarf from Persian loom.

97. For the proper context see the letter itself, under the date April 15, 1819 to which, I think, the 'Extempore' unquestionably belongs.

There was formerly a brusque transition from the fervour and preternatura beauty of the dream sonnet to the amusing stanzas on Brown; for, in the old editions of Keats's letters, under the same date as that on which Keats told his brother of the dream, namely the 15th of April 1819, he records that "Brown, this morning, is writing some Spenserian stanzas against" Miss Brawne and the poet

2.

Ne cared he for wine, or half-and-half
Ne cared he for fish or flesh or fowl,
And sauces held he worthless as the chaff;
He 'sdeigned the swine-head at the wassail-bowl;
Ne with lewd ribbalds sat he cheek by jowl;
Ne with sly Lemans in the scorner's chair;
But after water-brooks this Pilgrim's soul
Panted, and all his food was woodland air
Though he would oft-times feast on gilliflowers rare.

3.

The slang of cities in no wise he knew,
Tipping the wink to him was heathen Greek;
He sipp'd no olden Tom or ruin blue,
Or nantz or cherry-brandy drank full meek
By many a damsel hoarse and rouge of cheek;
Nor did he know each aged watchman's beat,
Nor in obscured purlieus would he seek
For curled Jewesses, with ankles neat,
Who as they walk abroad make tinkling with their feet.

TWO OR THREE.

Two or three Posies
With two or three similes—
Two or three Noses
With two or three pimples—

'so", says the poet, "I shall amuse myself with him a little: in the manner of Spenser". The holograph, now available, shows that this was not the same morning at all; for the long 'Extempore' and other matter come between the sonnet and the stanzas,—including the statement that Brown is gone to bed, and "good night" from Keats. Then there is a fresh morning start—probably on the 16th of April, to which date the stanzas may be reasonably assigned. It would not be fair to assume that all in these stanzas is ironical; but the first stanza suggests that Keats's estimable friend was a "jolly" man, bald-headed, and "a trifle wider in the waist than formerly"; while, generally, one would suppose him to have been alive to the good things of the world. Lord Houghton, in first giving the stanzas in the 'Life, Letters' &c., read in stanza 1

when a parle
It holds with Zephyr,

doubtless a genuine variation. The same text has in the 5th line of stanza 3 brave' for 'hoarse', probably through a mistranscription.

The verses headed 'Two or Three,' first printed in the Library edition, occur at the close of a letter to Fanny Keats written between the middle and end of April 1819. Keats says to his sister "O there is nothing like fine weather, and health,

Two or three wise men
And two or three ninny's—
Two or three purses
And two or three guineas—
Two or three raps
At two or three doors—
Two or three naps
Of two or three hours—
Two or three Cats
And two or three mice—
Two or three sprats
At a very great price—
Two or three sandies
And two or three tabbies—
Two or three dandies
And two Mrs ——— mum!
Two or three Smiles
And two or three frowns—
Two or three Miles
To two or three towns—
Two or three pegs
For two or three bonnets—
Two or three dove eggs
To hatch into sonnets.

La Belle Dame sans Merci.

I.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering;
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

and Books, and a fine country, and a contented Mind, and diligent habit of reading and thinking, and an amulet against the ennui ... two or three sensible people to chat with; two or three spiteful folkes to spar with; two or three odd fishes to laugh at and two or three numskul[l]s to argue with—instead of using dumb bells on a rainy day—" And then he breaks into verse.

20. The omission of Mrs. Abbey's name was probably more for the sake of pointing the joke than anything else: he writes freely enough of her in other letters to his sister.

1. 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' in its earliest known form appears to belong to the same fortnight as the nonsense verses "Two or three Posies": it was written into the journal-letter of February—May 1819 in the latter half of April, without

2.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

3.

I see a lilly on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

4.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

-ny prelude, but with the heading—

Wednesday Evening—
La belle dame sans merci—

and written in a way that indicates fresh composition; for there are many co-rections. This version was first published by Mr. Colvin in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for August 1888. The revised version may have been made immediately after the despatch of the letter on the 3rd of May 1819; or it may have been made a year later, just before the poem was published by Hunt in 'The Indicator': this was on the 10th of May 1820. The signature used by Keats on this occasion, as on that of issuing the sonnet on a Dream (page 16), was "Caviare." In Woodhouse's Common-place book is a transcript of the poem, which is probably the source of the version printed by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in 1848. A pencil note in the margin of Woodhouse's copy—a note, I think, by Mr. Taylor—reads thus: "Vide Album for alterations." The 'Indicator' version being clearly a revision, I have adopted it in the text, noting the variations as of more than ordinary interest—connected as they are with the evolution of a poem which has profoundly influenced English poetic literature during three quarters of a century, and which was characterized by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in one of his letters to me, as "the wondrous *Belle Dame sans Merci*." Lord Houghton's version (following the Woodhouse book) reads in stanzas 1 and 2—

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,

and in line 3 of stanza 1 'has' stands for 'is'.

3. Lord Houghton reads 'cheeks' in line 3 of stanza 3. The stanza originally stood thus—

I see death's lilly on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew
And on thy cheeks death's fading rose
Withereth too.

The word 'death's', however, is struck out in favour of 'a' both in line 1 and in line 3; and 'Fast' is put in before 'withereth' in line 4.

4. In this stanza, line 1 originally ended with 'Wilds' (not 'Wolds' as in 'Macmillan's Magazine') instead of 'Meads'.

5.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

6.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

7.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
I love thee true.

8.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kiss'd to sleep.

9.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill side.

5. This and the next stanza are transposed in the holograph and the Woodhouse version; and in the third line we read 'sidelong would she bend'. The reading of the text probably arose from the desire to avoid the repetition of 'long'.

7. Line 2 originally stood thus—

And honey wild and honey dew.

The only change made in the manuscript in this stanza is the substitution of 'manna dew' for 'honey dew'. There is no trace of the word 'once' given in 'Macmillan's Magazine' in line 3.

8-9. In Lord Houghton's version (following that of the journal-letter and Woodhouse)—

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,...

10.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd—"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

11.

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hill side.

12.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

...n the second line of stanza 8 is the cancelled reading

And there she wept and there she sigh'd...

...nd in line 4 of stanzas 9 and 11, we have 'hill's side' for 'hill side'. The ...kisses four' perhaps struck Keats, upon review, as a little quaint; and the other ...hanges are an organic consequence of that made here.

10. Lord Houghton reads 'They' for 'Who' in line 3. The holograph reads

Thee hath in thrall.

11. The reading of 'gloam' for 'gloom', which occurs in the Literary Remains ...nd in the early holograph, is so characteristic that it should be retained against ...he evidence of 'The Indicator' in favour of its rejection by Keats;—for Hunt ...robably made that small change. There is a graphic value in the strained use of 'gloam' for 'gloaming' which counterbalances its grammatical laxity; and it ...ertainly exceeds the more ordinary word 'gloom' in poetic intensity. Line 2 of ...he stanza had been begun with 'All tremble' and had then been written

With horrid warning wide agape

...efore the reading of the text was adopted.

12. There is a rejected opening in the early holograph

And this is why I wither.—

It would be hard to find a single manuscript poem by Keats, of like extent, exceeding in interest that of 'La Belle Dame sans Merci'; and the prose surroundings of the poem are no less interesting than the revisions of text shown in the draft of the poem itself. These surroundings will be found at large in the Letters in a later volume; but I cannot refrain from a special reference in this place to the playful dissertation of the poet upon the number of kisses with which, in the early version, the "knight at arms" closed the eyes of the lady. "Why four kisses—you will say—why four because I wish to restrain the headlong

SONG OF FOUR FAERIES,

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND WATER,

SALAMANDER, ZEPHYR, DUSKETHA, AND BREAMA.

SALAMANDER.

HAPPY, happy glowing fire!

ZEPHYR.

Fragrant air! delicious light!

DUSKETHA.

Let me to my glooms retire!

BREAMA.

I to green-weed rivers bright!

SALAMANDER.

Happy, happy glowing fire!
Dazzling bowers of soft retire,

impetuosity of my Muse—she would have fain said 'score' without hurting the rhyme—but we must temper the Imagination as the Critics say with Judgment.' The circumstance that Keats, fresh from the composition of this lovely poem, could find it in him to joke with his brother and sister-in-law about the lines

And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four

confirms me as to the train of thought which led to the rejection of that reading when the poem was published. If he could himself joke about the rejected version, he would naturally consider it open to jocular treatment by others; and that would be ample reason for finding another reading. But the important point in Keats's little joke against himself is that remarked on by Mr. Colvin in 'Macmillan's Magazine,' namely that it is "a proof the more of the spirit of humour, modesty, and plain sense which neither inspiration, nor the pride of inspiration, could conquer in him or long displace."

The Song of Four Faeries was first given by Lord Houghton among the Literary Remains in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), with the date 1819. It occurs in the holograph of the Journal-letter of February—May 1819, immediately after 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' and the jocular comment on that poem, without any account

Ever let my nourish'd wing,
Like a bat's, still wandering,
Faintless fan your fiery spaces,
Spirit sole in deadly places.
In unhaunted roar and blaze,
Open eyes that never daze,
Let me see the myriad shapes
Of men, and beasts, and fish, and apes,
Portray'd in many a fiery den,
And wrought by spumy bitumen.
On the deep intenser roof,
Arched every way aloof,
Let me breathe upon their skies,
And anger their live tapestries;
Free from cold, and every care,
Of chilly rain, and shivering air.

ZEPHYR.

Spirit of Fire! away! away!
Or your very roundelay
Will sear my plumage newly budded
From its quilled sheath, all studded
With the self-same dews that fell
On the May-grown Asphodel.
Spirit of Fire—away! away!

BREAMA.

Spirit of Fire—away! away!
Zephyr, blue-ey'd Faery, turn,
And see my cool sedge-bury'd urn,
Where it rests its mossy brim
'Mid water-mint and cresses dim;
And the flowers, in sweet troubles,
Lift their eyes above the bubbles,
Like our Queen, when she would please
To sleep, and Oberon *will* teaze.

however, of the date or circumstances of the composition. In line 9 is the cancelled reading 'Ever beat' for 'Faintless fan' (not 'Faintly fan' as Lord Houghton reads); line 19 reads 'my skies' for 'their skies'; lines 23, 29, and 30 read 'Spright' for 'Spirit'; line 26 shows a cancelled reading, 'and studded' for 'all studded'; line 32 has 'sedge shaded' for 'sedge-bury'd'; of line 35 there is the cancelled reading

Where the flowers amid sweet troubles;

line 40 appears to have begun originally with 'For in sooth I'm' instead of 'Soothly I am'.

Love me, blue-ey'd Faery, true!
Soothly I am sick for you.

ZEPHYR.

Gentle Breama! by the first
Violet young nature nurst,
I will bathe myself with thee,
So you sometimes follow me
To my home, far, far, in west,
Beyond the nimble-wheeled quest
Of the golden-browed sun:
Come with me, o'er tops of trees,
To my fragrant palaces,
Where they ever floating are
Beneath the cherish of a star
Call'd Vesper, who with silver veil
Ever hides his brilliance pale,
Ever gently-drows'd doth keep
Twilight for the Fayes to sleep.
Fear not that your watery hair
Will thirst in drouthy ringlets there;
Clouds of stored summer rains
Thou shalt taste, before the stains
Of the mountain soil they take,
And too unlucent for thee make.
I love thee, crystal Faery, true!
Sooth I am as sick for you!

SALAMANDER.

Out, ye aguish Faeries, out!
Chilly lovers, what a rout
Keep ye with your frozen breath,
Colder than the mortal death.
Adder-ey'd Dusketha, speak,
Shall we leave these, and go seek
In the earth's wide entrails old

46. The holograph reads:

Far beyond the search and quest;

53. The word 'brightness' is cancelled in favour of 'brilliance'.
55. The preposition 'of' is written by mistake instead of 'for'.
65. This line originally began with

Chillier than the water;

69-70. These lines stand in the journal-letter thus:

Shall we leave them and go seek
Couches warm as their's is cold;...

Couches warm as their's are cold?
O for a fiery gloom and thee,
Dusketha, so enchantingly
Freckle-wing'd and lizard-sided!

DUSKETHA.

By thee, Sprite, will I be guided!
I care not for cold or heat;
Frost and flame, or sparks, or sleet,
To my essence are the same;—
But I honour more the flame.
Sprite of Fire, I follow thee
Wheresoever it may be,
To the torrid spouts and fountains,
Underneath earth-quaked mountains;
Or, at thy supreme desire,
Touch the very pulse of fire
With my bare unlidded eyes.

SALAMANDER.

Sweet Dusketha! paradise!
Off, ye icy Spirits, fly!
Frosty creatures of the sky!

DUSKETHA.

Breathe upon them, fiery sprite!

ZEPHYR AND BREAMA.

Away! away to our delight!

SALAMANDER.

Go, feed on icicles, while we
Bedded in tongue-flames will be.

80. The holograph reads 'Spright' for 'Sprite'.
82. There is a rejected variation of this line, namely

To the very torrid fountains—

and another which is too well obliterated to be read securely.
89. The word 'the' is left out, probably by accident.
91. After this line are the cancelled lines

Let us fly
Ah my love, my life;...

DUSKETHA.

Lead me to those feverous glooms,
Sprite of Fire!

BREAMA.

Me to the blooms,
Blue-ey'd Zephyr, of those flowers
Far in the west where the May-cloud lowers;
And the beams of still Vesper, when winds are all wist,
Are shed thro' the rain and the milder mist,
And twilight your floating bowers.

TWO SONNETS ON FAME.

I.

FAME, like a wayward Girl, will still be coy
To those who woo her with too slavish knees,
But makes surrender to some thoughtless Boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease;
She is a Gipsey, will not speak to those
Who have not learnt to be content without her;
A Jilt, whose ear was never whisper'd close,
Who thinks they scandal her who talk about her;
A very Gipsey is she, Nilus-born,
Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar;
Ye love-sick Bards, repay her scorn for scorn,
Ye Artists lovelorn, madmen that ye are!
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

98. The word 'where' stands in place of 'when' in the holograph.

Both the sonnets on Fame were given among the Literary Remains in the 'Life, Letters' &c., with the date 1819, which they also bear in the manuscript at the end of Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion,' and which the first bears in the Woodhouse book: the other does not occur there. The manuscripts show no variation beyond a few stops. The two Sonnets occur in the journal-letter of February—May 1819, but reversed in order. Of that placed first above the holograph shows scarcely any variation, though line 12 reads 'Ye lovelorn Artists' for 'Ye Artists lovelorn'. The other Sonnet opens with 'How is that Man misled', altered to 'How fever'd is that Man'. The order adopted in the journal-letter is explained by the entry of the 30th of April 1819, "Brown has been here rummaging up some of my old sins—that is to say sonnets. I do not think you remember them so I will copy them out as well as two or three lately written. I have just written one on Fame—which Brown is transcribing and he has his book and mine. I must employ myself perhaps on a sonnet on the same subject—"

II.

"You cannot eat your cake and have it too."—*Proverb.*

How fever'd is the man, who cannot look
  Upon his mortal days with temperate blood,
Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
  And robs his fair name of its maidenhood;
It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
  Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom,
As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
  Should darken her pure grot with muddy gloom,
But the rose leaves herself upon the briar,
  For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed,
And the ripe plum still wears its dim attire,
    The undisturbed lake has crystal space,
    Why then should man, teasing the world for grace,
  Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

SONNET.

ON THE SONNET.

If by dull rhymes our English must be chain'd,
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet
Fetter'd, in spite of pained loveliness,
Let us find out, if we must be constrain'd,

This he seems to have done; and when Brown returned with the two books, Keats no doubt copied the first sonnet under the second and Brown the second in due course under the first. They both seem to belong to the 30th of April.

In the journal-letter holograph lines 7 and 8 read—

As if a clear Lake meddling with itself
  Should cloud its pureness with a muddy gloom;

and lines 13 and 14 show the cancelled reading

Why then should man his own bright name deface
  And burn our pleasures in his selfish fire.

The fourteenth line is left standing thus—

Spoil his salvation *by* a fierce miscreed?

instead of 'for a fierce miscreed'.

The sonnet 'If by dull rhymes' appears to have been written on or very shortly before the 3rd of May 1819, as an experiment in sonnet metre, and was first given in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848). It was the last poem transcribed in the journal-letter to George Keats and his wife begun on the 14th of February and

Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of Poesy:
Let us inspect the Lyre, and weigh the stress
Of every chord, and see what may be gain'd
By ear industrious, and attention meet;
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown;
So, if we may not let the Muse be free,
She will be bound with garlands of her own.

ended on the 3rd of May, and stood immediately over the words "This is the third of May", and under the following paragraph—

"I have been endeavouring to discover a better Sonnet stanza than we have. The legitimate does not suit the language well, from the pouncing rhymes; the other appears too elegiac, and the couplet at the end of it has seldom a pleasing effect. I do not pretend to have succeeded. It will explain itself."

Keats's success both in the "legitimate" and the "other" (by which he means the Shakespearian sonnet) is far more notable than in the present charming experiment—the text of which, as given above, accords with a manuscript at the end of Sir Charles Dilke's copy of 'Endymion.' In the holograph of the journal-letter the sonnet is imperfect, ending abruptly with line 4, and showing no variation from the printed text. Woodhouse, who dates it simply 1819, records no variation of consequence—only some different pointings, which I have adopted with his heading.

OTHO THE GREAT:

A TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

eats and Brown went to the Isle of Wight for a summer sojourn in 1819; during the months of July and August the following tragedy was written at rvals under very peculiar conditions. They are thus described by Brown in a given by Lord Houghton in the Aldine edition of 1876:—"At Shanklin he ertook a difficult task; I engaged to furnish him with the title, characters, dramatic conduct of a tragedy, and he was to enwrap it in poetry. The ress of this work was curious, for while I sat opposite to him, he caught my ription of each scene entire, with the characters to be brought forward, the ts, and everything connected with it. Thus he went on, scene after scene, r knowing nor inquiring into the scene which was to follow, until four acts completed. It was then he required to know at once all the events that to occupy the fifth act; I explained them to him, but, after a patient hearing some thought, he insisted that many incidents in it were too humorous, or, e termed them, too melodramatic. He wrote the fifth act in accordance with own views, and so contented was I with his poetry that at the time, and for g time after, I thought he was in the right." There are numerous references his undertaking in Keats's letters (which see); but one in particular should be ted here. It is in a letter to Mr. Dilke dated "Shanklin, August 2, 1819", is as follows:—"Brown and I are pretty well harnessed again to our dog-cart. ean the tragedy, which goes on sinkingly. We are thinking of introducing an hant, but have not historical reference within reach to determine as to Otho's ageric. When Brown first mentioned this I took it for a joke; however, he gs such plausible reasons, and discourses so eloquently on the dramatic effect, t I am giving it a serious consideration". In 'The Papers of a Critic' (1875), ume I, page 9, Sir Charles Dilke gives the following extract from a letter ted August 12, 1819, from Brown, in the Isle of Wight, to Mr. Dilke:—"Keats ery industrious, but I swear by the prompter's whistle, and by the bangs of ge-doors, he is obstinately monstrous. What think you of Otho's threatening d pig to the newly-married couple? He says the Emperor must have a spice of llery. His introduction of Grimm's adventure, lying three days on his back love, though it spoils the unity of time, is not out of the way for the character Ludolf, so I have consented to it; but I cannot endure his fancy of making the ness blow up her hairdresser, for smearing her cheek with pomatum and iling her rouge. It may be natural, as he observes, but so might many things. wever, such as it is, it has advanced to nearly the end of the fourth act."

From the fact that Keats wrote to Taylor on the 5th of September 1819 of ving finished 'Lamia' after finishing 'Otho the Great' we may fairly regard Tragedy as having been done before the end of August, even if it was taken t again and touched up after that month. Brown certainly made at least one py of the whole play; and it may be that Keats touched up one transcript or re of his colleague's making. George Keats wrote to Dilke in 1833 a letter of ich passages will be found in the General Appendix of the Library edition of ats's Works (Volume IV, pages 416-17), bearing on this subject. He had no ason to love Brown, though he was grateful to him for befriending Keats. On e 'Otho' subject George says:—

"When I left Hampstead I thought I had a complete copy of 'Otho,' John took me pa[ins] to get the sheets together, copied what was deficient and [made] the ole, as he said perfect, when I arrived home I fo[und] many sheets missing, I spected Brown had abstracted [them]. I may not perhaps do him justice, I may meeting [out the] same measure to him that he meeted [*sic*] to me, and regret at any cause should have occur[r]ed to sever so long a friendship between n. . . .

"I believe I must retract the above severity against Brown, since writing it, I ve been looking over John's correspondence in which he dwells so much on his ndness that I must perforce acquit, and *try* to like him. Has any one got a

copy of John's unpublished works? I suppose I must suspend my curiosity until I can cross the broad Atlantic."

In a later letter he says:—

"I have an imperfect copy of *Otho* much of it the original composition, Brown has a perfect copy, and has I believe some ownership right to it, perhaps one half will he furnish a copy, or sell his interest?"

Some three or four years ago, a large fragment of what is probably the holograph produced in the conditions described by Brown was sent over from America and passed into the hands of Mr. Thomas Wise. It consisted of the first three Acts and the first scene of Act IV; and, when I saw it, it was bound as a separate volume. Among the papers of the late Joseph Severn were the remains of a manuscript from which he had cut some pieces, to give away as specimens of Keats's handwriting. The greater part of these remains were (1) the second scene of Act IV, almost complete, and (2) Act V, also almost complete: these are, no doubt, substantially the complement of the bound manuscript; but there was also among the Severn papers a short fragment from the first scene of Act I, beginning with Conrad's speech (line 23) and ending with line 44. Lord Houghton's text, first published among the Literary Remains, varies greatly from the dismembered manuscript, as will be seen from the following results of collation. The small manuscript fragment of Act I, scene i, corresponds with the first printed text; but it may safely be assumed that that is because Brown's copy so corresponded and that it was from Brown's copy, handed over with the rest of the Keats papers, that Lord Houghton printed the play. Also, it seems quite clear that there were other reasons than those found in Keats's letters for acquitting Brown of the particular charge of meanness retracted by George Keats: his brother must have unwittingly taken the missing portions of 'Otho' to Italy with him. Hence, so far as this affair is concerned, however much Brown may have misjudged George Keats, he "leaves the court without a stain upon his character."

The appearance of the large folio fragment from America, which must be what George took back with him in 1820, responds perfectly to Brown's graphic description of the way in which the collaborators worked. Keats's writing generally goes boldly and freely across the pages—the iambic line being usually enough to fill the width of the paper. The names of the speakers are as a rule inserted on the verso of the leaf preceding that on which the dialogue is written upon the recto so that an inch or so is thus added to the width of paper available for speech and name of speaker. In some instances Keats has omitted to put the names: it will be seen, for example, that, at the beginning of the long variant of lines 16 to 19 in the first scene, the speakers' names are inserted in square brackets for several speeches.

In collating the manuscript and printed texts I have adopted readings from each and noted others, as will be seen. Notwithstanding the apparent mass of notes *variorum*, there are in fact trifling writer's irregularities, which it has not been worth while to note, and some unspecified amendments of the Houghton text justified by the manuscript described above. The list of persons of the drama printed by Lord Houghton is reprinted on the opposite page. This list is not in the Manuscript, in which GERSA and GERZA both stand as the name of the Prince of Hungary. Presumably the list was furnished by Brown.

H. B. F.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OTHO THE GREAT, *Emperor of Germany.*
LUDOLPH, *his Son.*
CONRAD, *Duke of Franconia.*
ALBERT, *a Knight, favoured by Otho.*
SIGIFRED, *an Officer, friend of Ludolph.*
THEODORE, } *Officers.*
GONFRED, }
ETHELBERT, *an Abbot.*
GERSA, *Prince of Hungary.*
An Hungarian Captain.
Physician.
Page.
Nobles, Knights, Attendants, and Soldiers.

ERMINIA, *Niece of Otho.*
AURANTHE, *Conrad's Sister.*
Ladies and Attendants.

SCENE. *The Castle of Friedburg, its vicinity, and the Hungarian Camp.*

TIME. *One Day.*

OTHO THE GREAT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle. Enter* CONRAD.

CONRAD.

So, I am safe emerged from these broils!
Amid the wreck of thousands I am whole;
For every crime I have a laurel-wreath,
For every lie a lordship. Nor yet has
My ship of fortune furl'd her silken sails,—
Let her glide on! This danger'd neck is saved,
By dexterous policy, from the rebel's axe;
And of my ducal palace not one stone
Is bruised by the Hungarian petards.
Toil hard, ye slaves, and from the miser-earth
Bring forth once more my bullion, treasured deep,
With all my jewell'd salvers, silver and gold,
And precious goblets that make rich the wine.
But why do I stand babbling to myself?
Where is Auranthe? I have news for her
Shall—

In the manuscript the opening scene is headed 'Act 1st. Scene 1st. An Apartment in the Castle of Fridborg.' The stage direction 'Conrad and Auranthe meeting' stands cancelled for 'Enter Conrad bustling' (possibly 'bristling').

1. Rejected reading, 'save[d] from'.

4. 'Has yet' stands cancelled for 'yet has'.

5-6. The manuscript reads 'struck' for 'furl'd', 'sail on' for 'glide on', and 'safe' for 'saved'.

7. This line is not in the manuscript.

8. 'And all' is cancelled in favour of 'And of'.

10. Rejected reading, 'Work hard': 'Toil' seems to have been written over the three letters 'Wor'.

13. The manuscript reads 'sweet' in place of 'rich'.

15. 'But where's Auranthe' stands cancelled. The same words were then re-written and the 'But' only cancelled.

16-121. From the entrance of Auranthe the variation of the bound manuscript from the Houghton text is so considerable that it is best to set it out at length

Enter AURANTHE.

AURANTHE.

Conrad! what tidings? Good, if I may guess
From your alert eyes and high-lifted brows.
What tidings of the battle? Albert? Ludolph? Otho?

CONRAD.

You guess aright. And, sister, slurring o'er
Our by-gone quarrels, I confess my heart
Is beating with a child's anxiety,
To make our golden fortune known to you.

AURANTHE.

So serious?

CONRAD.

Yes, so serious, that before
I utter even the shadow of a hint
Concerning what will make that sin-worn cheek
Blush joyous blood through every lineament,
You must make here a solemn vow to me.

AURANTHE.

I prythee, Conrad, do not overact
The hyprocrite—what vow would you impose?

below the text, noting at the start that the separate fragment (lines 23-44) yields the cancelled reading 'Let me impress this' for 'Revolve' &c. in line 33.

Enter AURANTHE.

Ha! {Brother / Conrad} welcome from the war:
I thought I heard your Trumpet at the Gates
[Conrad.] Am I so welcome Sister—Sister no more
But my liege Lady—
[Auranthe.] Liege Lady are you mad?
[Conrad.] My sovran Lady what would you give now
If I would clear the puzzle from your brows?
[Auranthe.] Good Brother speak—
[Conrad.] Good Brother—will I
Speak out since a fair sister, and an almost Queen
Commands. The Emperor—
[Auranthe.] What? Pray speak
[Conrad.] Hath given consent that you should marry {Ludolph / ~~Conrad~~}
Auranthe. What sudden change is here—how was it Conrad?
Conrad. Never mind how—but let your royal blood
Mount in your c[h]eeks.

CONRAD.

Trust me for once,—that you may be assur'd
'Tis not confiding to a broken reed,
A poor Court-bankrupt, outwitted and lost,
Revolve these facts in your acutest mood,
In such a mood as now you listen to me :—
A few days since, I was an open rebel
Against the Emperor, had suborn'd his son,
Drawn off his nobles to revolt, and shown
Contented fools causes for discontent
Fresh hatch'd in my ambition's eagle nest—
So thriv'd I as a rebel, and behold
Now I am Otho's favourite, his dear friend,
His right hand, his brave Conrad.

AURANTHE.

I confess
You have intrigu'd with these unsteady times
To admiration ; but to be a favourite——

CONRAD.

I saw my moment. The Hungarians,
Collected silently in holes and corners,
Appear'd, a sudden host, in the open day.
I should have perish'd in our empire's wreck,

Auranthe. I feel it mounting warm
But is it so—Kind Brother tell me how?
Conrad. Thank me for this ;—in yesterday's hard fight
I did {the Emperor / ~~him such good~~} service, and so help'd
His bloodstain'd Ensign to the victory
That it hath tur[ne]d the edge of his sharp wrath
To overflowing kindness—now he's mine
And we must take him Sister in the mood.
Auranthe. Aye this sounds well and reasonable too
Conrad. He will be heare [*sic*] this morning.
Auranthe. That I heard
Among the midnight tidings from the Camp.
Conrad going. That is all well—Good bye my gracious Queen—
Within an hour—
Auranthe. Conrad one word more
Conrad. {speak / ~~what~~} Empress.
Auranthe. That Letter!
Conrad. What Letter?

But, calling interest loyalty, swore faith
To most believing Otho; and so help'd
His blood-stain'd ensigns to the victory
In yesterday's hard fight, that it has turn'd
The edge of his sharp wrath to eager kindness.

AURANTHE.

So far yourself. But what is this to me
More than that I am glad? I gratulate you.

CONRAD.

Yes, sister, but it does regard you greatly,
Nearly, momentously,—aye, painfully!
Make me this vow—

AURANTHE.

Concerning whom or what?

CONRAD.

Albert!

AURANTHE.

I would inquire somewhat of him:
You had a letter from me touching him?

Auranthe. Do give it me that I may mince it up
Then there will be no shadow of a chance
Against my coming greatness

[In the foregoing speech occurs a cancelled reading which seems to be meant fo
'For fear that there may be...']

Conrad. What dost mean—
Auranthe. You sure received that Letter touching Albert?
Conrad. No. Yes—
Auranthe. Give it me,
Conrad. I have it not
Auranthe. Alas!
Conrad. At one pernicious charge of the Enemy
I for a moment whiles was Prisoner ta'en
And rifled—stuff! the horses hoofs have minc'd it
Auranthe. Still I have half a fear:
Conrad. Perhaps For Albert
Auranthe. Surely you spar'd him at my earnest prayer
Conrad. Spar'd him! O would to Heaven I had not—
Auranthe. If you do ever touch a hair of his head
I swear in your despite, I will refuse
Even his Highness Ludolph's sceptry hand

No treason 'gainst his head in deed or word!
Surely you spar'd him at my earnest prayer?
Give me the letter—it should not exist!

CONRAD.

At one pernicious charge of the enemy,
I, for a moment-whiles, was prisoner ta'en
And rifled,—stuff! the horses' hoofs have minc'd it!

AURANTHE.

He is alive?

CONRAD.

He is! but here make oath
To alienate him from your scheming brain,
Divorce him from your solitary thoughts,
And cloud him in such utter banishment,
That when his person meets again your eye,
Your vision shall quite lose its memory,
And wander past him as through vacancy.

AURANTHE.

I'll not be perjured.

Conrad. Impossible! refuse a Prince—a Prince!
No woman, no—you dare not for yourself
You could not though it were to save your teeth
Complete for kissing, your eyes and your cheeks colour
Be but a Queen and at a word you make
Pearl mouths fade out of fashion—ha ha ha,
Refuse the Prince! forgive me. I must laugh

[The manuscript reads 'at at word' for 'at a word' in the fifth line of the foregoing speech]

Auranthe. Sir, You may laugh but by my Life I swear—
Conrad. Yes, yes I know you'll swear—do any thing
To gain so poor a point as Albert's life.
Why I have known a {Lady / ~~woman~~} do as much
And more, fall sp[r]awling hectic on the floor
To frighten her poor lord to unstring his purse
For a new silver service.

[In the fourth line of the foregoing speech Keats wrote at first 'hectic (spawling)', and then marked the two words above, "2" and "1," for transposition. In this case the provincialism 'spawling' is certainly not intended, but the common word 'sprawling', though there is an instance in which, later on, 'spawling' may actually be intended.]

CONRAD.

No, nor great, nor mighty ;
You would not wear a crown, or rule a kingdom.
To you it is indifferent.

AURANTHE.

What means this?

CONRAD.

You'll not be perjured! Go to Albert then,
That camp-mushroom—dishonour of our house.
Go, page his dusty heels upon a march,
Furbish his jingling baldric while he sleeps,
And share his mouldy ration in a siege.
Yet stay,—perhaps a charm may call you back,
And make the widening circlets of your eyes
Sparkle with healthy fevers.—The Emperor
Hath given consent that you should marry Ludolph!

AURANTHE.

Can it be, brother? For a golden crown
With a queen's awful lips I doubly thank you!
This is to wake in Paradise! Farewell
Thou clod of yesterday—'twas not myself!

Auranthe. You may find
Yourself not quite so learned Cunning Sir!
Conrad. Would you be then unqueen'd for such a dog
Auranthe. Aye for that word I could to torture you—
Conrad. And this is then the fruit of all my pains
And all my risques, and all my wary plots
To make thee { mighty. / ~~great.~~ } Plot who will again
For others benefit, I'll no more of it—
The very sister of our ducal house
Will weigh a Brother and a royal Crown
[Rejected reading, 'a Brother's friendship and a Crown']
Against a—
Auranthe. Keep the word within your lips
And let it choak you! But I will be calm
To our better understanding one another—
You know some secret coverts of my heart
I know perhaps yours better than you mine.
Why so pathetic my kind Benefactor
On all the many bounties of your hand—
Sure, you forgot Duke Conrad all this while?

[In the foregoing speech the manuscript shows the cancelled readings 'B per[haps]' for 'I know perhaps' in the fifth line, 'Why so pathetic Brothe in the sixth, and 'Sure, you forgot not self' in the eighth.]

Not till this moment did I ever feel
My spirit's faculties! I'll flatter you
For this, and be you ever proud of it;
Thou, Jove-like, struck'dst thy forehead,
And from the teeming marrow of thy brain
I spring complete Minerva! But the prince—
His highness Ludolph—where is he?

CONRAD.

I know not:
When, lackeying my counsel at a beck,
The rebel lords, on bended knees, received
The Emperor's pardon, Ludolph kept aloof,
Sole, in a stiff, fool-hardy, sulky pride;
Yet, for all this, I never saw a father
In such a sickly longing for his son.
We shall soon see him, for the Emperor
He will be here this morning.

AURANTHE.

That I heard
Among the midnight rumours from the camp.

CONRAD.

You give up Albert to me?

Conrad. By heavens I could almost stop this match—
Auranthe. No, Brother, no you dare not for yourself—
Ha! ha! forgive me for I too must laugh—
Do you not count, when I am queen, to take
Advantage of your mean discoveries
Of my poor secrets, and so hold a rod
Over my life for your sly purposes?
Conrad. Now could I hear that villain—{see he comes / ~~he~~
Look, woman Look your Albert is quite safe—
In haste it seems—Now shall I be in the way
And wish'd with silent curses in my grave
Or side by side with whelmed Mariners
Enter Albert
Whisper a ~~little~~ Curse Auranthe in my ear
'Twill be sweet musick—Curse me far away!
For there can be no "gentle Alberts"! now
No "sweet Auranthes"
Auranthe. Peace thou devil Peace.

n this not unpowerful close of the ghastly fraternal dialogue occurs the rejected eading, 'Peace devil Peace'—amended for the metre's sake. It is to be noted hat the manuscript sketch does not afford a remedy for the formlessness of line 93 f the text, presumably left imperfect by Keats.

AURANTHE.

Harm him not!
E'en for his highness Ludolph's sceptry hand,
I would not Albert suffer any wrong.

CONRAD.

Have I not laboured, plotted—?

AURANTHE.

See you spare him:
Nor be pathetic, my kind benefactor,
On all the many bounties of your hand,—
'Twas for yourself you laboured—not for me!
Do you not count, when I am queen, to take
Advantage of your chance discoveries
Of my poor secrets, and so hold a rod
Over my life?

CONRAD.

Let not this slave—this villain—
Be cause of feud between us. See! he comes!
Look, woman, look, your Albert is quite safe!
In haste it seems. Now shall I be in the way,
And wish'd with silent curses in my grave,
Or side by side with 'whelmed mariners.

Enter ALBERT.

ALBERT.

Fair on your graces fall this early morrow!
So it is like to do, without my prayers,
For your right noble names, like favourite tunes,
Have fall'n full frequent from our Emperor's lips,
High commented with smiles.

AURANTHE.

Noble Albert!

CONRAD (*aside*).

Noble!

122. The manuscript has 'Albert approaching' to indicate the speaker.
124. Cancelled reading, 'high commented' for 'like favorite times'.
125. Cancelled readings, 'Have leap'd' and 'Have dwelt' for 'Have fall'n.

AURANTHE.

Such salutation argues a glad heart
In our prosperity. We thank you, sir.

ALBERT.

Lady! O, would to Heaven your poor servant
Could do you better service than mere words!
But I have other greeting than mine own,
From no less man than Otho, who has sent
This ring as pledge of dearest amity;
'Tis chosen I hear from Hymen's jewel'ry,
And you will prize it, lady, I doubt not,
Beyond all pleasures past, and all to come.
To you great duke—

128. The manuscript has no 'sir'. Through an obvious clerical error 'Lady' the next speech ends this line, leaving 129 short.

131. The manuscript reads 'Yet' for 'But', and 'my' has been altered into 'mine'.

133. The words 'as pledge of dearest unity' are cancelled, seemingly by mistake. Then follow two cancelled lines:

With every gratulation that can pass
From friend to friend upon a happy day—

134-6. These lines, with the variation 'Before' instead of 'Beyond' in 136, are written on the back of the preceding leaf without indication of their intended place and are followed by an incomplete fourth line: 'The Emperor is not further from you'. Instead of the passage from 'To you great Duke' to the end of the scene, the manuscript reads thus:—

He is no further distant from your gates
Than what my Charger in three minutes {clear'd / ~~while~~}
To you great Duke
He—
Conrad. What of me ha?
Albert. What pleas'd your grace to say?
Conrad. What matters that?
Albert. You mean not {this / ~~that~~} to me?
Auranthe. My noble Brother you have grieved enough:
To Albert. Lord Albert now you must not heed his words
The Duke has ever since the battle sorrow'd
For one of his brave Captains slain—his friend
He was—and a most valliant—~~Hearst thou!~~
Albert. ~~The Emperor's flourish!~~
Conrad. Sister! Would you thrust me on—
Auranthe. Hearst thou!
Albert. The Emperor's flourish! {Germany is here! / ~~Lady he is here—~~ / ~~Cæsar himself is~~}
I'm sorry for his Grace.

Of the passage from line 137 to line 141 there is an intermediate rough sketch in Keats's autograph,—a scrap inserted by Mr. Looker-Lampson in an American

CONRAD.

To me! What of me, ha?

ALBERT.

What pleas'd your grace to say?

CONRAD.

Your message, sir!

ALBERT.

You mean not this to me?

CONRAD.

Sister, this way; 13
For there shall be no "gentle Alberts" now, [*Aside.*
No "sweet Auranthes!"

[*Exeunt* CONRAD *and* AURANTHE.

ALBERT (*solus*).

The duke is out of temper; if he knows
More than a brother of a sister ought,
I should not quarrel with his peevishness.
Auranthe—Heaven preserve her always fair!— 14
Is in the heady, proud, ambitious vein;
I bicker not with her,—bid her farewell!

rated copy of his own poems, now in the British Museum. The fragment reads thus:—

Albert. What pleas'd your Grace to say?

Conrad. Your { message, / ~~errand,~~ / ~~message,~~ } Sir!

Albert. I understand you not,—but this my errand,—
The Emperor's prosperous wisher—~~nothing~~ more

Conrad. 'Tis well.

Auranthe. ~~Dear brother, let us cease & hence~~
~~Hence brother!~~ ~~Farewell~~
~~Most sweetest Albert!~~

Conrad. Sister, { this way / ~~come with me,~~
For there must be no "gentle Alberts" now,
No "Sweet Auranthes!"

She has taken flight from me, then let her soar,—
He is a fool who stands at pining gaze!
But for poor Ludolph, he is food for sorrow:
No levelling bluster of my licens'd thoughts,
No military swagger of my mind,
Can smother from myself the wrong I've done him,—
Without design, indeed,—yet it is so,—
And opiate for the conscience have I none!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Court-yard of the Castle.*

rtial Music. Enter, from the outer gate, OTHO, *Nobles, Knights, nd Attendants. The Soldiers halt at the gate, with Banners in ght.*

OTHO.

Where is my noble herald?

ter CONRAD, *from the Castle, attended by two Knights and Servants.* ALBERT *following.*

Well, hast told
Auranthe our intent imperial?
Lest our rent banners, too o' the sudden shown,
Should fright her silken casements, and dismay
Her household to our lack of entertainment.
A victory!

CONRAD.

God save illustrious Otho!

OTHO.

Aye, Conrad, it will pluck out all grey hairs;
It is the best physician for the spleen;
The courtliest inviter to a feast;

The second scene is headed in the manuscript 'Act 1st Scene 2nd. The Court-rd of the Castle of Fridborg. Martial Music. Enter from the outer Gate ho and several officers. The soldiers halt at the Gate with Banners in ght.' In the first stage direction 'following' after 'Albert' does not occur. 6. The manuscript reads 'imperial' for 'illustrious'.

The subtlest excuser of small faults ;
And a nice judge in the age and smack of wine.

Enter, from the Castle, AURANTHE, *followed by Pages holding up h robes, and a train of Women. She kneels.*

Hail my sweet hostess ! I do thank the stars,
Or my good soldiers, or their ladies' eyes,
That, after such a merry battle fought,
I can, all safe in body and in soul,
Kiss your fair hand and lady fortune's too.
My ring ! now, on my life, it doth rejoice
These lips to feel 't on this soft ivory !
Keep it, my brightest daughter ; it may prove
The little prologue to a line of kings.
I strove against thee and my hot-blood son,
Dull blockhead that I was to be so blind,
But now my sight is clear ; forgive me, lady.

AURANTHE.

My lord, I was a vassal to your frown,
And now your favour makes me but more humble ;
In wintry winds the simple snow is safe,
But fadeth at the greeting of the sun :
Unto thine anger I might well have spoken,
Taking on me a woman's privilege,
But this so sudden kindness makes me dumb.

OTHO.

What need of this ? Enough, if you will be
A potent tutoress to my wayward boy,
And teach him, what it seems his nurse could not,
To say, for once, I thank you. Sigifred !

ALBERT.

He has not yet return'd, my gracious liege.

OTHO.

What then ! No tidings of my friendly Arab ?

10. The word 'subtlest' is spelt 'subtelest'. The pronunciation in th syllables thus indicated sets the metre right.
19. The cancelled letters 'O ma' in the manuscript indicate of course a jected opening 'O may it prove'. Finally, 'will' stands cancelled for 'may
31. At the end of the line 'teach' is cancelled for 'be'.

CONRAD.

None, mighty Otho.

[*To one of his Knights, who goes out.*

Send forth instantly
An hundred horsemen from my honoured gates,
To scour the plains and search the cottages.
Cry a reward, to him who shall first bring
News of that vanished Arabian,
A full-heap'd helmet of the purest gold.

OTHO.

More thanks, good Conrad; for, except my son's,
There is no face I rather would behold
Than that same quick-ey'd pagan's. By the saints,
This coming night of banquets must not light
Her dazzling torches; nor the music breathe
Smooth, without clashing cymbal, tones of peace
And in-door melodies; nor the ruddy wine
Ebb spouting to the lees; if I pledge not,
In my first cup, that Arab!

ALBERT.

Mighty Monarch,
I wonder not this stranger's victor-deeds
So hang upon your spirit. Twice in the fight
It was my chance to meet his olive brow,
Triumphant in the enemy's shatter'd rhomb;
And, to say truth, in any Christian arm
I never saw such prowess.

40-2. In the manuscript 'first brings news of that Arabian' is cancelled for 'shall first bring News of that vanished Arabian'; and 'brightest' is rejected in favour of 'purest' before 'gold'.

45-6. Rejected readings—

Than that same swift-ey'd pagan's. { By my crown / By all the Saints this }
This Day of Banquets...

47-8. The manuscript shows the rejected readings

Nor the music { sound / smooth }
Softer than clashing.

50. Cancelled reading 'if I cannot pledge'.

51. The manuscript reads 'Cæsar' for 'Monarch'.

52. In the manuscript 'these' is cancelled for 'this'.

55. The manuscript reads 'Enemies'.

56. Cancelled opening of the line 'His hair'.

OTHO.

Did you ever?
O, 'tis a noble boy!—tut!—what do I say?
I mean a triple Saladin, whose eyes,
When in the glorious scuffle they met mine,
Seem'd to say—"Sleep, old man, in safety sleep;
I am the victory!"

CONRAD.

Pity he's not here.

OTHO.

And my son too, pity he is not here.
Lady Auranthe, I would not make you blush,
But can you give a guess where Ludolph is?
Know you not of him?

AURANTHE.

Indeed, my liege, no secret—

OTHO.

Nay, nay, without more words, dost know of him?

AURANTHE.

I would I were so over-fortunate,
Both for his sake and mine, and to make glad
A father's ears with tidings of his son.

OTHO.

I see 'tis like to be a tedious day.
Were Theodore and Gonfred and the rest
Sent forth with my commands?

ALBERT.

Aye, my lord.

61. The word 'surety' is cancelled for 'safety'.
62. Cancelled first word 'This'.
72. In previous editions 'Gonfred' is printed 'Gonfrid.'
73. 'No news! no news' (still spoken by Otho) is cancelled after 'commands'. Possibly some such word as 'good' before 'lord' was omitted accidentally.

OTHO.

And no news! No news! 'Faith! 'tis very strange
He thus avoids us. Lady, is 't not strange?
Will he be truant to you too? It is a shame.

CONRAD.

Will't please your highness enter, and accept
The unworthy welcome of your servant's house?
Leaving your cares to one whose diligence
May in few hours make pleasures of them all.

OTHO.

Not so tedious, Conrad. No, no, no,—
I must see Ludolph or the—What's that shout?

VOICES WITHOUT.

Huzza! huzza! Long live the Emperor!

OTHER VOICES.

Fall back! Away there!

OTHO.

Say, what noise is that?

[ALBERT *advancing from the back of the Stage, whither he haa hastened on hearing the cheers of the soldiery.*

ALBERT.

It is young Gersa, the Hungarian prince,
Pick'd like a red stag from the fallow herd
Of prisoners. Poor prince, forlorn he steps,
Slow, and demure, and proud in his despair.

6. 'What's that shout' is cancelled for ''tis a shame'.
7. Lord Houghton reads 'Wilt' for 'Will't.'
1. The manuscript shows a fourth 'no' here.
2-3. 'Albert' is cancelled for 'Voices without' between these two lines.
7. 'Wal[ks]' stands cancelled for 'steps'.
3. In the manuscript originaliy 'With all the demure proudness of despair' n which 'With all' is cancelled for 'Slow, in'; but the reading of the text es not appear.

If I may judge by his so tragic bearing,
His eye not downcast, and his folded arm,
He doth this moment wish himself asleep
Among his fallen captains on yon plains.

Enter GERSA, *in chains, and guarded.*

OTHO.

Well said, Sir Albert.

GERSA.

Not a word of greeting,
No welcome to a princely visitor,
Most mighty Otho? Will not my great host
Vouchsafe a syllable, before he bids
His gentlemen conduct me with all care
To some securest lodging—cold perhaps!

OTHO.

What mood is this? Hath fortune touch'd thy brain?

GERSA.

O kings and princes of this fev'rous world,
What abject things, what mockeries must ye be,
What nerveless minions of safe palaces!
When here, a monarch, whose proud foot is used
To fallen princes' necks, as to his stirrup,
Must needs exclaim that I am mad forsooth,
Because I cannot flatter with bent knees
My conqueror!

OTHO.

Gersa, I think you wrong me:
I think I have a better fame abroad.

93. 'Lord' is cancelled for 'Sir'. 'Wilt thou not greet me Otho'—ar
'No' are both cancelled before the beginning of Gersa's speech.
95. The word 'illustrious' is cancelled for 'great'.
98. Rejected reading, 'convenient' for 'securest'.
101. In the manuscript 'be' and 'are' appear at the end of this line, bo
seemingly cancelled. It would appear that the reading 'what mockeries ye are
was under consideration.

GERSA.

I prythee mock me not with gentle speech,
But, as a favour, bid me from thy presence;
Let me no longer be the wondering food
Of all these eyes; prythee command me hence!

OTHO.

Do not mistake me, Gersa. That you may not,
Come, fair Auranthe, try if your soft hands
Can manage those hard rivets to set free
So brave a prince and soldier.

AURANTHE (*sets him free*).

Welcome task!

GERSA.

I am wound up in deep astonishment!
Thank you, fair lady. Otho! emperor!
You rob me of myself; my dignity
Is now your infant; I am a weak child.

OTHO.

Give me your hand, and let this kindly grasp
Live in our memories.

GERSA.

In mine it will.
I blush to think of my unchasten'd tongue;
But I was haunted by the monstrous ghost
Of all our slain battalions. Sire, reflect,
And pardon you will grant, that, at this hour,
The bruised remnants of our stricken camp
Are huddling undistinguish'd my dear friends,
With common thousands, into shallow graves.

l. 14. After 'Auranthe' 'Thy' is cancelled. Here the manuscript has a stage-direction 'To Auranthe'.
l. 19. The manuscript has no 'of' before 'myself'.
l. 25. The word 'my' is cancelled for 'our'. The phrase 'my splendent army' is also struck out.
l. 27. 'That' is cancelled at the beginning and 'poor' before 'bruised', also 'my' in favour of 'our'.
l. 28. In the manuscript this line reads 'Are huddling unknow [*sic*] my darest friends'.

OTHO.

Enough, most noble Gersa. You are free
To cheer the brave remainder of your host
By your own healing presence, and that too,
Not as their leader merely, but their king ;
For, as I hear, the wily enemy,
Who eas'd the crownet from your infant brows,
Bloody Taraxa, is among the dead.

GERSA.

Then I retire, so generous Otho please,
Bearing with me a weight of benefits
Too heavy to be borne.

OTHO.

It is not so ;
Still understand me, King of Hungary,
Nor judge my open purposes awry.
Though I did hold you high in my esteem
For your self's sake, I do not personate
The stage-play emperor to entrap applause,
To set the silly sort o' the world agape,
And make the politic smile ; no, I have heard
How in the Council you condemn'd this war,
Urging the perfidy of broken faith,—
For that I am your friend.

GERSA.

If ever, sire,
You are mine enemy, I dare here swear
'Twill not be Gersa's fault. Otho, farewell !

132. The word 'their' is cancelled after 'By'; and 'nor merely as their' i struck out for 'and that too'.

133. In the manuscript 'a General' is cancelled for 'their Leader'.

134-5. The manuscript reads 'your wily enemy'; and 'took' is cancelled fo 'eas'd'.

137. The manuscript reads 'Cæsar' in place of 'Otho'.

139-140. A cancelled reading in the manuscript—'Still understand | My seems to show the intention of writing 'Still, understand | My purpose'.

142. Here 'must' is cancelled for 'did'.

145. 'See f' ['See fools'?] is cancelled before 'set' and 'store' [?] struck ou for 'sort', after which word the manuscript has 'of' not 'o'.

150. The manuscript has 'mine': former editions read 'my'.

OTHO.

Will you return, Prince, to our banqueting?

GERSA.

As to my father's board I will return.

OTHO.

Conrad, with all due ceremony, give
The prince a regal escort to his camp;
Albert, go thou and bear him company.
Gersa, farewell!

GERSA.

All happiness attend you!

OTHO.

Return with what good speed you may; for soon
We must consult upon our terms of peace.

[*Exeunt* GERSA *and* ALBERT *with others.*

And thus a marble column do I build
To prop my empire's dome. Conrad, in thee
I have another stedfast one, to uphold
The portals of my state; and, for my own
Pre-eminence and safety, I will strive
To keep thy strength upon its pedestal.
For, without thee, this day I might have been
A show-monster about the streets of Prague,
In chains, as just now stood that noble prince:
And then to me no mercy had been shown,
For when the conquer'd lion is once dungeon'd,
Who lets him forth again? or dares to give
An old lion sugar-cates of mild reprieve?

154. 'Farewell!' is cancelled at the beginning.
158. Cancelled opening 'Soon may I see you'.
159. The manuscript has 'term', not 'terms'; but 'terms' is doubtless right.
160-2. The word 'golden' is cancelled for 'marble'; and 'thou' is rejected for 'in thee'; while 'noble' gives place to 'stedfast'.
164. The manuscript had originally 'Preeminence and safety it shall be my care' which is altered into the reading of the text. 'I will use' has been written and cancelled above 'and safety'.
169. 'But' is cancelled for 'And' at the beginning.
170. 'A' is cancelled at the beginning, and 'cag'd' is struck out for 'dongeon'd'.
172. The word 'plums' (in 'sugar-plums') is cancelled for 'cates' (not 'cakes' as in previous editions), and 'forgiveness' for 'reprieve'.

Not to thine ear alone I make confession,
But to all here, as, by experience,
I know how the great basement of all power
Is frankness, and a true tongue to the world;
And how intriguing secrecy is proof
Of fear and weakness, and a hollow state.
Conrad, I owe thee much.

CONRAD.

To kiss that hand,
My emperor, is ample recompense,
For a mere act of duty.

OTHO.

Thou art wrong;
For what can any man on earth do more?
We will make trial of your house's welcome,
My bright Auranthe!

CONRAD.

How is Friedburg honoured!

Enter ETHELBERT *and six Monks.*

ETHELBERT.

The benison of heaven on your head,
Imperial Otho!

OTHO.

Who stays me? Speak! Quick!

ETHELBERT.

Pause but one moment, mighty conqueror!
Upon the threshold of this house of joy.

OTHO.

Pray, do not prose, good Ethelbert, but speak
What is your purpose.

ETHELBERT.

The restoration of some captive maids,
Devoted to Heaven's pious ministries,

179. The manuscript has 'kneel and kiss that hand'.
181. Cancelled reading 'For my mere duty [or duties] done'.

Who, being driven from their religious cells,
And kept in thraldom by our enemy,
When late this province was a lawless spoil,
Still weep amid the wild Hungarian camp,
Though hemm'd around by thy victorious arms.

OTHO.

Demand the holy sisterhood in our name
From Gersa's tents. Farewell, old Ethelbert.

ETHELBERT.

The saints will bless you for this pious care.

OTHO.

Daughter, your hand; Ludolph's would fit it best.

CONRAD.

Ho! let the music sound!

[*Music.* ETHELBERT *raises his hands, as in benediction of* OTHO. *Exeunt severally. The scene closes on them.*

SCENE III.—*The Country, with the Castle in the distance.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and* SIGIFRED.

LUDOLPH.

You have my secret; let it not be breath'd.

SIGIFRED.

Still give me leave to wonder that the Prince
Ludolph and the swift Arab are the same;

193. Previous editions read

Who, driven forth from their religious cells,

...nt in the manuscript that reading stands amended by the insertion of 'being' ...nd 'from'—though 'forth' is left uncancelled, doubtless through oversight.

The heading in the manuscript is 'Act 1st. Scene 2nd. Otho'. The '2' in 2nd ...s altered into '3'. There is no stage-direction; and line 64 of the text follows at ...nce without any mention of the speaker. The beginning of the scene is found ...wo leaves further on and is indicated merely by the words 'Line 1st' in the margin.

1. Before this line the manuscript has the cancelled words: 'My lord (?) ...riend you have the'.

2. The manuscript reads 'my' for 'the' before 'Prince'.

Still to rejoice that 'twas a German arm
Death doing in a turban'd masquerade.

LUDOLPH.

The Emperor must not know it, Sigifred.

SIGIFRED.

I prythee, why? What happier hour of time
Could thy pleas'd star point down upon from heaven
With silver index, bidding thee make peace?

LUDOLPH.

Still it must not be known, good Sigifred;
The star may point oblique.

SIGIFRED.

If Otho knew
His son to be that unknown Mussulman
After whose spurring heels he sent me forth,
With one of his well-pleas'd Olympian oaths,
The charters of man's greatness, at this hour
He would be watching round the castle walls,
And, like an anxious warder, strain his sight
For the first glimpse of such a son return'd—
Ludolph, that blast of the Hungarians,
That Saracenic meteor of the fight,
That silent fury, whose fell scymitar
Kept danger all aloof from Otho's head,
And left him space for wonder.

LUDOLPH.

Say no more.
Not as a swordsman would I pardon claim,
But as a son. The bronz'd centurion,

4. Two cancelled openings—'And that a German [?] arm' and 'And still let me rejoice'.
5. 'Death giving' is rejected in favour of 'Death doing'.
7-8. The word 'point' is cancelled for 'hour', and 'out' for 'down'.
11. The word 'planet' is cancelled before 'star'.
16. Rejected opening, 'He'd act the'. Then 'on' is cancelled for 'round'.
18. Rejected reading, 'glimpse of thee'.
23. Cancelled opening, 'Like his good Angel'.
24. Cancelled opening: 'I would not buy my Pardon'. Then 'crave' is cancelled for 'claim'.

Long toil'd in foreign wars, and whose high deeds
Are shaded in a forest of tall spears,
Known only to his troop, hath greater plea
Of favour with my sire than I can have.

SIGIFRED.

My lord, forgive me that I cannot see
How this proud temper with clear reason squares.
What made you then, with such an anxious love,
Hover around that life, whose bitter days
You vext with bad revolt? Was 't opium,
Or the mad-fumed wine? Nay, do not frown,
I rather would grieve with you than upbraid.

LUDOLPH.

I do believe you. No, 'twas not to make
A father his son's debtor, or to heal
His deep heart-sickness for a rebel child.
'Twas done in memory of my boyish days,
Poor cancel for his kindness to my youth,
For all his calming of my childish griefs,
And all his smiles upon my merriment.
No, not a thousand foughten fields could sponge
Those days paternal from my memory,
Though now upon my head he heaps disgrace.

SIGIFRED.

My Prince, you think too harshly—

32. This line has two cancelled beginnings, 'What then could' and 'Why
n did you then so hover'.
33. Here 'painful' is cancelled for 'bitter'.
36. In the manuscript originally 'mad wine-fumed'; but 'wine' is cancelled.
37. The word 'you' seems to be written over 'thee'.
39. Cancelled openings, 'The recent wounds' and 'The bleeding wounds'.
40. 'No' is cancelled at the beginning.
42. What seems to be the word 'sorrow' is cancelled before 'calming'.
43. Rejected reading, 'young merriment' for 'my merriment'. For 'upon'
manuscript has strangely 'up opon'. This line is followed by a cancelled
e and three words:

Ever will those bright days live in my heart
Though he still.

46. The manuscript reads 'Thought' at the beginning, of course through in-
vertence.
47. Here 'judge' is cancelled in the manuscript for 'think' and 'sadly' for
arshly'.

LUDOLPH.

Can I so?
Hath he not gall'd my spirit to the quick?
And with a sullen rigour obstinate
Pour'd out a phial of wrath upon my faults?
Hunted me as the Tartar does the boar,
Driven me to the very edge o' the world,
And almost put a price upon my head?

SIGIFRED.

Remember how he spar'd the rebel lords.

LUDOLPH.

Yes, yes, I know he hath a noble nature
That cannot trample on the fallen. But his
Is not the only proud heart in his realm.
He hath wrong'd me, and I have done him wrong;
He hath lov'd me, and I have shown him kindness;
We should be almost equal.

SIGIFRED.

Yet, for all this,
I would you had appear'd among those lords,
And ta'en his favour.

LUDOLPH.

Ha! till now I thought
My friend had held poor Ludolph's honour dear.
What! would you have me sue before his throne
And kiss the courtier's missal, its silk steps?
Or hug the golden housings of his steed,
Amid a camp, whose steeled swarms I dar'd

50. 'Head' is cancelled for 'faults'. The line is preceded by the cancelled words 'Hunted me as the Tartar'.
51. The manuscript reads 'a Tartar' instead of 'the Tartar'.
52. The manuscript has 'of' instead of 'o'.
55. Rejected reading—

He hath a noble nature, well I know.

56. 'And' is cancelled at the beginning of this line, and 'why' at the end for 'his'.
65. 'Bible' stands cancelled for 'Missal'.
66. The word 'horse' is cancelled for 'steed'.
67. Cancelled reading: 'When through the camp he passes'; and 'the' is cancelled for 'a' before 'camp' in the reading of the text. The word meant for 'steeled' is written 'stelled' in the manuscript.

But yesterday? And, at the trumpet sound,
Bow like some unknown mercenary's flag,
And lick the soiled grass? No, no, my friend,
I would not, I, be pardon'd in the heap,
And bless indemnity with all that scum,—
Those men I mean, who on my shoulders propp'd
Their weak rebellion, winning me with lies,
And pitying forsooth my many wrongs;
Poor self-deceived wretches, who must think
Each one himself a king in embryo,
Because some dozen vassals cry'd—my lord!
Cowards, who never knew their little hearts,
Till flurried danger held the mirror up,
And then they own'd themselves without a blush,
Curling, like spaniels, round my father's feet.
Such things deserted me and are forgiven,
While I, least guilty, am an outcast still,
And will be, for I love such fair disgrace.

SIGIFRED.

I know the clear truth; so would Otho see,
For he is just and noble. Fain would I
Be pleader for you—

LUDOLPH.

He'll hear none of it;
You know his temper, hot, proud, obstinate;
Endanger not yourself so uselessly.
I will encounter his thwart spleen myself,
To-day, at the Duke Conrad's, where he keeps
His crowded state after the victory.
There will I be, a most unwelcome guest,
And parley with him, as a son should do,
Who doubly loathes a father's tyranny;

72. The words 'bless indemnity' were originally 'be indemnified'.
75. The word 'my' is cancelled before 'forsooth'.
76. The word 'would' is cancelled before 'who' and again for 'must' before 'think'.
82. 'And' is cancelled at the beginning.
86. The word 'see' is cancelled for 'know'; and 'and' is struck out before 'so'.
87. The manuscript reads 'feign' for 'Fain': there is also an uncancelled phrase, 'even though the sacred'.
90. What seems to have been 'and nothin[g]' is cancelled before 'so'. Here follows a cancelled sentence 'I will break the matter to him myself'.
93. Rejected reading 'His state'.

Tell him how feeble is that tyranny;
How the relationship of father and son
Is no more valid than a silken leash
Where lions tug adverse, if love grow not
From interchanged love through many years.
Aye, and those turreted Franconian walls,
Like to a jealous casket, hold my pearl—
My fair Auranthe! Yes, I will be there.

SIGIFRED.

Be not so rash; wait till his wrath shall pass,
Until his royal spirit softly ebbs
Self-influenced; then, in his morning dreams
He will forgive thee, and awake in grief
To have not thy good morrow.

LUDOLPH.

Yes, to-day
I must be there, while her young pulses beat
Among the new-plum'd minions of the war.
Have you seen her of late? No? Auranthe,
Franconia's fair sister, 'tis I mean.
She should be paler for my troublous days—
And there it is—my father's iron lips
Have sworn divorcement 'twixt me and my right.

SIGIFRED (*aside*).

Auranthe! I had hop'd this whim had pass'd.

LUDOLPH.

And, Sigifred, with all his love of justice,
When will he take that grandchild in his arms,
That, by my love I swear, shall soon be his?

101. 'From mutual benefits' is rejected for 'From interchanged love'.
102. Rejected reading 'Gates' for 'Walls'.
107. The word 'he' is cancelled before 'in'.
109. The manuscript has a cancelled beginning to Ludolph's speech: 'Sigifred! | Have you seen her of late—'.
112-13. Cancelled reading: 'Auranthe 'tis I mean, the Duke's fair sister'.
114. 'Ha!' is cancelled at the beginning.
115. The line was originally—

And there's oppression again my father's iron arm.

116. 'Weighs' is cancelled at the beginning.
120. The manuscript omits 'shall'. Here follows a cancelled passage of which only 'Auranthe' is legible.

This reconcilement is impossible,
For see—but who are these?

SIGIFRED.

They are messengers
From our great emperor; to you, I doubt not,
For couriers are abroad to seek you out.

Enter THEODORE *and* GONFRED.

THEODORE.

Seeing so many vigilant eyes explore
The province to invite your highness back
To your high dignities, we are too happy.

123. The manuscript reads: 'I doubt not to you'. The transposition is marked in pencil. The continuation of this scene is found in the manuscript two leaves further on.

124. 'To that purpose are abroad' is rejected for the reading of the text, in which 'search' is cancelled for 'seek'.

125-132. In place of these lines the manuscript has the following passage:—

Sigifred. Pray what would you with us?
Theodore (*To Ludolph*). My Lord I come
To bring you to the Presence at the ~~Castle~~, all in haste,
No doubt you will obey the Emperor's summons.
Ludolph (*To Sigifred*). D'ye hear this fellow how he braves his Prince?
I've a shrew'd guess that the court atmosphere
Is to[o] ~~thick~~ fine for my Breathing, Sigifred
When such an ugly vermin dares so much
Theodore. Yield up your sword My Lord and come away
Ludolph. Give him some answer Sigifred—or blows
Theodore. The Emperor's commands!
Sigifred. Insolent Slave!
Gonfred. Nay my good Prince we are not warranted
Beyond a civil Message to request
Your Highness would ~~but meet~~ obey great Otho's call
Ludolph. This is another tune—(*To Theodore*) fellow avaunt
Theodore. I trust your Highness anger will not fall
On one whose fault, if such it was arose
From ignorance.
Ludolph. Thou art right—thy plea is good
Thou hast forgot the nature of an insult
By constant suffrance for a small preferment.
Let me not see thee more—come Sigifred
I will to Friedburg Castle on the spur
And feel the Dragon's paws.

In the last speech are the rejected lines

I will examine all the Dragon's paws

and

We will to Conrad's Castle on the spur.

In Gonfred's speech the word *Highness*, and in Ludolph's reply the word *avaunt*, are not clearly or correctly written; but there is no doubt what is meant.

GONFRED.

We have no eloquence to colour justly
The emperor's anxious wishes.

LUDOLPH.

Go. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* THEODORE *and* GONFRED.

I play the prude: it is but venturing— 130
Why should he be so earnest? Come, my friend,
Let us to Friedburg castle.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Ante-chamber in the Castle.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and* SIGIFRED.

LUDOLPH.

No more advices, no more cautioning:
I leave it all to fate—to any thing!
I cannot square my conduct to time, place,
Or circumstance; to me 'tis all a mist!

SIGIFRED.

I say no more.

LUDOLPH.

It seems I am to wait 5
Here in the ante-room;—that may be a trifle.
You see now how I dance attendance here,
Without that tyrant temper, you so blame,
Snapping the rein. You have medicin'd me

In this instance the manuscript fails to furnish the number of the Act and scene, indicates Conrad instead of Ludolph as the first speaker, and gives line 1 thus:—

No more advices, cautious Sigifred.

4. The manuscript reads 'now' for 'all'. After this line the words 'The happy' are written and struck out.
5. The manuscript has 'I have done sir' in place of 'I say no more'.
6. The word 'but' is cancelled before 'that'.
9. 'Certes' is cancelled before 'You have'.

With good advices; and I here remain,
In this most honourable ante-room,
Your patient scholar.

SIGIFRED.

Do not wrong me, Prince.
By Heavens, I'd rather kiss Duke Conrad's slipper,
When in the morning he doth yawn with pride,
Than see you humbled but a half-degree!
Truth is, the Emperor would fain dismiss
The nobles ere he sees you.

Enter GONFRED *from the Council-room.*

LUDOLPH.

Well, sir! what?

GONFRED.

Great honour to the Prince! The Emperor,
Hearing that his brave son had re-appeared,
Instant dismiss'd the Council from his sight,
As Jove fans off the clouds. Even now they pass.
[*Exit.*

Enter the Nobles from the Council-room. They cross the stage, bowing with respect to LUDOLPH, *he frowning on them.* CONRAD *follows. Exeunt Nobles.*

LUDOLPH.

Not the discoloured poisons of a fen,
Which he who breathes feels warning of his death,
Could taste so nauseous to the bodily sense,
As these prodigious sycophants disgust
The soul's fine palate.

15. Cancelled reading 'so degraded' before 'humbled'.
21. After 'Exit' the manuscript has 'Enter the Nobles who cross', &c.
23. Here follows a cancelled line:

Not the death watch tickling a Beldam's ear.

24. The reading 'nauseate me' is cancelled for 'taste so nauseous'; and 'my' is rejected for 'the' before 'bodily'. There is no trace of the 'to' of the text.
26. 'That' and 'My' are both cancelled for 'The' before 'soul's'; and there is the following abandoned reading:

The relish of my soul's invisible tongue.

CONRAD.

Princely Ludolph, hail!
Welcome, thou younger sceptre to the realm!
Strength to thy virgin crownet's golden buds,
That they, against the winter of thy sire,
May burst, and swell, and flourish round thy brows,
Maturing to a weighty diadem!
Yet be that hour far off; and may he live,
Who waits for thee, as the chapp'd earth for rain.
Set my life's star! I have lived long enough,
Since under my glad roof, propitiously,
Father and son each other re-possess.

LUDOLPH.

Fine wording, Duke! but words could never yet
Forestall the fates; have you not learnt that yet?
Let me look well: your features are the same;
Your gait the same; your hair of the same shade;
As one I knew some passed weeks ago,
Who sung far different notes into mine ears.
I have mine own particular comments on 't;
You have your own, perhaps.

CONRAD.

My gracious Prince,
All men may err. In truth I was deceived
In your great father's nature, as you were.
Had I known that of him I have since known,
And what you soon will learn, I would have turn'd
My sword to my own throat, rather than held
Its threatening edge against a good King's quiet:
Or with one word fever'd you, gentle Prince,
Who seem'd to me, as rugged times then went,
Indeed too much oppress'd. May I be bold
To tell the Emperor you will haste to him?

28. The word 'rounded' is cancelled for 'virgin'.
29. The words 'in the last' are cancelled for 'against'; and 'the' is not reinserted before 'winter'.
31. 'And' is cancelled at the beginning. It is not clear whether Keats meant to write 'mighty' or 'weighty' in this manuscript.
36. 'Meet' is cancelled at the beginning.
51. Cancelled reading—

And with one word put fever in your heart.

53. Rejected reading 'May I express' for 'May I be bold'.

LUDOLPH.

Your Dukedom's privilege will grant so much.
[*Exit* CONRAD.
He's very close to Otho, a tight leech!
Your hand—I go. Ha! here the thunder comes
Sullen against the wind! If in two angry brows
My safety lies, then Sigifred, I'm safe.

Enter OTHO *and* CONRAD.

OTHO.

Will you make Titan play the lackey-page
To chattering pigmies? I would have you know
That such neglect of our high Majesty
Annuls all feel of kindred. What is son,—
Or friend,—or brother,—or all ties of blood,—
When the whole kingdom, centred in ourself,
Is rudely slighted? Who am I to wait?
By Peter's chair! I have upon my tongue
A word to fright the proudest spirit here!—
Death!—and slow tortures to the hardy fool,
Who dares take such large charter from our smiles!
Conrad, we would be private. Sigifred!
Off! And none pass this way on pain of death!
[*Exeunt* CONRAD *and* SIGIFRED.

LUDOLPH.

This was but half expected, my good sire,
Yet I am griev'd at it, to the full height,
As though my hopes of favour had been whole.

OTHO.

How you indulge yourself! What can you hope for?

56. The manuscript reads 'Sigifred' in place of 'a tight leech!'
58. Rejected reading, 'If by two angry eyes'.
59. In the manuscript the next stage-direction is simply 'Enter Otho'.
60. Here 'lackey boy' is cancelled for 'lackey-page'.
68. After 'fright' the manuscript has 'the Devil—Banishment!'
69. The word 'slowest' is cancelled for 'slow'.
70. Cancelled reading, 'from my smiles'.
72. The word 'let' stands cancelled before 'none'.
76. In place of the reading of the text the manuscript has: 'Hopes! What in your conscience can you hope for'. The reading 'What in all conscience' is rejected.

LUDOLPH.

Nothing, my liege; I have to hope for nothing.
I come to greet you as a loving son,
And then depart, if I may be so free,
Seeing that blood of yours in my warm veins
Has not yet mitigated into milk.

OTHO.

What would you, sir?

LUDOLPH.

A lenient banishment;
So please you let me unmolested pass
This Conrad's gates, to the wide air again.
I want no more. A rebel wants no more.

OTHO.

And shall I let a rebel loose again
To muster kites and eagles 'gainst my head?
No, obstinate boy, you shall be kept cag'd up,
Serv'd with harsh food, with scum for Sunday-drink.

LUDOLPH.

Indeed!

OTHO.

And chains too heavy for your life:
I'll choose a gaoler, whose swart monstrous face
Shall be a hell to look upon, and she—

LUDOLPH.

Ha!

OTHO.

Shall be your fair Auranthe.

89. Rejected reading—

Serv'd with harsh food, with puddle for your drink.

90. Cancelled reading, 'Indeed you shall'.
92. The manuscript reads, 'Shall be a hell to look on, she...'
93. From the appearance of the manuscript this speech of Otho's would seem to have been at first intended to read—

Shall be your fair Auranthe. Eh? my Boy,
What will you say to that?

LUDOLPH.

Amaze! Amaze!

OTHO.

To-day you marry her.

LUDOLPH.

This is a sharp jest!

OTHO.

No. None at all. When have I said a lie?

LUDOLPH.

If I sleep not, I am a waking wretch.

OTHO.

Not a word more. Let me embrace my child.

LUDOLPH.

I dare not. 'Twould pollute so good a father!
O heavy crime! that your son's blinded eyes
Could not see all his parent's love aright,
As now I see it. Be not kind to me—
Punish me not with favour.

OTHO.

Are you sure,
Ludolph, you have no saving plea in store?

LUDOLPH.

My father, none!

OTHO.

Then you astonish me.

94. Rejected reading—'You shall marry her'.
95. Rejected readings—'When did I say a lie?' and 'When did I tell a lie?'
97. Rejected reading, 'No more words'.
100. The words 'the love your open nature clear' are cancelled after 'all' for the reading of the text.

LUDOLPH.

No, I have no plea. Disobedience,
Rebellion, obstinacy, blasphemy,
Are all my counsellors. If they can make
My crooked deeds show good and plausible,
Then grant me loving pardon, but not else,
Good Gods! not else, in any way, my liege!

OTHO.

You are a most perplexing, noble boy.

LUDOLPH.

You not less a perplexing noble father.

OTHO.

Well, you shall have free passport through the gates.
Farewell!

LUDOLPH.

Farewell! and by these tears believe,
And still remember, I repent in pain
All my misdeeds!

OTHO.

Ludolph, I will! I will!
But, Ludolph, ere you go, I would enquire
If you, in all your wandering, ever met
A certain Arab haunting in these parts.

LUDOLPH.

No, my good lord, I cannot say I did.

OTHO.

Make not your father blind before his time;
Nor let these arms paternal hunger more

106. 'Insult, Pride' is cancelled for 'Blasphemy'.
108. The manuscript reads 'deed' for 'deeds'.
113. The word 'freeest' is altered into 'free'.
118. The manuscript reads 'meet' for 'met', wrongly, no doubt.

For an embrace, to dull the appetite
Of my great love for thee, my supreme child!
Come close, and let me breathe into thine ear.
I knew you through disguise. You are the Arab!
You can't deny it. [*Embracing him.*

LUDOLPH.

Happiest of days!

OTHO.

We'll make it so.

LUDOLPH.

'Stead of one fatted calf
Ten hetacombs shall bellow out their last,
Smote 'twixt the horns by the death-stunning mace
Of Mars, and all the soldiery shall feast
Nobly as Nimrod's masons, when the towers
Of Nineveh new kiss'd the parted clouds!

OTHO.

Large as a God speak out, where all is thine.

LUDOLPH.

Aye, father, but the fire in my sad breast
Is quench'd with inward tears! I must rejoice
For you, whose wings so shadow over me
In tender victory, but for myself
I still must mourn. The fair Auranthe mine!
Too great a boon! I prythee let me ask
What more than I know of could so have changed
Your purpose touching her?

OTHO.

At a word, this:
In no deed did you give me more offence

125. The reading of the manuscript, 'near' for 'close', was of course rejected as jingling with the end of the line.
127. The direction 'Embracing him' is not in this manuscript.
128. Cancelled reading after 'so', still spoken by Otho, 'Ten Hecatombs shall fall'.
132. 'More' is cancelled at the beginning.
143. Cancelled opening, 'First I must'.

Than your rejection of Erminia.
To my appalling, I saw too good proof
Of your keen-ey'd suspicion,—she is naught!

LUDOLPH.

You are convinc'd?

OTHO.

Aye, spite of her sweet looks.
O, that my brother's daughter should so fall!
Her fame has pass'd into the grosser lips
Of soldiers in their cups.

LUDOLPH.

'Tis very sad.

OTHO.

No more of her. Auranthe—Ludolph, come!
This marriage be the bond of endless peace! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Entrance of* GERSA'S *Tent in the Hungarian Camp.*

Enter ERMINIA.

ERMINIA.

Where! where! where shall I find a messenger?
A trusty soul? A good man in the camp?
Shall I go myself? Monstrous wickedness!
O cursed Conrad! devilish Auranthe!
Here is proof palpable as the bright sun!
O for a voice to reach the Emperor's ears!
[*Shouts in the Camp.*

146. By an obvious slip, 'O' is written in the manuscript for 'Of'.

150. Doubtless through another slip the manuscript reads 'soldiers in the cups'.

The heading of Scene ii in the manuscript is 'Act 2nd. Scene 2nd. The Hungarian Camp—the entrance of Gerza's Tent. Erminia comes out with a Letter in her hand.' Erminia's opening speech follows immediately without repetition of the speaker's name.

4-5. Between these lines the manuscript has the rejected sentence, 'An Emperor is no God'.

5. 'Stars' is cancelled for 'Sun'; and the line is followed by the cancelled words, 'Married to-day! oh o o—'.

Enter an HUNGARIAN CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN.

Fair prisoner, hear you those joyous shouts?
The king—aye, now our king,—but still your slave,
Young Gersa, from a short captivity
Has just return'd. He bids me say, bright Dame,
That even the homage of his ranged chiefs
Cures not his keen impatience to behold
Such beauty once again. What ails you, lady?

ERMINIA.

Say, is not that a German, yonder? There!

CAPTAIN.

Methinks by his stout bearing he should be—
Yes—'tis one Albert; a brave German knight,
And much in the emperor's favour.

ERMINIA.

I would fain
Enquire of friends and kinsfolk; how they fared
In these rough times. Brave soldier, as you pass
To royal Gersa with my humble thanks,
Will you send yonder knight to me?

CAPTAIN.

I will. [*Exit.*

ERMINIA.

Yes, he was ever known to be a man
Frank, open, generous; Albert I may trust.
O proof! proof! proof! Albert's an honest man;
Not Ethelbert the monk, if he were here,
Would I hold more trustworthy. Now!

7. This is the reading of the manuscript. The word 'you' is cancelled before hear' and inserted after it. Previous editions read

Fair prisoner, you hear these joyous shouts?

10. 'Lady' is cancelled for 'Dame'.
12. The manuscript reads 'hot' instead of 'keen'.
14-21. The changes of speaker are not indicated in these lines in the holograph.
16. So in the manuscript: previous editions read 'Yes—it is Albert'.
18. There is a rejected reading, 'Enquire of my Kinsfolk' making *Enquire* a trisyllable.
22-3. Cancelled reading: 'Albert! he was ever known a Man'; and 'honest' is rejected in favour of 'generous'.

Enter ALBERT.

ALBERT.

Good Gods!
Lady Erminia! are you prisoner
In this beleaguer'd camp? Or are you here
Of your own will? You pleas'd to send for me.
By Venus, 'tis a pity I knew not
Your plight before, and, by her Son, I swear
To do you every service you can ask.
What would the fairest—?

ERMINIA.

Albert, will you swear?

ALBERT.

I have. Well?

ERMINIA.

Albert, you have fame to lose.
If men, in court and camp, lie not outright,
You should be, from a thousand, chosen forth
To do an honest deed. Shall I confide—?

ALBERT.

Aye, anything to me, fair creature. Do;
Dictate my task. Sweet woman,—

ERMINIA.

Truce with that.
You understand me not; and, in your speech,
I see how far the slander is abroad.
Without proof could you think me innocent?

ALBERT.

Lady, I should rejoice to know you so.

27-8. The manuscript has here: 'Lady Erminia is your Nunnery | emptied into this camp?' There are besides two cancelled fragments of lines: 'Been emptied into this unruly' &c. 'The old Monk [?] about (?)'.

34. The manuscript shows a second 'Well!' struck out, and 'have a good' cancelled for 'have fame to lose'.

36. The words 'chosen out' were rejected for 'chosen forth'.

ERMINIA.

If you have any pity for a maid,
Suffering a daily death from evil tongues;
Any compassion for that Emperor's niece,
Who, for your bright sword and clear honesty,
Lifted you from the crowd of common men
Into the lap of honour;—save me, knight!

ALBERT.

How? Make it clear; if it be possible,
I, by the banner of Saint Maurice, swear
To right you.

ERMINIA.

Possible!—Easy. O my heart!
This letter's not so soil'd but you may read it;—
Possible! There—that letter! Read—read it.

[*Gives him a letter.*

ALBERT (*reading*).

"To the Duke Conrad.—Forget the threat you made at parting, and I will forget to send the Emperor letters and papers of your's I have become possessed of. His life is no trifle to me; his death you shall find none to yourself." (*Speaks to himself.*) 'Tis me—my life that's pleaded for! (*Reads.*) "He, for his own sake, will be dumb as the grave. Erminia has my shame fix'd upon her, sure as a wen. We are safe. AURANTHE."

A she-devil! A dragon! I her imp!
Fire of Hell! Auranthe—lewd demon!
Where got you this? Where? When?

47. Cancelled reading:

Who for brave conduct and clear honesty.

54-5. The stage direction 'Gives him a letter' is not in this manuscript, which, before the text of the letter, has 'Albert coming a little forward reads the letter'. In the letter of Auranthe as it appears in the manuscript, Albert's interjected speech does not figure. On a back page facing "Well, you shall have free passport" &c. (Act II, scene 1, line 113) is a draft of this letter, revised. The draft begins with 'Remember Conrad', struck out. The reading 'threat you gave at parting and I will forget Letters and papers' is rejected. The words 'send to the Emperor' stand instead of 'send the Emperor'. Finally 'Erminia has the Burden of my disgrace' is altered to the reading of the text.

64-5. The manuscript reads 'A dragon and I her imp', and shows the very various spelling 'Lew'd' for 'lewd'.

ERMINIA.

I found it in the tent, among some spoils
Which, being noble, fell to Gersa's lot.
Come in, and see. [*They go in and return.*

ALBERT.

Villainy! Villainy!
Conrad's sword, his corslet, and his helm,
And his letter. Caitiff, he shall feel—

ERMINIA.

I see you are thunderstruck. Haste, haste away!

ALBERT.

O I am tortured by this villainy.

ERMINIA.

You needs must be. Carry it swift to Otho;
Tell him, moreover, I am prisoner
Here in this camp, where all the sisterhood,
Forc'd from their quiet cells, are parcell'd out
For slaves among these Huns. Away! Away!

ALBERT.

I am gone.

ERMINIA.

Swift be your steed! Within this hour
The Emperor will see it.

ALBERT.

Ere I sleep:
That I can swear. [*Hurries out.*

67. The manuscript has the imperfect reading 'I found here in the tent'.
69. 'Go' is rejected for 'Come' in the manuscript. Before the stage-direction of the text stands cancelled 'A[l]bert goes in and'.
72. 'What' is cancelled at the beginning; and the reading adopted in the manuscript is 'I see you thunderstruck'.
76. The manuscript reads 'all our sisterhood'.
79. Rejected reading, 'Within two hours'.

GERSA (*without*).

Brave captains! thanks. Enough
Of loyal homage now!

Enter GERSA.

ERMINIA.

Hail, royal Hun!

GERSA.

What means this, fair one? Why in such alarm?
Who was it hurried by me so distract?
It seem'd you were in deep discourse together;
Your doctrine has not been so harsh to him
As to my poor deserts. Come, come, be plain.
I am no jealous fool to kill you both,
Or, for such trifles, rob the adorned world
Of such a beauteous vestal.

ERMINIA.

I grieve, my Lord,
To hear you condescend to ribald phrase.

GERSA.

This is too much! Hearken, my lady pure!

ERMINIA.

Silence! and hear the magic of a name—
Erminia! I am she,—the Emperor's niece!
Prais'd be the Heavens, I now dare own myself!

81-2. The manuscript here reads—

Gerza's voice without.
I would be private in my tent a while
Let me not be disturb'd.

83. The manuscript reads 'What ails you, fair one?'
84. The words 'in such' are cancelled before 'so distract'.
87. 'As it has been to me' is rejected for the reading of the text.
89. Previous editions read 'th' adorned'.
91. The inapposite verb 'see' is cancelled for 'hear'.

GERSA.

Erminia! Indeed! I've heard of her.
Prythee, fair lady, what chance brought you here?

ERMINIA.

Ask your own soldiers.

GERSA.

And you dare own your name.
For loveliness you may—and for the rest
My vein is not censorious.

ERMINIA.

Alas! poor me!
'Tis false indeed.

GERSA.

Indeed you are too fair:
The swan, soft leaning on her fledgy breast,
When to the stream she launches, looks not back
With such a tender grace; nor are her wings
So white as your soul is, if that but be
Twin-picture to your face. Erminia!
To-day, for the first day, I am a king,
Yet would I give my unworn crown away
To know you spotless.

ERMINIA.

Trust me one day more,
Generously, without more certain guarantee,
Than this poor face you deign to praise so much;

96-100. In place of these lines the manuscript reads as follows:

Then you dare do no more than women dare
Who dare the devil on his 'vantage ground
Yet if some strange report I heard hold good
You are in truth no coward. Ha! Erminia!

The last two words are cancelled.

102. The opening 'The swan leaning' and the words 'oar' and 'walking' are cancelled in the manuscript.

103. Rejected readings—'When from the bank' and 'When on the stream'.

108. Rejected reading, 'Yet would I be a subject'.

109. 'To see' is rejected for 'To know'.

110. 'Proof' is cancelled after 'more'.

111. The verb 'please' stands cancelled for 'deign'.

After that, say and do whate'er you please.
If I have any knowledge of you, sir,
I think, nay I am sure, you will grieve much
To hear my story. O be gentle to me,
For I am sick and faint with many wrongs,
Tir'd out, and weary-worn with contumelies.

GERSA.

Poor lady!

Enter ETHELBERT.

ERMINIA.

Gentle Prince, 'tis false indeed.
Good morrow, holy father! I have had
Your prayers, though I look'd for you in vain.

ETHELBERT.

Blessings upon you, daughter! Sure you look
Too cheerful for these foul pernicious days.
Young man, you heard this virgin say 'twas false,—
'Tis false, I say. What! can you not employ
Your temper elsewhere, 'mong these burly tents,
But you must taunt this dove, for she hath lost
The Eagle Otho to beat off assault?
Fie! fie! But I will be her guard myself;
In the Emperor's name. I here demand of you
Herself, and all her sisterhood. She false!

GERSA.

Peace! peace, old man! I cannot think she is.

ETHELBERT.

Whom I have known from her first infancy,
Baptiz'd her in the bosom of the Church,

112. 'And' is cancelled at the beginning, and 'think' is struck out in favour 'do'.
113. 'Prince' is cancelled for 'Sir'.
122. The words 'of the time', probably meant for *for the time* are cancelled ter 'cheerful'.
125. The words 'in this' are cancelled for ''mong these'. Previous editions ad 'those.'
129. So in the manuscript. Previous editions read (imperfectly)
I' the Emperor's name. I here demand
e words 'of you' being omitted.
131. The reading 'do not' is cancelled for 'cannot'.

Watch'd her, as anxious husbandmen the grain,
From the first shoot till the unripe mid-May,
Then to the tender ear of her June days,
Which, lifting sweet abroad its timid green,
Is blighted by the touch of calumny ;
You cannot credit such a monstrous tale.

GERSA.

I cannot. Take her. Fair Erminia,
I follow you to Friedburg,—is't not so?

ERMINIA.

Aye, so we purpose.

ETHELBERT.

Daughter, do you so?
How's this? I marvel! Yet you look not mad.

ERMINIA.

I have good news to tell you, Ethelbert.

GERSA.

Ho! ho, there! Guards!
Your blessing, father! Sweet Erminia,
Believe me, I am well nigh sure—

ERMINIA.

Farewell!
Short time will show. [*Enter Chiefs.*
Yes, father Ethelbert,
I have news precious as we pass along.

135. In the manuscript 'untill' is altered into 'till' and 'green' is cancelled for 'un[r]ipe'.
137. Rejected reading, 'Which, lifting light'.
138. Rejected reading :

Was blasted by the touch of infamy.

141. Here follows a cancelled reading :

Ethelbert. Aye thither do we tend.
Ho! ho, there Guards.

149. Rejected readings—

I have good news to make our...
I have good news to tell you as we pass.
Command an escort to the...

ETHELBERT.

Dear daughter, you shall guide me.

ERMINIA.

To no ill. 150

GERSA.

Command an escort to the Friedburg lines.
[*Exeunt Chiefs.*
Pray let me lead. Fair lady, forget not
Gersa, how he believ'd you innocent.
I follow you to Friedburg with all speed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter ALBERT.

ALBERT.

O THAT the earth were empty, as when Cain
Had no perplexity to hide his head!
Or that the sword of some brave enemy
Had put a sudden stop to my hot breath,
And hurl'd me down the illimitable gulph 5
Of times past, unremember'd! Better so
Than thus fast-limed in a cursed snare,
The white limbs of a wanton. This the end
Of an aspiring life! My boyhood past
In feud with wolves and bears, when no eye saw 10
The solitary warfare, fought for love
Of honour 'mid the growling wilderness.

154. Rejected reading—
I follow you with all the speed a Man...
1. In the manuscript 'desert' is struck out and 'empty' substituted.
5. Cancelled reading, 'left me thrown' for 'hurl'd me down'.
8. The word 'white' before 'limbs' is not in this manuscript.
9. 'Childhood' is altered into 'Boyhood'.
11. Cancelled opening 'My restless warfare'.

My sturdier youth, maturing to the sword,
Won by the syren-trumpets, and the ring
Of shields upon the pavement, when bright-mail'd
Henry the Fowler pass'd the streets of Prague.
Was 't to this end I louted and became
The menial of Mars, and held a spear
Sway'd by command, as corn is by the wind?
Is it for this, I now am lifted up
By Europe's throned Emperor, to see
My honour be my executioner,—
My love of fame, my prided honesty
Put to the torture for confessional?
Then the damn'd crime of blurting to the world
A woman's secret!—Though a fiend she be,
Too tender of my ignominious life;
But then to wrong the generous Emperor
In such a searching point, were to give up
My soul for foot-ball at Hell's holiday!
I must confess,—and cut my throat,—to-day?
To-morrow? Ho! some wine!

Enter SIGIFRED.

SIGIFRED.

A fine humour—

ALBERT.

Who goes there? Count Sigifred? Ha! Ha!

SIGIFRED.

What, man, do you mistake the hollow sky
For a throng'd tavern,—and these stubbed trees
For old serge hangings,—me, your humble friend,
For a poor waiter? Why, man, how you stare!
What gipsies have you been carousing with?
No, no more wine; methinks you've had enough.

20. Cancelled reading, 'Is t to this end'.
21. The manuscript reads 'By a well-judging Emperor'.
30. The word 'to' is cancelled for 'at'.
32. The manuscript has 'Enter Sigibert'. 'Sigibert', repeated, is then altered into 'Sigifred' and 'Sir! Coming Sir!' stands in place of 'A fine humour'. In the variation itself 'Here' is cancelled to give place to the first 'Sir'.
33. The manuscript reads 'Ha! Ha! Ha!'
36. The manuscript reads 'I' in place of 'me'.

ALBERT.

You well may laugh and banter. What a fool
An injury may make of a staid man!
You shall know all anon.

SIGIFRED.

Some tavern brawl?

ALBERT.

'Twas with some people out of common reach;
Revenge is difficult.

SIGIFRED.

I am your friend;
We meet again to-day, and can confer
Upon it. For the present I'm in haste.

ALBERT.

Whither?

SIGIFRED.

To fetch King Gersa to the feast.
The Emperor on this marriage is so hot,
Pray Heaven it end not in apoplexy!
The very porters, as I pass'd the doors,
Heard his loud laugh, and answer'd in full choir.
I marvel, Albert, you delay so long
From those bright revelries; go, show yourself,
You may be made a duke.

ALBERT.

Aye, very like:
Pray, what day has his Highness fix'd upon?

40. The manuscript reads 'well may' as above instead of the 'may well' of evious editions. 'O what a fool' is cancelled for 'What a fool'.
42. In the manuscript 'Albert! a' is struck out and 'Some tavern brawl' itten.
43. The manuscript reads 'of high consequence' in place of 'out of common ach'.
44. Cancelled reading 'With whom revenge is difficult'.
50. 'Porters' is substituted for some illegible word in the manuscript, and Doors' for 'Gates'.
53. The manuscript reads 'those', previous editions 'these': 'ripe' is ncelled for 'bright'.
54. The words 'be outsrip' (?) are cancelled after 'may'.

SIGIFRED.

For what?

ALBERT.

The marriage. What else can I mean?

SIGIFRED.

To-day! O, I forgot, you could not know;
The news is scarce a minute old with me.

ALBERT.

Married to-day! To-day! You did not say so?

SIGIFRED.

Now, while I speak to you, their comely heads
Are bow'd before the mitre.

ALBERT.

O! monstrous!

SIGIFRED.

What is this?

ALBERT.

Nothing, Sigifred. Farewell!
We'll meet upon our subject. Farewell, count!
[*Exit.*

SIGIFRED.

Is this clear-headed Albert? He brain-turn'd!
'Tis as portentous as a meteor.
[*Exit.*

58. In place of this line the manuscript has:

I heard it but an hour ago myself.

62. Here follows a cancelled line:

I long to greet the happy happy pair.

63. The manuscript has 'Exit Albert'.

64. In former editions 'To' is the first word in this line. I have ventured to substitute 'Is', as making sense of the question, because I know how like the two words often are in Keats's writing.

64-5. In place of what stands in the text the manuscript has:

Farewell and nothing—but this nothing is
Something I'll take my oath on—He is mad.
Exit Sigifred.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

ter, as from the Marriage, OTHO, LUDOLPH, AURANTHE, CONRAD, *Nobles, Knights, Ladies, &c. Music.*

OTHO.

Now, Ludolph! Now, Auranthe! Daughter fair!
What can I find to grace your nuptial day
More than my love, and these wide realms in fee?

LUDOLPH.

I have too much.

AURANTHE.

And I, my liege, by far.

LUDOLPH.

Auranthe! I have! O, my bride, my love!
Not all the gaze upon us can restrain
My eyes, too long poor exiles from thy face,
From adoration, and my foolish tongue
From uttering soft responses to the love
I see in thy mute beauty beaming forth!
Fair creature, bless me with a single word!
All mine!

AURANTHE.

Spare, spare me, my Lord; I swoon else.

This scene is headed thus in the manuscript: 'Act 3rd. Scene 2nd. Enter s from a marriage ceremony—Otho, Ludolph—Conrad, Auranthe and her ain, Nobles—Knight[s] Ladies &c. &c. &c. Music playing—and cease.' he first line shows a rejected reading—'Now, Ludolph! Now, sweet daugh- r! Now!'

4-5. 'We' is cancelled for 'I' at the beginning. The words 'and Auranthe gether' are cancelled after 'Ludolph'.

7. The words 'from adoration' are cancelled after 'eyes', and 'far dongeond' struck out for 'poor exiles'.

9-10. Rejected reading—

From uttering soft responses to thy mute
But eloquent Beauty.

12. 'Auranthe' and 'Ludolph' are here bracketed with a stage direction, alk aside'. The words 'They talk apart' are not inserted after 'Wert thou ot mine'.

LUDOLPH.

Soft beauty! by to-morrow I should die,
Wert thou not mine. [*They talk apart.*

FIRST LADY.

How deep she has bewitch'd him!

FIRST KNIGHT.

Ask you for her recipe for love philtres.

SECOND LADY.

They hold the Emperor in admiration.

OTHO.

If ever king was happy, that am I!
What are the cities 'yond the Alps to me,
The provinces about the Danube's mouth,
The promise of fair soil beyond the Rhone;
Or routing out of Hyperborean hordes,
To these fair children, stars of a new age?
Unless perchance I might rejoice to win
This little ball of earth, and chuck it them
To play with!

AURANTHE.

Nay, my Lord, I do not know.

LUDOLPH.

Let me not famish.

14. The manuscript gives 'A Lady' (not 'First Lady') as the speaker here: 'A Knight' is cancelled.

15. Here the manuscript reads 'A Knight' for 'First Knight' and 'recept' for 'recipe'. What stands before 'Philters' seems to contain both 'her' and 'Love'; and the reading intended may have been

Ask you for her receipt for her Love Philters.

19. 'What' is cancelled at the beginning.

20. The word 'rhine' (with a small *r*) seems to have been altered into 'rhone'; and the word hitherto printed 'sail' is probably meant for 'soil'.

22. After 'Children', stands cancelled 'Unless perchance'. 'Stars' has been cancelled and re-written. At the beginning after 'To', Keats seems to have begun 'such' and then decided on 'these'.

25. The words 'at your good will' are cancelled for 'I do not know'.

26. Near 'Ludolph' the manuscript has indistinctly written 'talk aside'.

OTHO (*to Conrad*).

Good Franconia,
You heard what oath I sware, as the sun rose,
That unless Heaven would send me back my son,
My Arab,—no soft music should enrich
The cool wine, kiss'd off with a soldier's smack;
Now all my empire, barter'd for one feast,
Seems poverty.

CONRAD.

Upon the neighbour-plain
The heralds have prepar'd a royal lists;
Your knights, found war-proof in the bloody field,
Speed to the game.

OTHO.

Well, Ludolph, what say you?

LUDOLPH.

My lord

OTHO.

A tourney?

CONRAD.

Or, if 't please you best—

LUDOLPH.

I want no more!

FIRST LADY.

He soars!

SECOND LADY.

Past all reason.

29. The words 'be heard' are cancelled for 'enrich'.
35. After 'Speed to' there are some cancelled tentatives: 'this lighter game he Trumpets ... Otho ... It is in'.
37. According to the manuscript the speakers here are '2nd Lady' and Another Lady'.

LUDOLPH.

Though heaven's choir
Should in a vast circumference descend
And sing for my delight, I'd stop my ears!
Though bright Apollo's car stood burning here,
And he put out an arm to bid me mount,
His touch an immortality, not I!
This earth, this palace, this room, Auranthe!

OTHO.

This is a little painful; just too much.
Conrad, if he flames longer in this wise,
I shall believe in wizard-woven loves
And old romances; but I'll break the spell.
Ludolph!

CONRAD.

He will be calm, anon.

LUDOLPH.

You call'd?
Yes, yes, yes, I offend. You must forgive me;
Not being quite recover'd from the stun
Of your large bounties. A tourney, is it not?
[*A senet heard faintly.*

CONRAD.

The trumpets reach us.

ETHELBERT (*without*).

On your peril, sirs,
Detain us!

42. The words 'bid me mount', seemingly not in Keats's hand, are written above the uncancelled reading 'help me in'.
44. The manuscript has a stage-direction: 'goes to Auranthe'.
49. 'He will be' is in the manuscript, not 'He'll be', as in former editions. Here follows a cancelled line:

Otho. Come, come, a little sober reason Ludolph:

where 'Son' is cancelled before 'Ludolph'.
50. Rejected reading—'I delay people you' for 'You must forgive me'.
52. In the manuscript the stage-direction is 'faint senet'.
53. The manuscript reads 'Ethelbert's voice without'.

FIRST VOICE (*without*).

Let not the abbot pass.

SECOND VOICE (*without*).

No,
On your lives!

FIRST VOICE (*without*).

Holy father, you must not.

ETHELBERT (*without*).

Otho!

OTHO.

Who calls on Otho?

ETHELBERT (*without*).

Ethelbert!

OTHO.

Let him come in.

[*Enter* ETHELBERT *leading in* ERMINIA.

Thou cursed abbot why
Hast brought pollution to our holy rites?
Hast thou no fear of hangman, or the faggot?

LUDOLPH.

What portent—what strange prodigy is this?

54. Before both 'No on your lives'! and 'Holy Father &c.' the manuscript has 'Other voices'.
56. The manuscript reads 'Ethelbert's voice'. After 'Who calls on Otho' the words 'Ethelbert (without)' do not occur.
57. The manuscript has 'forcing in' instead of 'leading in'.
59. The word 'not' is altered into 'no' before 'fear', and 'hangmen' stands in place of 'hangman'. Then follows a line not given in the text:

Mad Churchman wouldst thou be impal'd alive?

CONRAD.

Away!

ETHELBERT.

You, Duke?

ERMINIA.

Albert has surely fail'd me!
Look at the Emperor's brow upon me bent!

ETHELBERT.

A sad delay!

CONRAD.

Away, thou guilty thing!

ETHELBERT.

You again, Duke? Justice, most mighty Otho!
You—go to your sister there and plot again,
A quick plot, swift as thought to save your heads;
For lo! the toils are spread around your den,
The world is all agape to see dragg'd forth
Two ugly monsters.

LUDOLPH.

What means he, my lord?

CONRAD.

I cannot guess.

ETHELBERT.

Best ask your lady sister,
Whether the riddle puzzles her beyond
The power of utterance.

61. 'Sure' is cancelled before 'Albert', and 'surely' is inserted, seemingly not in Keats's hand, before 'fail'd'.
63. Rejected reading, 'A slight delay! No harm'.
64. Previous editions read 'most noble Otho'—the manuscript, 'mighty'.
68. The reading 'see you drag'd' is cancelled for 'see draggd forth'.

CONRAD.

Foul barbarian, cease;
The Princess faints!

LUDOLPH.

Stab him! O, sweetest wife!
[*Attendants bear off* AURANTHE.

ERMINIA.

Alas!

ETHELBERT.

Your wife?

LUDOLPH.

Aye, Satan! does that yerk ye?

ETHELBERT.

Wife! so soon!

LUDOLPH.

Aye, wife! Oh, impudence!
Thou bitter mischief! Venomous mad priest!
How dar'st thou lift those beetle brows at me?
Me—the prince Ludolph, in this presence here,
Upon my marriage-day, and scandalize
My joys with such opprobrious surprise?
Wife! Why dost linger on that syllable,
As if it were some demon's name pronounc'd
To summon harmful lightning, and make roar
The sleepy thunder? Hast no sense of fear?
No ounce of man in thy mortality?
Tremble! for, at my nod, the sharpen'd axe

73. The stage-direction is not in this manuscript.
76. The manuscript reads 'mad': in previous editions the word is 'bad'.
83. This line has two cancelled openings: 'To rouse the sleepy Thunder' and 'Which Thunder': 'rouse the' is cancelled also before 'summon'. The word previously printed 'yawn' is apparently 'roar'; but it is not distinct: 'yawn' is not good sense.

Will make thy bold tongue quiver to the roots,
Those grey lids wink, and thou not know it more!

ETHELBERT.

O, poor deceived Prince! I pity thee!
Great Otho! I claim justice—

LUDOLPH.

Thou shalt have 't!
Thine arms from forth a pulpit of hot fire
Shall sprawl distracted? O that that dull cowl
Were some most sensitive portion of thy life,
That I might give it to my hounds to tear!
Thy girdle some fine zealous-pained nerve
To girth my saddle! And those devil's beads
Each one a life, that I might, every day,
Crush one with Vulcan's hammer!

OTHO.

Peace, my son;
You far outstrip my spleen in this affair.
Let us be calm, and hear the abbot's plea
For this intrusion.

LUDOLPH.

I am silent, sire.

OTHO.

Conrad, see all depart not wanted here.
[*Exeunt Knights, Ladies, &c.*
Ludolph, be calm. Ethelbert, peace awhile.
This mystery demands an audience
Of a just judge, and that will Otho be.

87. The reading 'at the roots' is struck out.
88. The word hitherto printed 'monk' seems to be 'more'. The new reading now adopted is more characteristic than 'and thou not know it, monk!'
92. The manuscript has 'spawl' instead of 'sprawl'. It is possible, though not probable, that Keats used the West Country provincialism meaning to splinter or scale off.
102. The stage-direction is not in this manuscript.
105. The manuscript reads 'Of a just Just Judge'—no doubt the second Just was meant for Judge; and Keats omitted to cross it through.

LUDOLPH.

Why has he time to breathe another word?

OTHO.

Ludolph, old Ethelbert, be sure, comes not
To beard us for no cause; he 's not the man
To cry himself up an ambassador
Without credentials.

LUDOLPH.

I 'll chain up myself.

OTHO.

Old Abbot, stand here forth. Lady Erminia,
Sit. And now, Abbot! what have you to say?
Our ear is open. First we here denounce
Hard penalties against thee, if 't be found
The cause for which you have disturb'd us here,
Making our bright hours muddy, be a thing
Of little moment.

ETHELBERT.

See this innocent!
Otho! thou father of the people call'd,
Is her life nothing? Her fair honour nothing?
Her tears from matins until even-song
Nothing? Her burst heart nothing? Emperor!
Is this your gentle niece—the simplest flower
Of the world's herbal—this fair lilly blanch'd

110. 'I will' is altered into 'I'll', and 'for patience strive' is cancelled for 'chain up myself'.
111. 'Now Ethelbert' is cancelled for 'Old Abbot', where 'Abbot' again is struck out, presumably by accident.
112. 'Abbot' is struck out and re-written.
118. Cancelled reading, 'father of his People .
119. The word 'peace' is cancelled for 'life'.
120. Rejected reading:

Her tears at matin and at even-song.

122. At the beginning 'She' (?) has been altered into 'This' and cancelled. There is a rejected reading which seems to have been meant to read—

Is this your sweet Niece, Your most innocent Niece.

The word 'guiltless' for 'gentle' is also cancelled.

Still with the dews of piety, this meek lady
Here sitting like an angel newly-shent,
Who veils its snowy wings and grows all pale,—
Is she nothing?

OTHO.

What more to the purpose, abbot?

LUDOLPH.

Whither is he winding?

CONRAD.

No clue yet!

ETHELBERT.

You have heard, my Liege, and so, no doubt, all here,
Foul, poisonous, malignant whisperings;
Nay open speech, rude mockery grown common,
Against the spotless nature and clear fame
Of the princess Erminia, your niece.
I have intruded here thus suddenly,
Because I hold those base weeds, with tight hand,
Which now disfigure her fair growing stem,
Waiting but for your sign to pull them up
By the dark roots, and leave her palpable,
To all men's sight, a Lady, innocent.
The ignominy of that whisper'd tale
About a midnight gallant, seen to climb
A window to her chamber neighbour'd near,
I will from her turn off, and put the load

124-5. Between these lines there is a cancelled reading, 'now sits here forlorn and...'
128. The manuscript reads 'Whither, whither is he winding?'
134. 'But' is cancelled at the beginning.
136. The word 'clear' is cancelled for 'fair'.
137. 'And' and 'I' above it are both cancelled at the beginning.
139. The reading 'an innocent Lady' is rejected for 'a Lady, innocent'. Here follows a cancelled passage:

Otho. I have wrong'd this man [?]
Ludolph. Have I not wrong'd this man?
Conrad. Curs'd Priest!
Ludolph. How!

141. Cancelled reading—

About a midnight gallant climbing up
Her chamber window.

On the right shoulders ; on that wretch's head,
Who, by close stratagems, did save herself,
Chiefly by shifting to this lady's room
A rope-ladder for false witness.

LUDOLPH.

Most atrocious !

OTHO.

Ethelbert, proceed.

ETHELBERT.

With sad lips I shall :
For, in the healing of one wound, I fear
To make a greater. His young highness here
To-day was married.

LUDOLPH.

Good.

ETHELBERT.

Would it were good !
Yet why do I delay to spread abroad
The names of those two vipers, from whose jaws
A deadly breath went forth to taint and blast
This guileless lady?

OTHO.

Abbot, speak their names.

ETHELBERT.

A minute first. It cannot be—but may
I ask, great judge, if you to-day have put
A letter by unread?

145. The word 'with' is cancelled for 'by'. Between 'stratagems;' and 'did save' there is a cancelled reading as follows :

especially
By shifting a Rope ladder from her room
To this much injured Ladys ; has escap'd...

146. The words 'from her' are cancelled after 'shifting'.
149. Cancelled reading, 'though I heal one wound'.
150. Here 'young' is substituted for 'great', previously written.
153. The word printed 'jaws' was printed 'jaw' in former editions.
154. The manuscript indicates the rejected variation

A poisonous breath went forth to blast and taint.

OTHO.

Does 't end in this?

CONRAD.

Out with their names!

ETHELBERT.

Bold sinner, say you so?

LUDOLPH.

Out, tedious monk!

OTHO.

Confess, or by the wheel—

ETHELBERT.

My evidence cannot be far away;
And, though it never come, be on my head
The crime of passing an attaint upon
The slanderers of this virgin.

LUDOLPH.

Speak aloud!

ETHELBERT.

Auranthe, and her brother there.

CONRAD.

Amaze!

LUDOLPH.

Throw them from the windows!

159. Cancelled beginning 'Away! or out with the names', which may possibly belong to Otho's speech. 'Serpent' is cancelled for 'sinner'.
160. The manuscript reads 'tedious' as above, in place of 'hideous', the reading of previous editions.
164. The manuscript has 'slanderer' instead of 'slanderers'.
165-6. The dialogue appears to have been originally meant to read thus:

Ethelbert. Auranthe.
Otho. Amaze!
Ludolph. Throw them from the windows!

OTHO.

Do what you will!

LUDOLPH.

What shall I do with them?
Something of quick dispatch, for should she hear,
My soft Auranthe, her sweet mercy would
Prevail against my fury. Damned priest!
What swift death wilt thou die? As to the lady
I touch her not.

ETHELBERT.

Illustrious Otho, stay!
An ample store of misery thou hast,
Choak not the granary of thy noble mind
With more bad bitter grain, too difficult
A cud for the repentance of a man
Grey-growing. To thee only I appeal,
Not to thy noble son, whose yeasting youth
Will clear itself, and crystal turn again.
A young man's heart, by Heaven's blessing, is
A wide world, where a thousand new-born hopes
Empurple fresh the melancholy blood:
But an old man's is narrow, tenantless
Of hopes, and stuff'd with many memories,
Which, being pleasant, ease the heavy pulse—
Painful, clog up and stagnate. Weigh this matter
Even as a miser balances his coin;
And, in the name of mercy, give command
That your knight Albert be brought here before you.
He will expound this riddle; he will show
A noon-day proof of bad Auranthe's guilt.

OTHO.

Let Albert straight be summon'd.

[*Exit one of the Nobles.*

171. 'What qui[ck]' is cancelled for 'What swift'.
174. The syllable 'Suff' is cancelled at the beginning.
178. Rejected reading, 'thine hapless son'.
183. The word 'stagnated' is cancelled for 'tenantless'.
189. In the manuscript, 'the' is cancelled for 'your'.
190. 'If he be not a Caitiff' is cancelled before 'he will show'.
192-6. The stage-direction is not in this manuscript. Originally 'summoned'

LUDOLPH.

Impossible!
I cannot doubt—I will not—no—to doubt
Is to be ashes!—wither'd up to death!

OTHO.

My gentle Ludolph, harbour not a fear;
You do yourself much wrong.

LUDOLPH.

O, wretched dolt!
Now, when my foot is almost on thy neck,
Wilt thou infuriate me? Proof! Thou fool!
Why wilt thou teaze impossibility
With such a thick-skull'd persevering suit?
Fanatic obstinacy! Prodigy!
Monster of folly! Ghost of a turn'd brain!
You puzzle me,—you haunt me,—when I dream
Of you my brain will split! Bald sorcerer!
Juggler! May I come near you? On my soul
I know not whether to pity, curse, or laugh.

Enter ALBERT, *and the Nobleman.*

Here, Albert, this old phantom wants a proof!
Give him his proof! A camel's load of proofs!

OTHO.

Albert, I speak to you as to a man
Whose words once utter'd pass like current gold;
And therefore fit to calmly put a close
To this brief tempest. Do you stand possess'd
Of any proof against the honourableness
Of Lady Auranthe, our new-spoused daughter?

was immediately followed by 'Wretched Dolt', and the passage from 'Impossible!' to 'much wrong', inclusive, is an interpolation.

204. The word hitherto printed 'Bold' is distinctly 'Bald' in the manuscript.

205. Rejected reading, 'May I come nearer?'.

207. In the manuscript the stage-direction here is simply 'Enter Albert'.

210. The manuscript reads 'Whose word is ever counted trustworthy' with 'to be taken' cancelled after 'is'.

212. The manuscript has 'day's' in place of 'brief', and 'storm' is cancelled for 'Tempest'.

ALBERT.

You chill me with astonishment. How's this?
My Liege, what proof should I have 'gainst a fame
Impossible of slur? [OTHO *rises.*

ERMINIA.

O wickedness!

ETHELBERT.

Deluded monarch, 'tis a cruel lie.

OTHO.

Peace, rebel-priest!

CONRAD.

Insult beyond credence!

ERMINIA.

Almost a dream!

LUDOLPH.

We have awaken'd from
A foolish dream that from my brow hath wrung
A wrathful dew. O folly! why did I
So act the lion with this silly gnat?
Let them depart. Lady Erminia!
I ever griev'd for you, as who did not?
But now you have, with such a brazen front,

216. The words 'of a thing' are cancelled for ''gainst a fame'.
217. The words 'Otho rises' are not in this manuscript.
220. 'That' is cancelled before 'We'; and 'awaken'd' stands in place of the 'awaked' of previous editions. There is also a cancelled line:

Then we are quite awakend from this dream.

221. 'This' is cancelled for 'A' at the beginning, and 'has' stands in place of 'hath'.
222. 'Moist' is cancelled at the beginning.
224. 'Poor lost Erminia' is cancelled for 'Lady Erminia'.
226. The word 'that' is cancelled before 'you', and 'shameless' is struck out for 'brazen'.

So most maliciously, so madly striven
To dazzle the soft moon, when tenderest clouds
Should be unloop'd around to curtain her;
I leave you to the desert of the world
Almost with pleasure. Let them be set free
For me! I take no personal revenge
More than against a nightmare, which a man
Forgets in the new dawn. [*Exit* LUDOLPH.

OTHO.

Still in extremes! No, they must not be loose.

ETHELBERT.

Albert, I must suspect thee of a crime
So fiendish—

OTHO.

Fear'st thou not my fury, monk?
Conrad, be they in your sure custody
Till we determine some fit punishment.
It is so mad a deed, I must reflect
And question them in private; for perhaps,
By patient scrutiny, we may discover
Whether they merit death, or should be placed
In care of the physicians.

[*Exeunt* OTHO *and Nobles*, ALBERT *following*.

CONRAD.

My guards, ho!

ERMINIA.

Albert, wilt thou follow there?
Wilt thou creep dastardly behind his back,
And slink away from a weak woman's eye?

227. Rejected reading—

Have most maliciously, most madly driven

232. The words 'have' and 'feel' are both cancelled for 'take'.
235. Cancelled beginning to Otho's speech 'Conrad we leave them'.
238. The manuscript reads 'sure', not 'safe' as in previous editions.
244. In the stage-direction the manuscript has 'Train' instead of 'Nobles'.
245. 'Erminia' is cancelled for 'Conrad' before 'My Guards ho!'—'Will you' stands in place of 'Wilt thou'.
246-7. The manuscript has 'Will you' in place of 'Wilt thou', and 'slink' in place of the 'shrink' of previous editions.

Turn, thou court-Janus! thou forget'st thyself;
Here is the Duke, waiting with open arms,
[*Enter Guards.*
To thank thee; here congratulate each other;
Wring hands; embrace; and swear how lucky 'twas
That I, by happy chance, hit the right man
Of all the world to trust in.

ALBERT.

Trust! to me!

CONRAD (*aside*).

He is the sole one in this mystery.

ERMINIA.

Well, I give up, and save my prayers for Heaven!
You, who could do this deed, would ne'er relent,
Though, at my words, the hollow prison-vaults
Would groan for pity.

CONRAD.

Manacle them both!

ETHELBERT.

I know it—it must be—I see it all!
Albert, thou art the minion!

ERMINIA.

Ah! too plain—

CONRAD.

Silence! Gag up their mouths! I cannot bear
More of this brawling. That the Emperor

251. After 'embrace' there is a cancelled reading 'the gale is over blown | And you are safe swear'.
252. 'I confided' is cancelled after 'That'.
259. 'Daughter!' is cancelled at the beginning, 'see' is cancelled for 'know', and 'yes 'tis all out' for 'I see it all'.
260. 'I see' is struck out for 'too plain'.
261. The word 'them' is cancelled after 'Gag'.

Had plac'd you in some other custody!
Bring them away. [*Exeunt all but* ALBERT.

ALBERT.

Though my name perish from the book of honour,
Almost before the recent ink is dry,
And be no more remember'd after death,
Than any drummer's in the muster-roll;
Yet shall I season high my sudden fall
With triumph o'er that evil-witted duke!
He shall feel what it is to have the hand
Of a man drowning, on his hateful throat.

Enter GERSA *and* SIGIFRED.

GERSA.

What discord is at ferment in this house?

SIGIFRED.

We are without conjecture; not a soul
We met could answer any certainty.

GERSA.

Young Ludolph, like a fiery arrow, shot
By us.

SIGIFRED.

The Emperor, with cross'd arms, in thought.

264-5. After 'Exeunt all but Albert' the manuscript has the cancelled word 'Albert' followed by 'Act 3. Scene 3rd' and, before line 265, 'Manet Albert' instead of 'Albert' merely, as if it was intended to make lines 265-81 a separate scene.

266. The word 'be' is cancelled for 'is'.

269. Manuscript variation, 'sweeten high my evil hours'.

270. The word 'over' is cancelled for 'o'er'.

272. Here the manuscript has the two following lines:

Erminia! dream tonight of better days
Tomorrow makes them real—Once more good morrow.

273-9. Of these five short speeches the manuscript assigns Gersa's (in text) to Sigifred and Sigifred's to Gersa. Line 273 has the cancelled beginning 'What ferment has'.

GERSA.

In one room music, in another sadness,
Perplexity every where!

ALBERT.

A trifle more!
Follow; your presences will much avail
To tune our jarred spirits. I'll explain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—AURANTHE'S *Apartment.*

AURANTHE *and* CONRAD *discovered.*

CONRAD.

WELL, well, I know what ugly jeopardy
We are cag'd in; you need not pester that
Into my ears. Prythee, let me be spared
A foolish tongue, that I may bethink me
Of remedies with some deliberation.
You cannot doubt but 'tis in Albert's power
To crush or save us?

AURANTHE.

No, I cannot doubt.
He has, assure yourself, by some strange means,
My secret; which I ever hid from him,
Knowing his mawkish honesty.

CONRAD.

Curs'd slave!

AURANTHE.

Ay, I could almost curse him now myself.
Wretched impediment! Evil genius!

12. Cancelled readings 'O wretched woman' and 'My evil genius'.

A glue upon my wings, that cannot spread,
When they should span the provinces! A snake,
A scorpion, sprawling on the first gold step,
Conducting to the throne, high canopied.

CONRAD.

You would not hear my counsel, when his life
Might have been trodden out, all sure and hush'd;
Now the dull animal forsooth must be
Intreated, managed! When can you contrive
The interview he demands?

AURANTHE.

As speedily
It must be done as my brib'd woman can
Unseen conduct him to me; but I fear
'Twill be impossible, while the broad day
Comes through the panes with persecuting glare.
Methinks, if 't now were night I could intrigue
With darkness, bring the stars to second me,
And settle all this trouble.

CONRAD.

Nonsense! Child!
See him immediately; why not now?

AURANTHE.

Do you forget that even the senseless door-posts
Are on the watch and gape through all the house?
How many whisperers there are about,
Hungry for evidence to ruin me;
Men I have spurn'd, and women I have taunted?
Besides, the foolish prince sends, minute whiles,
His pages—so they tell me—to enquire
After my health, entreating, if I please,
To see me.

15. Rejected reading, 'threatning' for 'sprawling'.
18. In the manuscript the final *d* of 'hush'd' is cancelled; and *hush* as an adjective may have been meant.
22. In the manuscript 'minion' is cancelled for 'woman'.
24. The separate word 'light' stands cancelled after 'day'.

CONRAD.

Well, suppose this Albert here;
What is your power with him?

AURANTHE.

He should be
My echo, my taught parrot! but I fear
He will be cur enough to bark at me;
Have his own say; read me some silly creed
'Bout shame and pity.

CONRAD.

What will you do then?

AURANTHE.

What I shall do, I know not: what I would
Cannot be done; for see, this chamber-floor
Will not yield to the pick-axe and the spade,—
Here is no quiet depth of hollow ground.

CONRAD.

Sister, you have grown sensible and wise,
Seconding, ere I speak it, what is now,
I hope, resolv'd between us.

AURANTHE.

Say, what is 't?

CONRAD.

You need not be his sexton too: a man
May carry that with him shall make him die
Elsewhere,—give that to him; pretend the while

38. Rejected reading, 'the mongrel' for 'this Albert'.
43. Cancelled reading, 'You are a Cypher then?'
45. Rejected reading, 'Cannot be done here'.
48. Cancelled reading 'wise and sensible'.
49. In the manuscript 'You' is cancelled before 'Seconding'.
52-3. In the manuscript 'Die' is wrongly placed at the beginning of line 53.

You will to-morrow succumb to his wishes,
Be what they may, and send him from the Castle
On some fool's errand ; let his latest groan
Frighten the wolves !

AURANTHE.

Alas ! he must not die !

CONRAD.

Would you were both hears'd up in stifling lead !
Detested—

AURANTHE.

Conrad, hold ! I would not bear
The little thunder of your fretful tongue,
Tho' I alone were taken in these toils,
And you could free me ; but remember, sir,
You live alone in my security :
So keep your wits at work, for your own sake,
Not mine, and be more mannerly.

CONRAD.

Thou wasp !
If my domains were emptied of these folk,
And I had thee to starve—

AURANTHE.

O, marvellous !
But Conrad, now be gone ; the Host is look'd for ;
Cringe to the Emperor, entertain the Lords,
And, do ye mind, above all things, proclaim

59. In the manuscript 'clogs' is cancelled after 'Detested' and 'Hold, hold Conrad I'll not bear' is struck out for the reading of the text.
60. In the manuscript 'Your' is cancelled before 'The'.
61. The word 'trammel' is cancelled before 'taken'.
63. The words 'fall with me' are cancelled before 'live'.
65-6. Between these lines the manuscript has a cancelled passage as follows :

Who knocks !

AURANTHE.

It may be Albert—hide yourself
You

69. The manuscript reads 'nobles' in place of 'Lords'.
70. The word 'observe' is cancelled for 'proclaim'.

My sickness, with a brother's sadden'd eye,
Condoling with Prince Ludolph. In fit time
Return to me.

CONRAD.

I leave you to your thoughts.

[*Exit.*

AURANTHE (*sola*).

Down, down, proud temper! down, Auranthe's pride!
Why do I anger him when I should kneel?
Conrad! Albert! help! help! What can I do?
O wretched woman! lost, wreck'd, swallow'd up,
Accursed, blasted! O, thou golden Crown,
Orbing along the serene firmament
Of a wide empire, like a glowing moon;
And thou, bright sceptre! lustrous in my eyes,—
There—as the fabled fair Hesperian tree,
Bearing a fruit more precious! graceful thing,
Delicate, godlike, magic! must I leave
Thee to melt in the visionary air,
Ere, by one grasp, this common hand is made
Imperial? I do not know the time
When I have wept for sorrow; but methinks
I could now sit upon the ground, and shed
Tears, tears of misery. O, the heavy day!
How shall I bear my life till Albert comes?
Ludolph! Erminia! Proofs! O heavy day!
Bring me some mourning weeds, that I may 'tire
Myself, as fits one wailing her own death:
Cut off these curls, and brand this lilly hand,
And throw these jewels from my loathing sight,—
Fetch me a missal, and a string of beads,—
A cup of bitter'd water, and a crust,—
I will confess, O holy Abbot!—How!
What is this? Auranthe! thou fool, dolt,
Whimpering idiot! up! up! act and quell!
I am safe! Coward! why am I in fear?
Albert! he cannot stickle, chew the cud

71-90. These lines are wanting in the manuscript, probably through the loss of a leaf.

94. Rejected reading, 'wailing for herself'.

99. The manuscript has 'father' for 'Abbot'.

101. The word 'act' which stands in the manuscript is not in former editions.

102. Before 'safe' the manuscript has 'Thou art' cancelled for 'I m', not 'I am' as in the text.

103. After 'stickle' there is a cancelled reading 'hem and'.

In such a fine extreme,—impossible!
Who knocks?

[*Goes to the Door, listens, and opens it.*

Enter ALBERT.

Albert, I have been waiting for you here
With such an aching heart, such swooning throbs
On my poor brain, such cruel—cruel sorrow,
That I should claim your pity! Art not well?

ALBERT.

Yes, lady, well.

AURANTHE.

You look not so, alas!
But pale, as if you brought some heavy news.

ALBERT.

You know full well what makes me look so pale.

AURANTHE.

No! Do I? Surely I am still to learn
Some horror; all I know, this present, is
I am near hustled to a dangerous gulph,
Which you can save me from,—and therefore safe,
So trusting in thy love; that should not make
Thee pale, my Albert.

ALBERT.

It doth make me freeze.

AURANTHE.

Why should it, love?

104. Rejected reading, 'In Such Extremes'.
105. The stage-direction reads in the manuscript thus—'She goes to the door, listens and lets in Albert'.
106-8. Rejected reading, 'I have expected you'. Cancelled readings 'throbbing pains' for 'swooning throbs', and 'a deep sorrow'.
114-16. Cancelled readings, 'this present' for 'at present', and 'That I am in the midst'.
118. In the manuscript 'does' for 'doth'.

ALBERT.

You should not ask me that,
But make your own heart monitor, and save
Me the great pain of telling. You must know.

AURANTHE.

Something has vext you, Albert. There are times
When simplest things put on a sombre cast;
A melancholy mood will haunt a man,
Until most easy matters take the shape
Of unachievable tasks; small rivulets
Then seem impassable.

ALBERT.

Do not cheat yourself
With hope that gloss of words, or suppliant action,
Or tears, or ravings, or self-threaten'd death,
Can alter my resolve.

AURANTHE.

You make me tremble;
Not so much at your threats, as at your voice,
Untun'd, and harsh, and barren of all love.

ALBERT.

You suffocate me! Stop this devil's parley,
And listen to me; know me once for all.

AURANTHE.

I thought I did. Alas! I am deceiv'd.

120. After 'But' the words 'look'd into your own' are cancelled.
125. 'And' is cancelled at the beginning, and 'the easiest' is altered into 'most easy'.
131. Cancelled reading 'the tone' for 'your voice'.
133-4. Rejected reading:

Can Ludolph's wife hold such a devil's parley!
Auranthe, listen! Know me once for all;
Sooner would I have...

ALBERT.

No, you are not deceiv'd. You took me for
A man detesting all inhuman crime ;
And therefore kept from me your demon's plot
Against Erminia. Silent? Be so still ;
For ever! Speak no more ; but hear my words,
Thy fate. Your safety I have bought to-day
By blazoning a lie, which in the dawn
I'll expiate with truth.

AURANTHE.

O cruel traitor!

ALBERT.

For I would not set eyes upon thy shame ;
I would not see thee dragg'd to death by the hair,
Penanc'd, and taunted on a scaffolding!
To-night, upon the skirts of the blind wood
That blackens northward of these horrid towers,
I wait for you with horses. Choose your fate.
Farewell.

AURANTHE.

Albert, you jest ; I'm sure you must.
You, an ambitious Soldier! I, a Queen,
One who could say,—Here, rule these Provinces!
Take tribute from those cities for thyself!
Empty these armouries, these treasuries,
Muster thy warlike thousands at a nod!
Go! conquer Italy!

ALBERT.

Auranthe, you have made
The whole world chaff to me. Your doom is fix'd.

136. 'You' is cancelled before 'No'.
141-3. The manuscript has here :

Thy fate. Tomorrow to the public ear
I blazon out the truth.

After 'Tomorrow' the words 'I discover' are cancelled.
144. The manuscript has 'Yet' in place of 'For'.
154. Cancelled beginning, 'We want no'.

AURANTHE.

Out, villain! dastard!

ALBERT.

Look there to the door!
Who is it?

AURANTHE.

Conrad, traitor!

ALBERT.

Let him in.

[*Enter* CONRAD.

Do not affect amazement, hypocrite,
At seeing me in this chamber.

CONRAD.

Auranthe?

ALBERT.

Talk not with eyes, but speak your curses out
Against me, who would sooner crush and grind
A brace of toads, than league with them to oppress
An innocent lady, gull an Emperor,
More generous to me than autumn's sun
To ripening harvests.

AURANTHE.

No more, insult, sir!

159. The manuscript has no stage-direction here.
161. This line has a cancelled ending, 'hang thyself', still spoken by Albert.
163-4. 'Gainst' is altered into 'Against' at the beginning, and after 'who' the words 'rather would grind down and' are cancelled in favour of 'would sooner crush and grind down', where again 'down' is struck out. Then the word 'wrong' is struck out after 'than', and 'join them' cancelled in favour of 'league with them'.
166. In previous editions, 'Autumn sun'.
167. 'Conrad' is cancelled for 'Aur'—before 'No more insult, sir'.

ALBERT.

Aye, clutch your scabbard ; but, for prudence sake,
Draw not the sword ; 'twould make an uproar, Duke,
You would not hear the end of. At nightfall
Your lady sister, if I guess aright,
Will leave this busy castle. You had best
Take farewell too of worldly vanities.

CONRAD.

Vassal !

ALBERT.

To-morrow, when the Emperor sends
For loving Conrad, see you fawn on him.
Good even !

AURANTHE.

You'll be seen !

ALBERT.

See the coast clear then.

AURANTHE (*as he goes*).

Remorseless Albert ! Cruel, cruel wretch !
[*She lets him out.*

CONRAD.

So, we must lick the dust ?

AURANTHE.

I follow him.

CONRAD.

How ? Where ? The plan of your escape ?

170-1. Cancelled reading 'The shut | Of eve'.
173. Rejected reading—

Take farewell of all wordly vanities.

177. The stage-direction 'as he goes' is not in this manuscript; and the nex direction reads '(lets him out)'.
179. 'When' stands cancelled in favour of 'Where'.

AURANTHE.

He waits
For me with horses by the forest-side,
Northward.

CONRAD.

Good, good! he dies. You go, say you?

AURANTHE.

Perforce.

CONRAD.

Be speedy, darkness! Till that comes,
Fiends keep you company! [*Exit.*

AURANTHE.

And you! And you!
And all men! Vanish!
[*Retires to an inner Apartment.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter LUDOLPH *and Page.*

PAGE.

Still very sick my Lord; but now I went
Knowing my duty to so good a Prince;
And there her women in a mournful throng
Stood in the passage whispering: if any
Mov'd 'twas with careful steps and hush'd as death;
They bid me stop.

181. There is a cancelled reading here:

Northward.
Con. You go?
[Aur.] Perforce.

194. After 'Vanish!' the manuscript has 'oh oh oh', and, in the stage-direction, after 'apartment' the words 'scene draws' are added.

From the opening of Scene ii, Act IV, the collation has been with the loose manuscript leaves not included in the bound holograph. These fragments came to the surface long before the book; and the variations appeared in my library edition of 1883. Line 2 of this Scene had not appeared in previous editions.

LUDOLPH.

Good fellow, once again
Make soft enquiry ; prythee be not stay'd
By any hindrance, but with gentlest force
Break through her weeping servants, till thou com'st
E'en to her chamber door, and there fair Boy,
If with thy mother's milk thou hast suck'd in
Any diviner eloquence ; woo her ears
With plaints for me more tender than the voice
Of dying Echo, echoed.

PAGE.

Kindest master !
To know thee sad thus, will unloose my tongue
In mournful syllables. Let but my words reach
Her ears and she shall take them coupled with
Moans from my heart and sighs not counterfeit.
May I speed better ! [*Exit Page*

LUDOLPH.

Auranthe ! My Life !
Long have I lov'd thee, yet till now not lov'd :
Remembering, as I do, hard-hearted times
When I had heard even of thy death perhaps,
And thoughtless, suffered to pass alone
Into Elysium ! now I follow thee
A substance or a shadow, wheresoe'er
Thou leadest me,—whether thy white feet press,
With pleasant weight, the amorous-aching earth,
Or thro' the air thou pioneerest me,
A shade ! Yet sadly I predestinate !
O unbenignest Love, why wilt thou let

7. Cancelled reading, 'for me' in place of 'prythee'...
14. Cancelled reading,

Of dying echo, echoed at her death...

15. Cancelled reading, 'To see the sad touches'...
24-5. Cancelled reading,

Now I go with { thee / her }
When heaven pleases : should it be to night...

The lines now standing as 25-9 are not in the fragment; but an asterisk indicates a reference to some other place, probably to the back of the leaf before, which is missing.
30. Rejected reading, 'unpropitious love'.

Darkness steal out upon the sleepy world
So wearily; as if night's chariot wheels
Were clog'd in some thick cloud. O, changeful Love,
Let not her steeds with drowsy-footed pace
Pass the high stars, before sweet embassage
Comes from the pillow'd beauty of that fair
Completion of all delicate nature's wit.
Pout her faint lips anew with rubious health
And with thine infant fingers lift the fringe
Of her sick eyelids; that those eyes may glow
With wooing light upon me, ere the Morn
Peers with disrelish, grey, barren, and cold.

Enter GERSA *and Courtiers.*

Otho calls me his Lion—should I blush
To be so tam'd, so————

GERSA.

Do me the courtesy
Gentlemen to pass on.

COURTIER.

We are your servants.
[*Exeunt Courtiers.*

LUDOLPH.

It seems then Sir you have found out the Man
You would confer with; me?

GERSA.

If I break not
Too much upon your thoughtful mood, I will
Claim a brief while your patience.

32. The word 'heavily' stands cancelled here for 'wearily'.
34-7. This passage originally stood thus:

Let her not take her drowsy-eyed watch
Among the stars, before sweet embassage
Comes from the pillow'd beauty of that fair
Completion of all fairness and all form.

42. Cancelled reading, 'Comes' for 'Peers'.
47-8. There is a rejected passage here as follows—

I sought you not
But as I chance to meet you here alone...

LUDOLPH.

For what cause
Soe'er I shall be honour'd.

GERSA.

I not less.

LUDOLPH.

What may it be? No trifle can take place
Of such deliberate prologue, serious 'haviour.
But be it what it may I cannot fail
To listen with no common interest—
For though so new your presence is to me,
I have a soldier's friendship for your fame—
Please you explain.

GERSA.

As thus—for, pardon me,
I cannot in plain terms grossly assault
A noble nature; and would faintly sketch
What your quick apprehension will fill up
So finely I esteem you.

LUDOLPH.

I attend—

GERSA.

Your generous Father, most illustrious Otho,
Sits in the Banquet room among his Chiefs—
His wine is bitter, for you are not there—
His eyes are fix'd still on the open doors,
And every passer in he frowns upon
Seeing no Ludolph comes.

LUDOLPH.

I do neglect—

GERSA.

And for your absence, may I guess the cause?

57. Cancelled reading, 'I wait, please you explain'.

LUDOLPH.

Stay there! no—guess? more princely you must be—
Than to make guesses at me. 'Tis enough,
I'm sorry I can hear no more.

GERSA.

And I
As griev'd to force it on you so abrupt;
Yet one day you must know a grief whose sting
Will sharpen more the longer 'tis conceal'd.

LUDOLPH.

Say it at once, sir, dead, dead, is she dead?

GERSA.

Mine is a cruel task: she is not dead—
And would for your sake she were innocent—

LUDOLPH.

Thou liest! thou amazest me beyond
All scope of thought; convulsest my heart's blood
To deadly churning—Gersa you are young
As I am; let me observe you face to face;
Not grey-brow'd like the poisonous Ethelbert,
No rheumed eyes, no furrowing of age,
No wrinkles where all vices nestle in
Like crannied vermin—no, but fresh and young
And hopeful featur'd. Ha! by heaven you weep
Tears, human tears—Do you repent you then
Of a curs'd torturer's office! Why shouldst join—
Tell me, the league of Devils? Confess—confess
The Lie.—

73. The word 'bulk' is here rejected for 'sting'.
78. This line stands in Lord Houghton's edition thus—

Hungarian! Thou amazest me beyond...

In the manuscript there is a cancelled reading—

Thou liest! and such a lie...

But finally it stands as in the text without any trace of 'Hungarian!'

GERSA.

Lie!—but begone all ceremonious points
Of honor battailous. I could not turn
My wrath against thee for the orbed world.

LUDOLPH.

Your wrath weak boy? Tremble at mine unless
Retraction follow close upon the heels
Of that late stounding insult: why has my sword
Not done already a sheer judgment on thee?
Despair, or eat thy words. Why, thou wast nigh
Whimpering away my reason: hark ye, Sir,
It is no secret;—that Erminia
Erminia Sir, was hidden in your tent;
O bless'd asylum! comfortable home!
Begone, I pity thee, thou art a Gull—
Erminia's last new puppet—

GERSA.

Furious fire
Thou mak'st me boil as hot as thou canst flame!
And in thy teeth I give thee back the lie!
Thou liest! Thou, Auranthe's fool, A wittol——

LUDOLPH.

Look! look at this bright sword
There is no part of it to the very hilt
But shall indulge itself about thine heart—
Draw—but remember thou must cower thy plumes,
As yesterday the Arab made thee stoop—

GERSA.

Patience! not here, I would not spill thy blood
Here underneath this roof where Otho breathes,
Thy father—almost mine—

95-6. In the manuscript, 'your' stands cancelled for 'that'; and there is the rejected reading, 'Not done its judgment on thee?'

99. The manuscript reads 'To no secret' instead of 'It is no secret', for which I presume Lord Houghton had other manuscript authority.

103. The manuscript has 'fresh' instead of 'last new', so as to make *Erminia* scan as four full syllables.

LUDOLPH.

O faltering Coward—

Re-enter PAGE.

Stay, stay, here is one I have half a word with—
Well—What ails thee child?

PAGE.

My lord,

LUDOLPH.

Good fellow!

PAGE.

They are fled!

LUDOLPH.

They—who?

PAGE.

When anxiously
I hasten'd back, your grieving messenger,
I found the stairs all dark, the lamps extinct,
And not a foot or whisper to be heard.
I thought her dead, and on the lowest step
Sat listening; when presently came by
Two muffled up,—one sighing heavily,
The other cursing low, whose voice I knew
For the Duke Conrad's. Close I follow'd them
Thro' the dark ways they chose to the open air;
And, as I follow'd, heard my lady speak.

LUDOLPH.

Thy life answers the truth!

PAGE.

The chamber's empty!

116. Lord Houghton reads 'What wouldst say?' in place of 'Good fellow!' This fragment of the manuscript ends with line 117.

LUDOLPH.

As I will be of mercy! So, at last,
This nail is in my temples!

GERSA.

Be calm in this.

LUDOLPH.

I am.

GERSA.

And Albert too has disappear'd;
Ere I met you, I sought him everywhere;
You would not hearken.

LUDOLPH.

Which way went they, boy?

GERSA.

I'll hunt with you.

LUDOLPH.

No, no, no. My senses are
Still whole. I have surviv'd. My arm is strong—
My appetite sharp—for revenge! I'll no sharer
In my feast; my injury is all my own,
And so is my revenge, my lawful chattels!
Terrier, ferret them out! Burn—burn the witch!
Trace me their footsteps! Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A part of the Forest.*

Enter CONRAD *and* AURANTHE.

AURANTHE.

Go no further ; not a step more ; thou art
A master-plague in the midst of miseries.
Go—I fear thee. I tremble every limb,
Who never shook before. There's moody death
In thy resolved looks—Yes, I could kneel
To pray thee far away. Conrad, go, go—
There ! yonder underneath the boughs I see
Our horses !

CONRAD.

Aye, and the man.

AURANTHE.

Yes, he is there.
Go, go,—no blood, no blood, go gentle Conrad !

CONRAD.

Farewell !

AURANTHE.

Farewell, for this Heaven pardon you.
[*Exit* AURANTHE.

The most important of the loose manuscript fragments constituting the bulk of Act V (see page 36 of this volume) begins with this opening. This is so far fortunate, in that Brown attributes this act to the unprompted imagination of Keats. He seems to have taken great pains with this part of the work, as there is evidence indicating that a good deal must have been wholly re-written before the version given among the Literary Remains was arrived at. That version is of course adopted in the main here; but some minor details have been accommodated to the manuscript.

1-2. There is a cancelled reading here—

you are
A plague-spot in the midst of miseries.

8. The manuscript reads 'Aye and a Man'.

10-12. The word 'then' is cancelled after Conrad's 'Farewell', and his final speech begins thus in the manuscript—

If he escape me may I die { a / the } death
Of unimagined tortures...

CONRAD.

If he survive one hour, then may I die
In unimagined tortures—or breathe through
A long life in the foulest sink of the world!
He dies—'tis well she do not advertise
The caitiff of the cold steel at his back.
[*Exit* CONRAD.

Enter LUDOLPH *and* PAGE.

LUDOLPH.

Miss'd the way, boy, say not that on your peril!

PAGE.

Indeed, indeed I cannot trace them further.

LUDOLPH.

Must I stop here? Here solitary die?
Stifled beneath the thick oppressive shade
Of these dull boughs,—this oven of dark thickets,—
Silent,—without revenge?—pshaw!—bitter end,—

18-32. This passage as printed does not stand in the fragment of manuscript at all; but the corresponding draft of this and what is now the opening of the next scene stands crossed out after various minute amendments; and the final version was probably written upon the back of some leaf of the manuscript not now forthcoming. Here is the rejected version :—

Ludolph. What here! here solitary must I die
Without revenge, here stifled in the shade
Of these dull Boughs? Pshaw bitter bitter end—
A bitter death! a suffocating death!
A gnawing, silent deadly, quiet death!
Must she escape me? Can I not clutch her fast?
She's gone, away, away, away—and now
Each moment brings its poison—I must die
As near a Hermit's death as patience—Oh!
War! War! War! where is that illustrious noise
To gasp away my life / ~~To smother up this sound~~ } of labouring breath
This death song of the trees. Blow Trumpeters!
sinks] O curs'd Auranthe! [*Enter* ALBERT *Wounded.*
Albert! here is hope!
starts up] Glorious illuminate clamour yet; Thrice villainous
Tell me where that detested woman is
Or this is through { thee— / ~~you—~~

A bitter death,—a suffocating death,—
A gnawing—silent—deadly, quiet death!
Escap'd?—fled?—vanish'd? melted into air?
She's gone! I cannot clutch her! no revenge!
A muffled death, ensnar'd in horrid silence!
Suck'd to my grave amid a dreamy calm!
O, where is that illustrious noise of war,
To smother up this sound of labouring breath,
This rustle of the trees!

[AURANTHE *shrieks at a distance.*

PAGE.

My Lord, a noise!
This way—hark!

LUDOLPH.

Yes, yes! A hope! A music!
A glorious clamour! How I live again! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ALBERT (*wounded*).

ALBERT.

O for enough life to support me on
To Otho's feet—

Enter LUDOLPH.

LUDOLPH.

Thrice villainous, stay there!
Tell me where that detested woman is
Or this is through thee!

Albert. My good Prince with me
The sword has done its worst— [AURANTHE *shrieks.*
Page. My Lord—a noise
This way—Hark!
Ludolph. Yes a glorious { clamour / ~~skuff[·e]~~ } yet—
exeunt.

Scene changes to another part of the wood.
Enter ALBERT *wounded and* LUDOLPH.

ALBERT.

My good Prince, with me
The sword has done its worst; not without worst
Done to another—Conrad has it home—
I see you know it all—

LUDOLPH.

Where is his sister?

AURANTHE *rushes in.*

AURANTHE.

Albert!

LUDOLPH.

Ha! There! there!—He is the paramour!—
There—hug him—dying! O, thou innocence,
Shrine him and comfort him at his last gasp,
Kiss down his eyelids! Was he not thy love?
Wilt thou forsake him at his latest hour?
Keep fearful and aloof from his last gaze,
His most uneasy moments, when cold death
Stands with the door ajar to let him in?

ALBERT.

O that that door with hollow slam would close
Upon me sudden, for I cannot meet,
In all the unknown chambers of the dead,
Such horrors———

LUDOLPH.

Auranthe! what can he mean?
What horrors? Is it not a joyous time?
Am I not married to a paragon
"Of personal beauty and untainted soul?"
A blushing fair-ey'd Purity! A Sylph,

7. The stage direction 'Enter Auranthe' is struck out in the manuscript in favour of 'Auranthe rushes in'; and the next speech of Ludolph is not in the manuscript at all.

Whose snowy timid hand has never sin'd
Beyond a flower pluck'd, white as itself?
Albert you do insult my Bride—your Mistress—
To talk of horrors on our wedding night.

ALBERT.

Alas! poor Prince, I would you knew my heart.
'Tis not so guilty—

LUDOLPH.

Hear you he pleads not guilty—
You are not? or if so what matters it?
You have escap'd me,—free as the dusk air—
Hid in the forest—safe from my revenge;
I cannot catch you—You should laugh at me,
Poor cheated Ludolph,—make the forest hiss
With jeers at me—You tremble; faint at once,
You will come to again. O Cockatrice,
I have you. Whither wander those fair eyes
To entice the Devil to your help that he
May change you to a Spider, so to crawl
Into some cranny to escape my wrath?

ALBERT.

Sometimes the counsel of a dying man
Doth operate quietly when his breath is gone—
Disjoin those hands—part—part, do not destroy
Each other—forget her—our miseries
Are equal shar'd, and mercy is—

LUDOLPH.

A boon
When one can compass it. Auranthe, try

24-5. In the manuscript there is a rejected reading—

Whose snowy timid hand has never grasp'd
Beyond a flower, dainty as itself,

and line 24 is left standing thus—

Beyond a flower, pluck'd—mild as itself,

45. The word 'almost' stands before 'equal' in the manuscript, somewhat to the detriment of the metre.

Your oratory—your breath is not so hitch'd—
Aye, stare for help—
[ALBERT *groans and dies.*
There goes a spotted soul
Howling in vain along the hollow night—
Hear him—he calls you—Sweet Auranthe come!

AURANTHE.

Kill me.

LUDOLPH.

No, What, upon our Marriage-night!
The earth would shudder at so foul a deed—
A fair Bride, a sweet Bride, an innocent Bride!
No, we must revel it, as 'tis in use
In times of delicate brilliant ceremony:
Come, let me lead you to our halls again—
Nay, linger not—make no resistance sweet—
Will you—Ah wretch, thou canst not, for I have
The strength of twenty lions 'gainst a lamb—
Now one adieu for Albert—come away.—
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An inner Court of the Castle.*

Enter SIGIFRED, GONFRED, *and* THEODORE *meeting.*

THEODORE.

Was ever such a night?

SIGIFRED.

What horrors more?
Things unbeliev'd one hour, so strange they are,
The next hour stamps with credit.

47. There is a cancelled reading here, 'short' for 'hitch'd'. In Lord Houghton's editions the next stage direction is simply 'Albert dies'.

49. In the manuscript, 'about' stands cancelled in favour of 'along'. The stage direction with which the next scene opens is—

Scene 2nd—A court yard before one of the castle doors.
enter three gentlemen meeting.

The speakers' names appear throughout the scene as '1st Gent.', '2nd Gent.', and '3rd Gent.'. Lord Houghton's editions have the direction as in the text; but '1st Knight' stands for 'Theodore', perhaps through an oversight of Keats's.

2. There is a cancelled reading here, 'Things unbelieved for strangeness'.

THEODORE.

Your last news?

GONFRED.

After the Page's story of the death
Of Albert and Duke Conrad?

SIGIFRED.

And the return
Of Ludolph with the Princess.

GONFRED.

No more save
Prince Gersa's freeing Abbot Ethelbert,
And the sweet lady fair Erminia,
From prison.

THEODORE.

Where are they now? hast yet heard?

GONFRED.

With the sad Emperor they are closeted;
I saw the three pass slowly up the stairs
The lady weeping, the old Abbot cowl'd.

SIGIFRED.

What next?

THEODORE.

I ache to think on't.

GONFRED.

'Tis with fate.

THEODORE.

One while these proud towers are hush'd as death.

14. The word 'minute', is here struck out in favour of 'while', somewhat to detriment of the metre. The last stage direction to this scene is 'they go in'.

GONFRED.

The next our poor Prince fills the arched rooms
With ghastly ravings.

SIGIFRED.

I do fear his brain.

GONFRED.

I will see more. Bear you so stout a heart?
[*Exeunt into the Castl*

SCENE IV.—*A Cabinet, opening towards a Terrace.*

OTHO, ERMINIA, ETHELBERT, *and a Physician, discovered.*

OTHO.

O, my poor Boy! my Son! my Son! my Ludolph!
Have ye no comfort for me, ye Physicians
Of the weak Body and Soul?

ETHELBERT.

'Tis not the Medicine
Either of heaven or earth can cure unless
Fit time be chosen to administer—

OTHO.

A kind forbearance, holy Abbot—come
Erminia, here sit by me, gentle Girl;
Give me thy hand—hast thou forgiven me?

ERMINIA.

Would I were with the saints to pray for you!

OTHO.

Why will ye keep me from my darling child?

3-4. In Lord Houghton's editions—

'Tis not in medicine,
Either of heaven or earth, to cure, ..

PHYSICIAN.

Forgive me, but he must not see thy face—

OTHO.

Is then a father's countenance a Gorgon?
Hath it not comfort in it? Would it not
Console my poor Boy, cheer him, heal his spirits?
Let me embrace him, let me speak to him—
I will—who hinders me? Who's Emperor?

PHYSICIAN.

You may not Sire—'twould overwhelm him quite,
He is so full of grief and passionate wrath,
Too heavy a sigh would kill him—or do worse.
He must be sav'd by fine contrivances—
And most especially we must keep clear
Out of his sight a Father whom he loves—
His heart is full, it can contain no more,
And do its ruddy office.

ETHELBERT.

Sage advice,
We must endeavour how to ease and slacken
The tight-wound energies of his despair,
Not make them tenser—

OTHO.

Enough! I hear, I hear.
Yet you were about to advise more—I listen.

ETHELBERT.

This learned doctor will agree with me,
That not in the smallest point should he be thwarted
Or gainsaid by one word—his very motions,
Nods, becks and hints, should be obey'd with care,
Even on the moment: so his troubled mind
May cure itself—

26. In the manuscript, 'hot soul' is struck out in favour of 'despair'.

PHYSICIAN.

There is no other means.

OTHO.

Open the door: let's hear if all is quiet—

PHYSICIAN.

Beseech you Sire, forbear.

ERMINIA.

Do, do.

OTHO.

I command!
Open it straight—hush!—quiet—my lost Boy!
My miserable Child!

LUDOLPH (*indistinctly without*).

Fill, fill my goblet,—
Here's a health!

ERMINIA.

O, close the door!

OTHO.

Let, let me hear his voice; this cannot last—
And fain would I catch up his dying words
Though my own knell they be—this cannot last—
O let me catch his voice—for lo! I hear
This silence whisper me that he is dead!
It is so. Gersa?

37. In the manuscript—

Open {it straight / ~~the Door~~} —st—quiet—my lost Boy!

And the next speech is given thus—

Ludolph's distant raving, fill, full my Goblet—here a health.

43-4. There is a cancelled reading, 'hear' for 'catch'; and the line given previous editions,

A whisper in this silence that he's dead!

is deliberately struck out for the line given in the text.

Enter GERSA.

PHYSICIAN

Say, how fares the prince?

GERSA.

More calm—his features are less wild and flush'd—
Once he complain'd of weariness—

PHYSICIAN.

Indeed!
'Tis good—'tis good—let him but fall asleep,
That saves him.

OTHO.

Gersa, watch him like a child—
Ward him from harm—and bring me better news—

PHYSICIAN.

Humour him to the height. I fear to go;
For should he catch a glimpse of my dull garb,
It might affright him—fill him with suspicion
That we believe him sick, which must not be—

GERSA.

I will invent what soothing means I can.
[*Exit* GERSA.

PHYSICIAN.

This should cheer up your Highness—weariness
Is a good symptom, and most favourable—

51. Originally, Gersa was made to strike in here after 'height'—

It shall be done
But for myself I keep me from his sight.
exit—scene changes.

55. Cancelled reading—

I will not be remiss—obey your wishes.

56. In the manuscript, 'this weariness'; and of the next line there is a rejected reading—

Is a most gentle symptom, of the best...

It gives me pleasant hopes. Please you walk forth
Onto the Terrace ; the refreshing air
Will blow one half of your sad doubts away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*A Banqueting Hall, brilliantly illuminated, and set forth with all costly magnificence, with Supper-tables, laden with services of Gold and Silver. A door in the back scene, guarded by two Soldiers. Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, &c., whispering sadly, and ranging themselves ; part entering and part discovered.*

First Knight.

Grievously are we tantaliz'd, one and all—
Sway'd here and there, commanded to and fro
As though we were the shadows of a dream
And link'd to a sleeping fancy. What do we here?

Gonfred.

I am no Seer—you know we must obey
The prince from A to Z—though it should be
To set the place in flames. I pray hast heard
Where the most wicked Princess is?

First Knight.

There, Sir,
In the next room—have you remark'd those two
Stout soldiers posted at the door?

Gonfred.

For what?
[*They whisper.*

59. In Lord Houghton's editions 'Upon the terrace'. The long stage direction opening Scene v is wanting in the manuscript; and the first two speakers are '1st Lord' and '2nd Lord'.

3-4. In former editions—

the shadows of a sleep,
And link'd to a dreaming fancy.

8. This third speech is assigned to '1st Lord' in the manuscript.

10. There are two rejected readings here, 'pacing' and 'standing', for 'posted'; and the stage direction 'enter Gerza' follows the next question of Gonfred in the manuscript, where there is no trace of the 1st and 2nd Ladies' speeches now intervening.

FIRST LADY.

How ghast a train!

SECOND LADY.

Sure this should be some splendid burial.

FIRST LADY.

What fearful whispering! See, see,—Gersa there!

Enter GERSA.

GERSA.

Put on your brightest looks; smile if you can;
Behave as all were happy; keep your eyes
From the least watch upon him; if he speaks
To any one, answer collectedly,
Without surprise, his questions, howe'er strange.
Do this to the utmost,—though, alas! with me
The remedy grows hopeless! Here he comes,—
Observe what I have said,—show no surprise.

Enter LUDOLPH, *followed by* SIGIFRED *and Page.*

LUDOLPH.

A splendid company! rare beauties here!
I should have Orphean lips, and Plato's fancy,
Amphion's utterance, toned with his lyre,
Or the deep key of Jove's sonorous mouth,
To give fit salutation. Methought I heard,
As I came in, some whispers,—what of that?
'Tis natural men should whisper; at the kiss
Of Psyche given by Love, there was a buzz
Among the gods!—and silence is as natural.
These draperies are fine, and, being a mortal,
I should desire no better; yet, in truth,
There must be some superior costliness,
Some wider-domed high magnificence!
I would have, as a mortal I may not,
Hanging of heaven's clouds, purple and gold,
Slung from the spheres; gauzes of silver mist,
Loop'd up with cords of twisted wreathed light,
And tassell'd round with weeping meteors!

These pendent lamps and chandeliers are bright
As earthly fires from dull dross can be cleansed;
Yet could my eyes drink up intenser beams
Undazzled,—this is darkness,—when I close
These lids, I see far fiercer brilliances,—
Skies full of splendid moons, and shooting stars,
And spouting exhalations, diamond fires,
And panting fountains quivering with deep glows!
Yes—this is dark—is it not dark?

SIGIFRED.

My Lord,
'Tis late; the lights of festival are ever
Quench'd in the morn.

LUDOLPH.

'Tis not to-morrow then?

SIGIFRED.

'Tis early dawn.

GERSA.

Indeed full time we slept;
Say you so, Prince?

LUDOLPH.

I say I quarrell'd with you;
We did not tilt each other,—that's a blessing,—
Good gods! no innocent blood upon my head!

SIGIFRED.

Retire, Gersa!

LUDOLPH.

There should be three more here:
For two of them, they stay away perhaps,
Being gloomy-minded, haters of fair revels,—
They know their own thoughts best.

As for the third,
Deep blue eyes—semi-shaded in white lids,
Finish'd with lashes fine for more soft shade,
Completed by her twin-arch'd ebon brows—
White temples of exactest elegance,
Of even mould felicitous and smooth—
Cheeks fashion'd tenderly on either side,
So perfect, so divine that our poor eyes
Are dazzled with the sweet proportioning,
And wonder that 'tis so,—the magic chance!
Her nostrils, small, fragrant, faery-delicate;
Her lips—I swear no human bones e'er wore
So taking a disguise—you shall behold her!
We 'll have her presently; aye, you shall see her,
And wonder at her, friends, she is so fair—
She is the world's chief Jewel, and by heaven
She 's mine by right of marriage—she is mine!
Patience, good people, in fit time I send
A Summoner—she will obey my call,
Being a wife most mild and dutiful.
First I would hear what music is prepared
To herald and receive her—let me hear!

SIGIFRED.

Bid the musicians soothe him tenderly.
[*A soft strain of Music.*

LUDOLPH.

Ye have none better—no—I am content;
'Tis a rich sobbing melody, with reliefs
Full and majestic; it is well enough,
And will be sweeter, when ye see her pace
Sweeping into this presence, glisten'd o'er
With emptied caskets, and her train upheld
By ladies, habited in robes of lawn,
Sprinkled with golden crescents; (others bright
In silks, with spangles shower'd,) and bow'd to
By Duchesses and pearled Margravines—
Sad, that the fairest creature of the earth—
I pray you mind me not—'tis sad, I say,

59. A fresh fragment of the manuscript opens with this description of Auranthe; but the lines occur in an entirely different order: the sequence is—lines 71-2, 67-8, 59-66, 69-70; and Keats doubtless saw the artistic improvement to be compassed by transposition. In line 59 'with' stands cancelled in favour of 'in'.

90. The fragment of manuscript last mentioned does not extend further into the speech, and is mutilated here; but traces of some different conduct of the dialogue are preserved in the words 'he bursts in tears!' and 'doth he not weep?'

That the extremest beauty of the world
Should so entrench herself away from me,
Behind a barrier of engender'd guilt!

SECOND LADY.

Ah! what a moan!

FIRST KNIGHT.

Most piteous indeed!

LUDOLPH.

She shall be brought before this company,
And then—then—

FIRST LADY.

He muses.

GERSA.

O, Fortune, where will this end?

SIGIFRED.

I guess his purpose! Indeed he must not have
That pestilence brought in,—that cannot be,
There we must stop him.

GERSA.

I am lost! Hush, hush!
He is about to rave again.

LUDOLPH.

A barrier of guilt! I was the fool.
She was the cheater! Who's the cheater now,
And who the fool? The entrapp'd, the caged fool,
The bird-lim'd raven? She shall croak to death
Secure! Methinks I have her in my fist,
To crush her with my heel! Wait, wait! I marvel
My father keeps away: good friend, ah! Sigifred!

109. There is a further fragment of the manuscript extending from 'My father' to 'he enters now' (line 137).

Do bring him to me—and Erminia
I fain would see before I sleep—and Ethelbert,
That he may bless me, as I know he will
Though I have curs'd him.

SIGIFRED.

Rather suffer me
To lead you to them—

LUDOLPH.

No, excuse me, no—
The day is not quite done—go bring them hither.

[*Exit* SIGIFRED.

Certes, a father's smile should, like sun light,
Slant on my sheafed harvest of ripe bliss—
Besides I thirst to pledge my lovely Bride
In a deep goblet: let me see—what wine?
The strong Iberian juice, or mellow Greek?
Or pale Calabrian? Or the Tuscan grape?
Or of old Ætna's pulpy wine presses,
Black stain'd with the fat vintage, as it were
The purple slaughter-house, where Bacchus' self
Prick'd his own swollen veins? Where is my Page?

PAGE.

Here, here!

LUDOLPH.

Be ready to obey me; anon thou shalt
Bear a soft message for me—for the hour
Draws near when I must make a winding up
Of bridal Mysteries—a fine-spun vengeance!
Carve it on my Tomb, that when I rest beneath
Men shall confess—This Prince was gull'd and cheated
But from the ashes of disgrace he rose
More than a fiery Phœnix—and did burn
His ignominy up in purging fires—
Did I not send, Sir, but a moment past,
For my Father?

111. In the manuscript, 'holy Ethelbert'.
117. In the manuscript, 'gather'd' is struck out in favour of 'sheafed' not 'sheaved' as in the early editions.
128. The word 'righteous' is cancelled before 'winding up'.
133. In former editions, 'dragon' in place of 'Phœnix'.

GERSA.

You did.

LUDOLPH.

Perhaps 'twould be
Much better he came not.

GERSA.

He enters now!

Enter OTHO, ERMINIA, ETHELBERT, SIGIFRED, *and Physician.*

LUDOLPH.

O thou good Man, against whose sacred head
I was a mad conspirator, chiefly too
For the sake of my fair newly wedded wife,
Now to be punish'd, do not look so sad!
Those charitable eyes will thaw my heart,
Those tears will wash away a just resolve,
A verdict ten times sworn! Awake—awake—
Put on a judge's brow, and use a tongue
Made iron-stern by habit! Thou shalt see
A deed to be applauded, 'scribed in gold!
Join a loud voice to mine, and so denounce
What I alone will execute!

OTHO.

Dear son,
What is it? By your father's love, I sue
That it be nothing merciless!

LUDOLPH.

To that demon?
Not so! No! She is in temple-stall

136. Instead of 'Gersa' we have '1st Lord' here in the manuscript, and 'Lord' before the next speech but one.

138-41. These four lines appear upon the back of the fragment belonging to the first Act.

152. I suspect we should read 'in the temple-stall'; but I have seen no manuscript of this speech.

Being garnish'd for the sacrifice, and I,
The Priest of Justice, will immolate her
Upon the altar of wrath! She stings me through!—
Even as the worm doth feed upon the nut,
So she, a scorpion, preys upon my brain!
I feel her gnawing here! Let her but vanish,
Then, father, I will lead your legions forth,
Compact in steeled squares, and speared files,
And bid our trumpets speak a fell rebuke
To nations drows'd in peace!

OTHO.

To-morrow, Son,
Be your word law—forget to-day—

LUDOLPH.

I will
When I have finish'd it—now! now! I'm pight,
Tight-footed for the deed!

ERMINIA.

Alas! Alas!

LUDOLPH.

What Angel's voice is that? Erminia!
Ah! gentlest creature, whose sweet innocence
Was almost murder'd; I am penitent,
Wilt thou forgive me? And thou, holy Man,
Good Ethelbert, shall I die in peace with you?

ERMINIA.

Die, my lord!

LUDOLPH.

I feel it possible.

162. A final fragment of the manuscript begins here and extends to the end of the tragedy.

164. It is interesting to note that Keats still affected the Spenserian 'pight' for 'pitched', even when not needing it for a rhyme as in 'Endymion' (Book II, line 80).

171. These speeches,—'Physician?'—and the next two,—are wanting; but

OTHO.

Physician?

PHYSICIAN.

I fear me he is past my skill.

OTHO.

Not so!

LUDOLPH.

I see it, I see it—I have been wandering—
Half-mad—not right here—I forget my purpose.
Bestir, bestir, Auranthe! ha! ha! ha!
Youngster! Page! go bid them drag her to me!
Obey! This shall finish it! [*Draws a dagger.*

OTHO.

O my Son! my Son!

SIGIFRED.

This must not be—stop there!

LUDOLPH.

Am I obey'd?
A little talk with her—no harm—haste! haste!
[*Exit Page.*
Set her before me—never fear I can strike.

SEVERAL VOICES.

My Lord! My Lord!

GERSA.

Good Prince!

there are marks in the manuscript probably referring to the back of some other leaf. The same thing occurs in regard to lines 173 to 180.

LUDOLPH.

Why do ye trouble me? out—out—out away!
There she is! take that! and that! no, no—
That's not well done—Where is she?

[*The doors open. Enter Page. Several women are seen grouped about Auranthe in the inner room.*

PAGE.

Alas! My Lord, my Lord! they cannot move her! 185
Her arms are stiff,—her fingers clench'd and cold—

LUDOLPH.

She's dead! [*Staggers and falls into their arms.*

ETHELBERT.

Take away the dagger.

GERSA.

Softly; so!

OTHO.

Thank God for that!

SIGIFRED.

I fear it could not harm him.

184. Instead of the stage direction here, the manuscript has 'Page returning with one of Auranthe's women'.

185. Cancelled reading, 'we' for 'they'.

187. The tragedy seems to have been wound up more rapidly at first; for in the manuscript—immediately after 'She's dead!'—the following words stand cancelled:

I am content—Nobles good night
I will to bed tomorrow—
falls and dies.

188. This utterance was intended for Ethelbert first: in the margin we read—

Ethelbert. I fear the dagger...

But this is crossed through, and Sigifred's speech is substituted—a speech which in the early editions reads 'It could not harm him now'.

GERSA.

No!—brief be his anguish!

LUDOLPH.

She's gone—I am content—Nobles, good night!
We are all weary, faint, set ope the doors—
I will to bed!—To-morrow— [*Dies.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

KING STEPHEN:

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

This fragment, which first appeared among the Literary Remains in Lord Houghton's two-volume 'Life, Letters' &c. of 1848, belongs to the latter part of the year 1819. Lord Houghton gives in the Aldine edition of 1876 the following note by Brown:—"As soon as Keats had finished 'Otho the Great,' I pointed out to him a subject for an English historical tragedy in the reign of Stephen, beginning with his defeat by the Empress Maud and ending with the death of his son Eustace. He was struck with the variety of events and characters which must necessarily be introduced, and I offered to give, as before, their dramatic conduct. 'The play must open,' I began, 'with the field of battle, when Stephen's forces are retreating'——'Stop,' he cried, 'I have been too long in leading-strings; I will do all this myself.' He immediately set about it, and wrote two or three scenes—about 170 lines." It will be seen that Brown's estimate was considerably within the mark, as there are about 193 lines. The manuscript fragment which is in the Houghton Keats collection, consists of eight leaves—three quarto leaves in the writing of Charles Armitage Brown and five folio leaves in Keats's writing. Brown's first leaf has on the recto the title—

King Stephen.
a fragment
of a tragedy,
by
John Keats
Novr 1819—

while the verso bears the following list of

Dramatis Personæ.

King Stephen.
Duke of Glocester.
Earl of Chester.
Earl Baldwin.
The Empress Maud, or Matilda.

In Keats's text, however, Glocester is the Earl of Glocester. So far as Scene I is concerned, Brown's transcript corresponds with the published text save in line 36, where he reads 'Not twenty Earl of Chesters'. From the appearance of this manuscript it would seem that, in November 1819, to throw off poetic utterances in the finest and freest style was as easy to Keats as the breathing of his native air. H. B. F.

KING STEPHEN:

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter King Stephen, *Knights, and Soldiers.*

Stephen.

If shame can on a soldier's vein-swoll'n front
Spread deeper crimson than the battle's toil,
Blush in your casing helmets! for see, see!
Yonder my chivalry, my pride of war,
Wrench'd with an iron hand from firm array,
Are routed loose about the plashy meads,
Of honour forfeit. O that my known voice
Could reach your dastard ears, and fright you more!
Fly, cowards, fly! Glocester is at your backs!
Throw your slack bridles o'er the flurried manes,
Ply well the rowel with faint trembling heels,
Scampering to death at last!

First Knight.

The enemy
Bears his flaunt standard close upon their rear.

Second Knight.

Sure of a bloody prey, seeing the fens
Will swamp them girth-deep.

Stephen.

Over head and ears,
No matter! 'Tis a gallant enemy;
How like a comet he goes streaming on.

But we must plague him in the flank,—hey, friends?
We are well breathed,—follow!

Enter Earl BALDWIN *and Soldiers, as defeated.*

STEPHEN.

De Redvers!
What is the monstrous bugbear that can fright
Baldwin?

BALDWIN.

No scare-crow, but the fortunate star
Of boisterous Chester, whose fell truncheon now
Points level to the goal of victory.
This way he comes, and if you would maintain
Your person unaffronted by vile odds,
Take horse, my Lord.

STEPHEN.

And which way spur for life?
Now I thank Heaven I am in the toils,
That soldiers may bear witness how my arm
Can burst the meshes. Not the eagle more
Loves to beat up against a tyrannous blast,
Than I to meet the torrent of my foes.
This is a brag,—be't so,—but if I fall,
Carve it upon my 'scutcheon'd sepulchre.
On, fellow soldiers! Earl of Redvers, back!
Not twenty Earls of Chester shall brow-beat
The diadem. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Field.*

Trumpets sounding a Victory. Enter GLOCESTER, *Knights, and Forces.*

GLOCESTER.

Now may we lift our bruised vizors up,
And take the flattering freshness of the air,
While the wide din of battle dies away
Into times past, yet to be echoed sure
In the silent pages of our chroniclers.

FIRST KNIGHT.

Will Stephen's death be mark'd there, my good Lord,
Or that we gave him lodging in yon towers?

GLOCESTER.

Fain would I know the great usurper's fate.

Enter two Captains severally.

FIRST CAPTAIN.

My Lord!

SECOND CAPTAIN.

Most noble Earl!

FIRST CAPTAIN.

The King—

SECOND CAPTAIN.

The Empress greets—

GLOCESTER.

What of the King?

FIRST CAPTAIN.

He sole and lone maintains
A hopeless bustle mid our swarming arms,
And with a nimble savageness attacks,
Escapes, makes fiercer onset, then anew
Eludes death, giving death to most that dare
Trespass within the circuit of his sword!
He must by this have fallen. Baldwin is taken;
And for the Duke of Bretagne, like a stag

10. Observe the repetition of the notable phrase 'sole and lone': in 'Lamia' we have

> A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
> Supportress of the faery-roof...

He flies, for the Welsh beagles to hunt down.
God save the Empress!

GLOCESTER.

Now our dreaded Queen:
What message from her Highness?

SECOND CAPTAIN.

Royal Maud
From the throng'd towers of Lincoln hath look'd down,
Like Pallas from the walls of Ilion,
And seen her enemies havock'd at her feet.
She greets most noble Glocester from her heart,
Intreating him, his captains, and brave knights,
To grace a banquet. The high city gates
Are envious which shall see your triumph pass;
The streets are full of music.

Enter Second Knight.

GLOCESTER.

Whence come you?

SECOND KNIGHT.

From Stephen, my good Prince,—Stephen! Stephen!

GLOCESTER.

Why do you make such echoing of his name?

19. Brown's writing ends with 'Now our dreaded Queen': Keats's begins with

enter another Captain

Glocester. What new...
What is't you would speak say?

all of which is struck out for 'Now our dreaded Queen'; so that those words stand repeated in the composite manuscript.

20. The speech of the Second Captain originally began with

This to thee
Most noble Gloster.

28. At the close of the speech, instead of 'Enter Second Knight', Keats wrote 'Enter another Captain', but struck the words out and substituted merely 'a knight'; and for the rest of the scene the dialogue is between 'Glocester' and 'Knight' (not 'Second Knight').

SECOND KNIGHT.

Because I think, my lord, he is no man,
But a fierce demon, 'nointed safe from wounds,
And misbaptized with a Christian name.

GLOCESTER.

A mighty soldier!—Does he still hold out?

SECOND KNIGHT.

He shames our victory. His valour still
Keeps elbow-room amid our eager swords,
And holds our bladed falchions all aloof—
His gleaming battle-axe being slaughter-sick,
Smote on the morion of a Flemish knight,
Broke short in his hand; upon the which he flung
The heft away with such a vengeful force,
It paunch'd the Earl of Chester's horse, who then
Spleen-hearted came in full career at him.

GLOCESTER.

Did no one take him at a vantage then?

SECOND KNIGHT.

Three then with tiger leap upon him flew,
Whom, with his sword swift-drawn and nimbly held,
He stung away again, and stood to breathe,
Smiling. Anon upon him rush'd once more
A throng of foes, and in this renew'd strife,
My sword met his and snapp'd off at the hilts.

GLOCESTER.

Come, lead me to this Mars—and let us move

36. This line originally began with 'Maintains', which was struck out for 'Keeps elbow room'.

50. Line 50 ends with 'hilts' not 'hilt' as in previous editions; and I think Keats meant to use the plural.

51. In line 51 Glocester says in previous printed texts, 'Come, lead me to this man': Keats certainly wrote 'Lead me to this mars'; and doubtless he intended Glocester to compliment the fallen King by comparing him to the God of War, just as in the same scene Maud was compared to Pallas looking down from

In silence, not insulting his sad doom
With clamorous trumpets. To the Empress bear
My salutation as befits the time.

[*Exeunt* GLOCESTER *and Forces.*

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle. Enter* STEPHEN *unarmed.*

STEPHEN.

Another sword! And what if I could seize
One from Bellona's gleaming armoury,
Or choose the fairest of her sheaved spears!
Where are my enemies? Here, close at hand,
Here come the testy brood. O for a sword! 5
I'm faint—a biting sword! A noble sword!
A hedge-stake—or a ponderous stone to hurl

the walls of Ilion. It was nothing particular for Keats to spell a god's name with a small initial letter. Scene II is followed in Keats's manuscript by a cancelled opening of Scene III, thus—

Scene 3rd

The field of Battle—Enter Stephen unarm'd

Stephen. Another Sword! for one short minute longer
That I may pepper that De Kaims and then
Yield to {~~valliant~~ / ~~this army~~} some twenty squadrons— {Stephen say / ~~This is gory~~!
Wouldst thou exchange this helmeted renown
To rule in qu[i]et Pylos Nestor-like?
No!——

Enter De Kaims Knights and Soldiers dropping in
De Kaims...

In rewriting the opening of the Scene, Keats at first put

Another Sword! and what if I took one
From forth Bellona's gleaming armoury

which stands altered to the far better reading of the text. Line 4 of the rewritten opening originally stood thus

Where is my Enemy? Aye, close at hand
Here comes the testy Brood

but this stands changed to the reading of the text, save that 'comes' is not altered to 'come'. Line 15 stands thus—

Yield Stephen, or my Sword's point ~~explore~~ dip in...

I scarcely think Keats meant this as an alternative present-future,

or my sword's point dips in
The gloomy current of a traitor's heart,

as Lord Houghton gave it: more probably he used 'or' for 'ere' or 'before.' There is certainly no *s* either in *explore* or in *dip*.

With brawny vengeance, like the labourer Cain.
Come on! Farewell my kingdom, and all hail
Thou superb, plum'd, and helmeted renown,
All hail—I would not truck this brilliant day
To rule in Pylos with a Nestor's beard—
Come on!

Enter DE KAIMS *and Knights, &c.*

DE KAIMS.

Is 't madness, or a hunger after death,
That makes thee thus unarm'd throw taunts at us?
Yield, Stephen, or my sword's point dip in
The gloomy current of a traitor's heart.

STEPHEN.

Do it, De Kaims, I will not budge an inch.

DE KAIMS.

Yes, of thy madness thou shalt take the meed.

STEPHEN.

Darest thou?

DE KAIMS.

How dare, against a man disarm'd?

STEPHEN.

What weapons has the lion but himself?
Come not near me, De Kaims, for by the price
Of all the glory I have won this day,
Being a king, I will not yield alive
To any but the second man of the realm,
Robert of Glocester.

DE KAIMS.

Thou shalt vail to me.

STEPHEN.

Shall I, when I have sworn against it, sir?

Thou think'st it brave to take a breathing king,
That, on a court-day bow'd to haughty Maud,
The awed presence-chamber may be bold
To whisper, there 's the man who took alive
Stephen—me—prisoner. Certes, De Kaims,
The ambition is a noble one.

DE KAIMS.

'Tis true,
And, Stephen, I must compass it.

STEPHEN.

No, no,
Do not tempt me to throttle you on the gorge,
Or with my gauntlet crush your hollow breast,
Just when your knighthood is grown ripe and full
For lordship.

A SOLDIER.

Is an honest yeoman's spear
Of no use at a need? Take that.

STEPHEN.

Ah, dastard!

DE KAIMS.

What, you are vulnerable! my prisoner!

STEPHEN.

No, not yet. I disclaim it, and demand
Death as a sovereign right unto a king
Who 'sdains to yield to any but his peer,
If not in title, yet in noble deeds,

27. In the holograph 'a king alive' is rejected for 'a breathing king'; and before lines 30 and 31 were got to the poet's satisfaction he had gone through the following readings:

To whi[s]per { there's the man who / there is he who } took alive
King...
The stubborn Reb[el]...

The Earl of Glocester. Stab to the hilts, De Kaims,
For I will never by mean hands be led
From this so famous field. Do ye hear! Be quick!

[*Trumpets. Enter the Earl of* CHESTER *and Knights.*

SCENE IV.—*A Presence Chamber. Queen* MAUD *in a Chair of State, the Earls of* GLOCESTER *and* CHESTER, *Lords, Attendants.*

MAUD.

Glocester, no more: I will behold that Boulogne:
Set him before me. Not for the poor sake
Of regal pomp and a vain-glorious hour,
As thou with wary speech, yet near enough,
Hast hinted.

GLOCESTER.

Faithful counsel have I given;
If wary, for your Highness' benefit.

MAUD.

The Heavens forbid that I should not think so,
For by thy valour have I won this realm,
Which by thy wisdom I will ever keep.
To sage advisers let me ever bend
A meek attentive ear, so that they treat
Of the wide kingdom's rule and government,
Not trenching on our actions personal.
Advis'd, not school'd, I would be; and henceforth
Spoken to in clear, plain, and open terms,
Not side-ways sermon'd at.

GLOCESTER.

Then, in plain terms,
Once more for the fallen king—

44-6. In line 44, again, the manuscript authorizes the plural 'hilts,' not 'hilt,' and in line 46 'Do ye hear!'—not 'Do you hear?'

In line 9 'will I' stands for 'I will', and line 10 was written

To sage advisers will I ever bend

but 'will I' was struck out for 'let me'. Line 13 was

And not trench on our actions personal

but 'not trenching' was substituted for 'And not trench'.

MAUD.

Your pardon, Brother,
I would no more of that; for, as I said,
'Tis not for worldly pomp I wish to see
The rebel, but as dooming judge to give
A sentence something worthy of his guilt.

GLOCESTER.

If't must be so, I'll bring him to your presence.
[*Exit* GLOCESTER.

MAUD.

A meaner summoner might do as well—
My Lord of Chester, is 't true what I hear
Of Stephen of Boulogne, our prisoner,
That he, as a fit penance for his crimes,
Eats wholesome, sweet, and palatable food
Off Glocester's golden dishes—drinks pure wine,
Lodges soft?

CHESTER.

More than that, my gracious Queen,
Has anger'd me. The noble Earl, methinks,
Full soldier as he is, and without peer
In counsel, dreams too much among his books.
It may read well, but sure 'tis out of date
To play the Alexander with Darius.

MAUD.

Truth! I think so. By Heavens it shall not last!

CHESTER.

It would amaze your Highness now to mark
How Glocester overstrains his courtesy
To that crime-loving rebel, that Boulogne—

32. In this line 'dreams sometimes' is rejected for 'dreams too much'; and in the next line 'out of date' is substituted for 'weak enough'. Between lines 37 and 38 stands cancelled

And finds for everyone of all his...

MAUD.

That ingrate!

CHESTER.

For whose vast ingratitude
To our late sovereign lord, your noble sire,
The generous Earl condoles in his mishaps,
And with a sort of lackeying friendliness,
Talks off the mighty frowning from his brow,
Woos him to hold a duet in a smile,
Or, if it please him, play an hour at chess—

MAUD.

A perjured slave!

CHESTER.

And for his perjury,
Glocester has fit rewards—nay, I believe,
He sets his bustling household's wits at work
For flatteries to ease this Stephen's hours,
And make a heaven of his purgatory;
Adorning bondage with the pleasant gloss
Of feasts and music, and all idle shows
Of indoor pageantry; while syren whispers,
Predestin'd for his ear, 'scape as half-check'd
From lips the courtliest and the rubiest
Of all the realm, admiring of his deeds.

MAUD.

A frost upon his summer!

CHESTER.

A queen's nod
Can make his June December. Here he comes.

57. The fragment ends with the words,

A Queen's nod
Can make ~~cold christmas~~ his June December—here he comes.

POEMS

WRITTEN LATE IN 1819.

POEMS WRITTEN LATE IN 1819.

A PARTY OF LOVERS.

PENSIVE they sit, and roll their languid eyes,
Nibble their toast and cool their tea with sighs;
Or else forget the purpose of the night,
Forget their tea, forget their appetite.
See, with cross'd arms they sit—Ah! happy crew,
The fire is going out and no one rings
For coals, and therefore no coals Betty brings.
A fly is in the milk-pot. Must he die
Circled by a humane society?
No, no; there, Mr. Werter takes his spoon,
Inserts it, dips the handle, and lo! soon
The little straggler, sav'd from perils dark,
Across the teaboard draws a long wet mark.

Romeo! Arise, take snuffers by the handle,
There's a large cauliflower in each candle.
A winding sheet—ah, me! I must away
To No. 7, just beyond the circus gay.
Alas, my friend, your coat sits very well;
Where may your Tailor live? I may not tell.
O pardon me. I'm absent now and then.
Where *might* my Tailor live? I say again
I cannot tell, let me no more be teazed;
He lives in Wapping, might live where he pleased.

'A Party of Lovers,' first published in the New York 'World' for the 25th of June 1817, is one of the many varieties of the Winchester journal-letter of September 1819. Keats characterizes the *jeu d'esprit* as "a few nonsense verses". They were probably written on the 17th of September; and they illustrated the following passage in the journal-letter:—

"Nothing strikes me so forcibly with a sense of the ridiculous as love. A man in love I do think cuts the sorryest figure in the world. Even when I know a poor fool to be really in pain about it I could burst out laughing in his face. His pathetic visage becomes irresistible. Not that I take H. as a pattern for lovers; he is a very worthy man and a good friend. His love is very amusing. Somewhere in the 'Spectator' is related an account of a man inviting a party of stutterers and squinters to his table. It would please me more to scrape together a party of lovers; not to dinner—no, to tea. There would be no fighting as among knights of old."

SONNET.

THE day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday—or holinight
Of fragrant-curtain'd love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight;
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

LINES TO FANNY.

WHAT can I do to drive away
Remembrance from my eyes? for they have seen,
Aye, an hour ago, my brilliant Queen!
Touch has a memory. O say, love, say,
What can I do to kill it and be free
In my old liberty?
When every fair one that I saw was fair,
Enough to catch me in but half a snare,
Not keep me there:
When, howe'er poor or particolour'd things,
My muse had wings,
And ever ready was to take her course

The sonnet printed above was first given among the Literary Remains in 1848, with the date 1819. There is a letter to Miss Brawne posted on the 11th of October at Westminster, which corresponds with the sonnet in subject; so that this poem may very well belong to the 10th of October 1819. Compare the ninth line with 'Hyperion', Book II, line 36 (Volume II, page 144):

When the chill rain begins at shut of eve...

The Lines to Fanny, first given in the 'Life, Letters' &c., were there dated October 1819; and I should be disposed to assign them to the 12th of that month, the day before that on which Keats posted a letter at Westminster to Miss Brawne, saying *inter alia* that he has set himself to copy some verses out fair, and adding "I cannot proceed with any degree of content. I must write you a line or two and see if that will assist in dismissing you from my Mind for ever so short a time". The text appears to me to need revision in certain points; but I know of no authority for change. Thus, in line 3, the word 'and' or 'but' has probably dropped out after 'Aye'.

Whither I bent her force,
Unintellectual, yet divine to me ;—
Divine, I say !—What sea-bird o'er the sea
Is a philosopher the while he goes
Winging along where the great water throes ?

How shall I do
To get anew
Those moulted feathers, and so mount once more
Above, above
The reach of fluttering Love,
And make him cower lowly while I soar ?
Shall I gulp wine ? No, that is vulgarism,
A heresy and schism,
Foisted into the canon law of love ;—
No,—wine is only sweet to happy men ;
More dismal cares
Seize on me unawares,—
Where shall I learn to get my peace again ?
To banish thoughts of that most hateful land,
Dungeoner of my friends, that wicked strand
Where they were wreck'd and live a wrecked life ;
That monstrous region, whose dull rivers pour,
Ever from their sordid urns unto the shore,
Unown'd of any weedy-haired gods ;
Whose winds, all zephyrless, hold scourging rods,
Ic'd in the great lakes, to afflict mankind ;
Whose rank-grown forests, frosted, black, and blind,
Would fright a Dryad ; whose harsh herbag'd meads
Make lean and lank the starv'd ox while he feeds ;
There bad flowers have no scent, birds no sweet song,
And great unerring Nature once seems wrong.

O, for some sunny spell
To dissipate the shadows of this hell !
Say they are gone,—with the new dawning light
Steps forth my lady bright !
O, let me once more rest
My soul upon that dazzling breast !
Let once again these aching arms be plac'd,

33. Probably 'wrecked' should be 'wretched'. There seems a want of aptness in making use of 'wreck'd' (monosyllable) and 'wrecked' (dissyllable) in such sharp counterpoint; and Keats would be quite likely to write 'wreched' without the *t* and thus leave the word easy to mistake for 'wrecked'.

35. I should think 'Even' a likelier initial word here than 'Ever'.

42. The word 'bad' before 'flowers' is questionable. Keats may have got as far as 'bud' with the word 'buds,' and then decided for 'flowers' (dissyllable) and forgotten to strike out 'bud.'

The tender gaolers of thy waist!
And let me feel that warm breath here and there
To spread a rapture in my very hair,—
O, the sweetness of the pain!
Give me those lips again! 55
Enough! Enough! it is enough for me
To dream of thee!

SONNET.

TO FANNY.

I CRY your mercy—pity—love!—aye, love!
Merciful love that tantalizes not,
One-thoughted, never-wandering, guileless love,
Unmask'd, and being seen—without a blot!
O! let me have thee whole,—all—all—be mine!
That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest
Of love, your kiss,—those hands, those eyes divine,
That warm, white, lucent, million-pleasured breast,—
Yourself—your soul—in pity give me all,
Withhold no atom's atom or I die,
Or living on perhaps, your wretched thrall,
Forget, in the mist of idle misery,
Life's purposes,—the palate of my mind
Losing its gust, and my ambition blind!

The sonnet printed above was first given among the Literary Remains in 1848, dated 1819. I have no data upon which to indicate the period more exactly; but the desperation of tone suggests that the sonnet was composed late in the year.

THE FALL OF HYPERION,

A DREAM:

An Attempt made at the end of 1819 to reconstruct the Poem.

In the long journal-letter which Keats wrote to his brother and sister-in-law in America in December 1818 and January 1819 occurs the following passage headed "Friday" simply, but belonging probably to Christmas Day 1818:—

"I think you knew before you left England, that my next subject would be 'the fall of Hyperion.' I went on a little with it last night, but it will take some time to get into the vein again. I will not give you any extracts because I wish the whole to make an impression. I have however a few Poems which you will like, and I will copy them out on the next sheet."

This no doubt relates to the fragment of 'Hyperion' in direct narration, as ultimately published in 1820: see Volume I, pages xxxviii-xl, and Volume II, pages 125-8. The poem in that form, it will be remembered, was abandoned finally in August 1819; but by the end of the year he was at work on an attempt to recast it in a wholly different form. This took place at Wentworth Place: in the morning he sat with Brown and worked at 'The Cap and Bells': in the evening, *fide* Brown, he had a room to himself "and was deeply engaged in re-modelling the fragment of *Hyperion* into the form of a vision." Professor Colvin ('Keats,' page 186) writes thus of the attempt:—

"Now, in the decline of his powers, he took the poem up again, and began to re-write and greatly amplify it; partly, it would seem, through a mere relapse into his old fault of overloading, partly through a desire to give expression to thoughts and feelings which were pressing on his mind. His new plan was to relate the fall of the Titans, not, as before, in direct narrative, but in the form of a vision revealed and interpreted to him by a goddess of the fallen race. The reader remembers how he had broken off his work on 'Hyperion' at a point where Mnemosyne is enkindling the brain of Apollo with the inspiration of her ancient wisdom. Following a clue which he had found in a Latin book of mythology he had lately bought,[1] he now identifies this Greek Mnemosyne, the mother of the Muses, with the Roman Moneta; and (being possibly also aware that the temple of Juno Moneta on the Capitol at Rome was not far from that of Saturn) makes his Mnemosyne-Moneta the priestess and guardian of Saturn's temple."

This remarkable production was mentioned in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848) as a re-cast, but remained in manuscript until Lord Houghton contributed it to the third Volume of the 'Bibliographical and Historical Miscellanies' of the Philobiblon Society (1856-57), in doubt whether it was a re-cast or a draft. A few copies of it were also printed in pamphlet form apart from the 'Miscellanies.' The fragment was afterwards published in the Appendix to "a new edition" of 'The Life and Letters of John Keats' issued by his Lordship in 1867 through Messrs. Moxon and Co. On that occasion it was said to be without doubt the first draft. But Lord Houghton must have failed to consult again his manuscript memoir by Charles Brown, wherein the 'Vision' is distinctly said to be a late reconstruction. It will be seen that, although a great deal of the 'Vision' is special to the new poem, there are large passages from the epic version of 'Hyperion.' A comparison of passages which are substantially identical while varying in detail perhaps affords the most astounding instance on record of the loss of artistic power and perception under physical decay and mental agony. The conception of Moneta, though not artistically on Keats's highest level, has a touching grandeur of its own, and, apart from the detrimental treatment of the 'Hyperion' fragment, is highly notable. As regards the holograph manuscript of the 'Vision', Lord Houghton told me in 1883 that a mystery attached to its fate:

[1] Mr. Colvin has the following note on this book:—

"*Auctores Mythographi Latini*, ed. Van Staveren, Leyden, 1742. Keats's copy of the book was bought by him in 1819, and passed after his death into the hands first of Brown, and afterwards of Archdeacon Bailey (Houghton MSS.). The passage about Moneta which had wrought in Keats's mind occurs at p. 4, in the notes to Hyginus."

it was lent for the purposes of the 1867 reprint; and the owner failed to recover it. I have attempted to trace it further, but in vain.

The Philobiblon Society's separate print of course ranks among the *editiones principes* of Keats's writings; and it is perhaps the scarcest of all. It is a pott quarto pamphlet of twenty-four pages printed on Saunders's unbleached hand-made paper, water-marked "1856." There is no title-page; but there is a half-title reading "Another Version of Keats's 'Hyperion'." Pages 3 and 4 are occupied by the following note:—

"Another Version of Keats's
'Hyperion'.

"The MS. of the following Poem was given to me by Mr. Brown, the friend and protector of John Keats, together with the other *Literary Remains* which I published in 1848. Is it the original sketch out of which the earlier part of the printed poem was composed, or is it the commencement of a reconstruction of the whole? I have no external evidence to decide this question; but it seems to me that, in either case, this fragment well deserves preservation. If it is the first composition out of which a portion of the printed poem was selected, it is most remarkable, as showing the affluence and self-command of the genius that could afford to lay by passages of so much originality and splendour as, on this supposition, have here been cancelled. If, on the other hand, it is the beginning of a new version of the whole Poem, we may equally admire the imagination which was not content with what had been already accomplished, and, not satisfied with completing the work as it stood, desired to improve its scope and enlarge its proportions. There is, indeed, no lover of the writings of this wonderful youth who will not be glad to see this production for its own sake, and apart from all discussion as to its intention; but the problem of the priority of the two poems—both fragments, and both so beautiful—may afford a wide field for ingenious and critical conjecture.

R. M. Milnes."

The poem starts on page 5 with a dropped head reading "Hyperion, a Vision"; but the head-lines, from page 6 to page 24, read, on the versos, "Another version of," and on the rectos "Keats's Hyperion." As to the title of this reconstruction, I do not find much evidence properly so called. As we have seen, Brown is the authority for the now established fact that Keats attempted the task of "re-modelling the fragment of *Hyperion* into the form of a Vision"; but it does not appear that he called it "Hyperion, a Vision." Lord Houghton contributed it to the Philobiblon Society's Collections as "Another Version" of the fragment, and used the description 'A Vision' on one page. The almost invariably accurate Woodhouse calls it "The Fall of Hyperion, a Dream"—not casually or descriptively, but as the title of an unpublished work from which he inscribes some extracts in a collection of quotations from various authors prefixed to his interleaved copy of 'Endymion.' The quotations appear to have been collected to prefix to Keats's Works in some form—perhaps to be worked up in a memoir. The extract from the re-modelled Hyperion is in the following form:—

Who alive can say,
"Thou art no Poet;—may'st not tell thy dreams"—?
* * * *
Whether the dream now proposed to rehearse
Be poet's or Fanatic's will be known
When this warm scribe my hand is in the grave.

Induction to "The Fall of Hyperion, a Dream"—unpublished—by Keats.

No doubt Woodhouse knew that Keats had finally reverted to the title which he had mentioned to George at Christmas 1818, and that he called it "a Dream", not "a Vision". This reason suffices for adopting the title now given to the re-modelled fragment.

H. B. F.

THE FALL OF HYPERION,

A DREAM.

[CANTO I.]

FANATICS have their dreams, wherewith they weave
A paradise for a sect; the savage, too,
From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep
Guesses at heaven; pity these have not
Trac'd upon vellum or wild Indian leaf
The shadows of melodious utterance,
But bare of laurel they live, dream, and die;
For Poesy alone can tell her dreams,—
With the fine spell of words alone can save
Imagination from the sable chain
And dumb enchantment. Who alive can say,
"Thou art no Poet—may'st not tell thy dreams?"
Since every man whose soul is not a clod
Hath visions and would speak, if he had loved,
And been well nurtured in his mother tongue.
Whether the dream now purpos'd to rehearse
Be poet's or fanatic's will be known
When this warm scribe, my hand, is in the grave.

Methought I stood where trees of every clime,
Palm, myrtle, oak, and sycamore, and beech,
With plantane and spice-blossoms, made a screen,
In neighbourhood of fountains (by the noise
Soft-showering in mine ears), and (by the touch
Of scent) not far from roses. Twining round
I saw an arbour with a drooping roof
Of trellis vines, and bells, and larger blooms,

8. The word 'fashion' is questionable. Probably Keats's word was 'bastion.'

Like floral censers, swinging light in air;
Before its wreathed doorway, on a mound
Of moss, was spread a feast of summer fruits,
Which, nearer seen, seem'd refuse of a meal
By angel tasted or our Mother Eve;
For empty shells were scattered on the grass,
And grape-stalks but half bare, and remnants more
Sweet-smelling, whose pure kinds I could not know.
Still was more plenty than the fabled horn
Thrice emptied could pour forth at banqueting,
For Proserpine return'd to her own fields,
Where the white heifers low. And appetite,
More yearning than on earth I ever felt,
Growing within, I ate deliciously,—
And, after not long, thirsted; for thereby
Stood a cool vessel of transparent juice
Sipp'd by the wander'd bee, the which I took,
And pledging all the mortals of the world,
And all the dead whose names are in our lips,
Drank. That full draught is parent of my theme.
No Asian poppy nor elixir fine
Of the soon-fading, jealous, Caliphat,
No poison gender'd in close monkish cell,
To thin the scarlet conclave of old men,
Could so have rapt unwilling life away.
Among the fragrant husks and berries crush'd
Upon the grass, I struggled hard against
The domineering potion, but in vain.
The cloudy swoon came on, and down I sank,
Like a Silenus on an antique vase.
How long I slumber'd 'tis a chance to guess.
When sense of life return'd I started up
As if with wings, but the fair trees were gone,
The mossy mound and arbour were no more:
I look'd around upon the curved sides
Of an old sanctuary, with roof august,
Builded so high, it seem'd that filmed clouds
Might spread beneath as o'er the stars of heaven.
So old the place was, I remember'd none
The like upon the earth: what I had seen
Of grey cathedrals, buttress'd walls, rent towers,
The superannuations of sunk realms,
Or Nature's rocks toil'd hard in waves and winds,
Seem'd but the faulture of decrepit things
To that eternal domed monument.

45. The expression 'in our lips' looks corrupt. A more likely one would be 'on our lips.'

Upon the marble at my feet there lay
Store of strange vessels and large draperies,
Which needs had been of dyed asbestos wove,
Or in that place the moth could not corrupt,
So white the linen, so, in some, distinct
Ran imageries from a sombre loom.
All in a mingled heap confus'd there lay
Robes, golden tongs, censer and chafing-dish,
Girdles, and chains, and holy jewelries.

Turning from these with awe, once more I raised
My eyes to fathom the space every way:
The embossed roof, the silent massy range
Of columns north and south, ending in mist
Of nothing; then to eastward, where black gates
Were shut against the sunrise evermore;
Then to the west I look'd, and saw far off
An image, huge of feature as a cloud,
At level of whose feet an altar slept,
To be approach'd on either side by steps
And marble balustrade, and patient travail
To count with toil the innumerable degrees.
Towards the altar sober-pac'd I went,
Repressing haste as too unholy there;
And, coming nearer, saw beside the shrine
One ministering; and there arose a flame.
As in mid-day the sickening east-wind
Shifts sudden to the south, the small warm rain
Melts out the frozen incense from all flowers,
And fills the air with so much pleasant health
That even the dying man forgets his shroud;—
Even so that lofty sacrificial fire,
Sending forth Maian incense, spread around
Forgetfulness of everything but bliss,
And clouded all the altar with soft smoke;
From whose white fragrant curtains thus I heard
Language pronounc'd: "If thou canst not ascend
These steps, die on that marble where thou art.
Thy flesh, near cousin to the common dust,

89. I know of no authority for any word but 'slept' at the close of this line; but it seems to me at least doubtful whether it is what Keats wrote. The supposition to which I lean is that he wrote 'stept', meaning by a 'stepped altar' an altar approached by steps, and that he had in his mind rejected that phrase by the time he wrote the next line, but failed to revise line 89 so as to do away the pleonasm.

96. With reference to the significance of this ministrant, presently to name herself as Moneta (line 202), see Professor Colvin's remarks quoted at page 169 *ante*.

Will parch for lack of nutriment; thy bones
Will wither in few years, and vanish so
That not the quickest eye could find a grain
Of what thou now art on that pavement cold.
The sands of thy short life are spent this hour,
And no hand in the universe can turn
Thy hourglass, if these gummed leaves be burnt
Ere thou canst mount up these immortal steps."
I heard, I look'd: two senses both at once,
So fine, so subtle, felt the tyranny
Of that fierce threat and the hard task proposed.
Prodigious seem'd the toil; the leaves were yet
Burning, when suddenly a palsied chill
Struck from the paved level up my limbs,
And was ascending quick to put cold grasp
Upon those streams that pulse beside the throat.
I shriek'd, and the sharp anguish of my shriek
Stung my own ears; I strove hard to escape
The numbness, strove to gain the lowest step.
Slow, heavy, deadly was my pace: the cold
Grew stifling, suffocating at the heart;
And when I clasp'd my hands I felt them not.
One minute before death my ic'd foot touch'd
The lowest stair; and, as it touch'd, life seem'd
To pour in at the toes; I mounted up
As once fair angels on a ladder flew
From the green turf to heaven. "Holy Power,"
Cry'd I, approaching near the horned shrine,
"What am I that should so be sav'd from death?
What am I that another death come not
To choke my utterance, sacrilegious, here?"
Then said the veiled shadow: "Thou hast felt
What 'tis to die and live again before
Thy fated hour; that thou hadst power to do so
Is thine own safety; thou hast dated on
Thy doom." "High Prophetess," said I, "purge off,
Benign, if so it please thee, my mind's film."
"None can usurp this height," return'd that shade,
"But those to whom the miseries of the world

148. Keats's latest conception of the mission of the poet as indicated in this passage is the dawn of a new phase in his psychical developement; and it is impossible to set limits to what he might have done had he been spared the tragic fate which overtook him. His poetry had yet to show him as one of

those to whom the miseries of the world
Are misery, and will not let them rest.

As it is he has not left us poetry marking him out as of the race

Who feel the giant agony of the world,

Are misery, and will not let them rest.
All else who find a haven in the world,
Where they may thoughtless sleep away their days,
If by a chance into this fane they come,
Rot on the pavement where thou rottedst half."
"Are there not thousands in the world," said I,
Encourag'd by the sooth voice of the shade,
"Who love their fellows even to the death,
Who feel the giant agony of the world,
And more, like slaves to poor humanity,
Labour for mortal good? I sure should see
Other men here, but I am here alone."
"Those whom thou spakest of are no visionaries,"
Rejoin'd that voice; "they are no dreamers weak;
They seek no wonder but the human face,
No music but a happy-noted voice:
They come not here, they have no thought to come;
And thou art here, for thou art less than they.
What benefit canst thou do, or all thy tribe,
To the great world? Thou art a dreaming thing,
A fever of thyself: think of the earth;
What bliss, even in hope, is there for thee?
What haven? every creature hath its home,
Every sole man hath days of joy and pain,
Whether his labours be sublime or low—
The pain alone, the joy alone, distinct:
Only the dreamer venoms all his days,
Bearing more woe than all his sins deserve.
Therefore, that happiness be somewhat shared,
Such things as thou art are admitted oft
Into like gardens thou didst pass erewhile,
And suffer'd in these temples: for that cause
Thou standest safe beneath this statue's knees."
"That I am favour'd for unworthiness,
By such propitious parley medicined
In sickness not ignoble, I rejoice,
Aye, and could weep for love of such award."
So answer'd I, continuing, "If it please,
Majestic shadow, tell me where I am,
Whose altar this, for whom this incense curls;
What image this whose face I cannot see
For the broad marble knees; and who thou art,
Of accent feminine so courteous?"

in the sense in which Shelley's poetry marks him out. Still, in these few lines the same note is struck as in Shelley's

Me—who am as a nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth.

Then the tall shade, in drooping linen veil'd,
Spoke out, so much more earnest, that her breath
Stirr'd the thin folds of gauze that drooping hung
About a golden censer from her hand
Pendent; and by her voice I knew she shed
Long-treasured tears. "This temple, sad and lone,
Is all spar'd from the thunder of a war
Foughten long since by giant hierarchy
Against rebellion: this old image here,
Whose carved features wrinkled as he fell,
Is Saturn's; I, Moneta, left supreme,
Sole goddess of this desolation."
I had no words to answer, for my tongue,
Useless, could find about its roofed home
No syllable of a fit majesty
To make rejoinder to Moneta's mourn:
There was a silence, while the altar's blaze
Was fainting for sweet food. I look'd thereon,
And on the paved floor, where nigh were piled
Faggots of cinnamon, and many heaps
Of other crisped spicewood: then again
I look'd upon the altar, and its horns
Whiten'd with ashes, and its languorous flame,
And then upon the offerings again;
And so, by turns, till sad Moneta cry'd:
"The sacrifice is done, but not the less
Will I be kind to thee for thy good will.
My power, which to me is still a curse,
Shall be to thee a wonder; for the scenes
Still swooning vivid through my globed brain,
With an electral changing misery,
Thou shalt with these dull mortal eyes behold
Free from all pain, if wonder pain thee not."
As near as an immortal's sphered words
Could to a mother's soften were these last:
And yet I had a terror of her robes,
And chiefly of the veils that from her brow
Hung pale, and curtain'd her in mysteries,
That made my heart too small to hold its blood.
This saw that Goddess, and with sacred hand
Parted the veils. Then saw I a wan face,
Not pin'd by human sorrows, but bright-blanch'd
By an immortal sickness which kills not;
It works a constant change, which happy death
Can put no end to; deathwards progressing
To no death was that visage; it had past
The lilly and the snow; and beyond these

I must not think now, though I saw that face.
But for her eyes I should have fled away;
They held me back with a benignant light,
Soft, mitigated by divinest lids
Half-clos'd, and visionless entire they seem'd
Of all external things; they saw me not,
But in blank splendour beam'd, like the mild moon,
Who comforts those she sees not, who knows not
What eyes are upward cast. As I had found
A grain of gold upon a mountain's side,
And, twing'd with avarice, strain'd out my eyes
To search its sullen entrails rich with ore,
So, at the view of sad Moneta's brow,
I ask'd to see what things the hollow brow
Behind environ'd: what high tragedy
In the dark secret chambers of her skull
Was acting, that could give so dread a stress
To her cold lips, and fill with such a light
Her planetary eyes, and touch her voice
With such a sorrow? "Shade of Memory!"
Cried I, with act adorant at her feet,
"By all the gloom hung round thy fallen house,
By this last temple, by the golden age,
By great Apollo, thy dear foster-child,
And by thyself, forlorn divinity,
The pale Omega of a wither'd race,
Let me behold, according as thou saidst,
What in thy brain so ferments to and fro!"
No sooner had this conjuration past
My devout lips, than side by side we stood
(Like a stunt bramble by a solemn pine)
Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star.
Onward I look'd beneath the gloomy boughs,
And saw what first I thought an image huge,
Like to the image pedestall'd so high
In Saturn's temple; then Moneta's voice
Came brief upon mine ear. "So Saturn sat
When he had lost his realms;" whereon there grew
A power within me of enormous ken
To see as a god sees, and take the depth
Of things as nimbly as the outward eye
Can size and shape pervade. The lofty theme
Of those few words hung vast before my mind

270-2. Compare 'Hyperion,' Book I, lines 1 to 3.

With half-unravell'd web. I set myself
Upon an eagle's watch, that I might see,
And seeing ne'er forget. No stir of life
Was in this shrouded vale,—not so much air
As in the zoning of a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass ;
But where the dead leaf fell there did it rest.
A stream went noiseless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of the fallen divinity
Spreading more shade ; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Prest her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went
No further than to where old Saturn's feet
Had rested, and there slept how long a sleep !
Degraded, cold, upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred, and his realmless eyes were closed ;
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place ;
But there came one who, with a kindred hand,
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
Then came the griev'd voice of Mnemosyne,
And griev'd I hearken'd. "That divinity
Whom thou saw'st step from yon forlornest wood,
And with slow pace approach our fallen king,
Is Thea, softest-natured of our brood."
I mark'd the Goddess, in fair statuary
Surpassing wan Moneta by the head,
And in her sorrow nearer woman's tears.
There was a list'ning fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun ;
As if the venom'd clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain ;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear

284. Lord Houghton reads 'sat' for 'set' in this line, but it seems scarcely possible that this can be other than a mistranscription from Keats's manuscript.

287-306. See lines 9 to 25 of 'Hyperion,' Book I.

315. It will be seen that this passage, though varying much in detail from the other version (Book I, lines 37 to 88), is substantially the same down to line 363

Leaning, with parted lips some words she spoke
In solemn tenour and deep organ-tone ;
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in this like accenting ; how frail
To that large utterance of the early gods !

"Saturn, look up ! and for what, poor lost king ?
I have no comfort for thee ; no, not one ;
I cannot say, wherefore thus sleepest thou ?
For Heaven is parted from thee, and the Earth
Knows thee not, so afflicted, for a god.
The Ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre pass'd ; and all the air
Is emptied of thy hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, captious at the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house ;
And thy sharp lightning, in unpractis'd hands,
Scourges and burns our once serene domain.

"With such remorseless speed still come new woes,
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn ! sleep on : me thoughtless, why should I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?
Saturn ! sleep on, while at thy feet I weep."

As when upon a tranced summer-night
Forests, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a noise,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Swelling upon the silence, dying off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave,
So came these words and went ; the while in tears
She prest her fair large forehead to the earth,
Just where her fallen hair might spread in curls,
A soft and silken net for Saturn's feet.
Long, long these two were postured motionless,
Like sculpture builded-up upon the grave
Of their own power. A long awful time
I look'd upon them : still they were the same ;
The frozen God still bending to the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet ;
Moneta silent. Without stay or prop
But my own weak mortality, I bore
The load of this eternal quietude,
The unchanging gloom and the three fixed shapes
Ponderous upon my senses, a whole moon ;
For by my burning brain I measured sure

Her silver seasons shedded on the night,
And every day by day methought I grew
More gaunt and ghostly. Oftentimes I pray'd
Intense, that death would take me from the vale
And all its burthens; gasping with despair
Of change, hour after hour I curs'd myself,
Until old Saturn rais'd his faded eyes,
And look'd around and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess at his feet.

As the moist scent of flowers, and grass, and leaves,
Fills forest-dells with a pervading air,
Known to the woodland nostril, so the words
Of Saturn fill'd the mossy glooms around,
Even to the hollows of time-eaten oaks,
And to the windings of the foxes' hole,
With sad, low tones, while thus he spoke, and sent
Strange moanings to the solitary Pan.
"Moan, brethren, moan, for we are swallow'd up
And buried from all godlike exercise
Of influence benign on planets pale,
And peaceful sway upon man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. Moan and wail;
Moan, brethren, moan; for lo, the rebel spheres
Spin round; the stars their ancient courses keep;
Clouds still with shadowy moisture haunt the earth,
Still suck their fill of light from sun and moon;
Still buds the tree, and still the seashores murmur;
There is no death in all the universe,
No smell of death.—There shall be death. Moan, moan;
Moan, Cybele, moan; for thy pernicious babes
Have chang'd a god into an aching palsy.
Moan, brethren, moan, for I have no strength left;
Weak as the reed, weak, feeble as my voice.
Oh! Oh! the pain, the pain of feebleness;
Moan, moan, for still I thaw; or give me help;
Throw down those imps, and give me victory.
Let me hear other groans, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival,
From the gold peaks of heaven's high-piled clouds;
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir

376-9. Compare 'Hyperion,' Book I, lines 89-92.
388-93. Compare Book I, lines 106-12.
408-14. Compare Book I, lines 127-33.

Of strings in hollow shells ; and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children." So he feebly ceased,
With such a poor and sickly-sounding pause,
Methought I heard some old man of the earth
Bewailing earthly loss ; nor could my eyes
And ears act with that unison of sense
Which marries sweet sound with the grace of form,
And dolorous accent from a tragic harp
With large-limb'd visions. More I scrutinized.
Still fixt he sat beneath the sable trees,
Whose arms spread straggling in wild serpent forms,
With leaves all hush'd ; his awful presence there
(Now all was silent) gave a deadly lie
To what I erewhile heard : only his lips
Trembled amid the white curls of his beard ;
They told the truth, though round the snowy locks
Hung nobly, as upon the face of heaven
A mid-day fleece of clouds. Thea arose,
And stretcht her white arm through the hollow dark,
Pointing some whither : whereat he too rose,
Like a vast giant, seen by men at sea
To grow pale from the waves at dull midnight.
They melted from my sight into the woods ;
Ere I could turn, Moneta cry'd, "These twain
Are speeding to the families of grief,
Where, rooft in by black rocks, they waste in pain
And darkness, for no hope." And she spake on,
As ye may read who can unwearied pass
Onward from the antechamber of this dream,
Where, even at the open doors, awhile
I must delay, and glean my memory
Of her high phrase—perhaps no further dare.

END OF CANTO I.

THE FALL OF HYPERION.

CANTO II.

"MORTAL, that thou may'st understand aright,
I humanize my sayings to thine ear,
Making comparisons of earthly things;
Or thou might'st better listen to the wind,
Whose language is to thee a barren noise,
Though it blows legend-laden thro' the trees.
In melancholy realms big tears are shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe.
The Titans fierce, self-hid or prison-bound,
Groan for the old allegiance once more,
Listening in their doom for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole eagle-brood still keeps
His sovereignty, and rule, and majesty:
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sits, still snuffs the incense teeming up
From Man to the Sun's God—yet insecure.
For as upon the earth dire prodigies
Fright and perplex, so also shudders he;
Not a dog's howl or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
Make great Hyperion ache. His palace bright,
Bastion'd with pyramids of shining gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glares a blood-red thro' all the thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flash angerly; when he would taste the wreaths
Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate takes
Savour of poisonous brass and metals sick;
Wherefore when harbour'd in the sleepy West,

7. The remainder of this fragment should be compared in detail with the othe version, Book I, lines 168-217.

After the full completion of fair day,
For rest divine upon exalted couch,
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paces through the pleasant hours of ease,
With strides colossal, on from hall to hall,
While far within each aisle and deep recess
His winged minions in close clusters stand
Amaz'd, and full of fear; like anxious men,
Who on a wide plain gather in sad troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now where Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
Goes step for step with Thea from yon woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Is sloping to the threshold of the West.
Thither we tend." Now in clear light I stood,
Reliev'd from the dusk vale. Mnemosyne
Was sitting on a square-edg'd polish'd stone,
That in its lucid depth reflected pure
Her priestess' garments. My quick eyes ran on
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bow'rs of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades.
Anon rush'd by the bright Hyperion;
His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar as if of earthly fire,
That scar'd away the meek ethereal hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared.

57. Lord Houghton gives 'diamond-paned' here; but, as the line is otherwise identical with line 220 of Book I in the 'Hyperion' printed by Keats, there can be no doubt that 'diamond-paved' is the right expression.

62. Lord Houghton notes that the manuscript ends here.

THE CAP AND BELLS;

OR, THE JEALOUSIES:

A FAERY TALE—UNFINISHED.

Although there is no doubt about the disastrous ending of Keats's literary career with the strange attempt to reconstruct 'Hyperion', in a form not well adapted to this subject, and the effort to write a light satire in a vein foreign to his temperament and in a highly unsuitable metre, it is not clear which work was begun first or first abandoned. On the whole I am disposed to think that he had more friendly voices against the 'Vision' than against the satire, and that 'The Cap and Bells' was literally the latest work on the production of which he was employed. At all events Lord Houghton, when he first gave this composition in the 'Life, Letters' &c. (1848), referred to it (Volume II, page 51) as "the last of Keats's literary labours." The poet says in a letter to Brown, written as late as June 1820, "I shall soon begin upon 'Lucy Vaughan Lloyd'. I do not begin composition yet, being willing, in case of a relapse, to have nothing to reproach myself with." But he is not believed to have gone on with the piece after dropping it in the previous winter. In August 1820, Leigh Hunt in the first part of the article on Coaches, which fills 'The Indicator' for the 23rd of August, quotes four stanzas and four lines from the poem, as by "a very good poetess, of the name of Lucy V—— L——, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript poem", &c. The stanzas quoted are xxv to xxix. Lord Houghton gives, in the Aldine edition of 1876, the following note by Brown:—"This Poem was written subject to future amendments and omissions: it was begun without a plan, and without any prescribed laws for the supernatural machinery." An interesting passage is added from a letter of Lord Jeffrey's:—"There are beautiful passages and lines of ineffable sweetness in these minor pieces, and strange outbursts of individual fancy and felicitous expressions in the 'Cap and Bells,' though the general extravagance of the poetry is more suited to an Italian than to an English taste." The late Gabriel Rossetti wrote to me of this poem as "the only unworthy stuff Keats ever wrote except an early trifle or two," and again as "the to me hateful *Cap and Bells*." I confess that it seems to me entirely unworthy of Keats though certainly a proof, if proof were needed, of his versatility. It has the character of a mere intellectual and mechanical exercise, performed at a time when those higher forces constituting the mainspring of poetry were exhausted; but even so I find it difficult to figure Keats as doing anything so aimless as this appears when regarded solely as an effort of the fancy. He probably had a satirical undercurrent of meaning; and it needs no great stretch of imagination to see in the illicit passion of Emperor Elfinan, and his detestation for his authorized bride-elect, an oblique glance at the marital relations of George IV. It is not difficult to suggest prototypes for some of the faery-land statesmen against whom Elfinan vows vengeance; and there are many particulars in which earthly incidents are too thickly strewn to leave one in the settled belief that the poet's programme was wholly unearthly.

A holograph manuscript of this piece, wanting stanzas ix to xvi and lxxxii to lxxxviii, is extant, though in whose hands at present, I am not aware. I examined it some years back, after the publication of the Library edition of Keats's works; and I think it possible that Keats went so far in fulfilment of the intention expressed to Brown in June as to get the manuscript out—for on the margin of one of its pages is written the clearly late fragment (p. 223) beginning—

This living hand, now warm and capable;

but he may have had it in his hand again merely to lend to Hunt for 'The Indicator.' All variations and rejected readings recorded in the ensuing foot-notes are of course from this manuscript. It is written with unusual inaccuracy: the first stanza, for example, shows the forms 'sleight' for 'slight', 'woing' for 'wooing', 'warn' for 'warm', and 'smoth' for 'smooth'. Errors of this kind are not recorded as a rule in the notes.

H. B. F.

THE CAP AND BELLS;

OR, THE JEALOUSIES:

A FAERY TALE—UNFINISHED.

I.

In midmost Ind, beside Hydaspes cool,
There stood, or hover'd, tremulous in the air,
A faery city, 'neath the potent rule
Of Emperor Elfinan; fam'd ev'rywhere
For love of mortal women, maidens fair,
Whose lips were solid, whose soft hands were made
Of a fit mould and beauty, ripe and rare,
To pamper his slight wooing, warm yet staid:
He lov'd girls smooth as shades, but hated a mere shade.

II.

This was a crime forbidden by the law;
And all the priesthood of his city wept,
For ruin and dismay they well foresaw,
If impious prince no bound or limit kept,
And faery Zendervester overstept;
They wept, he sin'd, and still he would sin on,
They dreamt of sin, and he sin'd while they slept;
In vain the pulpit thunder'd at the throne,
Caricature was vain, and vain the tart lampoon.

I. Line 9 has a cancelled reading, 'soft' for 'smooth'; and in this stanza 'Ind' is spelt 'Inde' and 'Elfinan', 'Elphinan'.

II. Line 4 has the rejected reading, 'Where Prince religious limits overstept'. 'When' seems to stand in place of the 'If' of the text. In line 9, 'bold' is cancelled for 'tart'. Between lines 7 and 8 are the following cancelled readings

Until the faery City no more shone
As it was won't, heaven's its bloom
As it was wont
Untill the faery City no more shone
As it was wont...

III.

Which seeing, his high court of parliament
Laid a remonstrance at his Highness' feet,
Praying his royal senses to content
Themselves with what in faery land was sweet,
Befitting best that shade with shade should meet:
Whereat, to calm their fears, he promis'd soon
From mortal tempters all to make retreat,—
Aye, even on the first of the new moon,
An immaterial wife to espouse as heaven's boon.

IV.

Meantime he sent a fluttering embassy
To Pigmio, of Imaus sovereign,
To half beg, and half demand, respectfully,
The hand of his fair daughter Bellanaine;
An audience had, and speeching done, they gain
Their point, and bring the weeping bride away;
Whom, with but one attendant, safely lain
Upon their wings, they bore in bright array,
While little harps were touch'd by many a lyric fay.

V.

As in old pictures tender cherubim
A child's soul thro' the sapphir'd canvas bear,
So, thro' a real heaven, on they swim
With the sweet princess on her plumag'd lair,
Speed giving to the winds her lustrous hair;
And so she journey'd, sleeping or awake,
Save when, for healthful exercise and air,
She chose to *promener à l'aile*, or take
A pigeon's somerset, for sport or change's sake.

VI.

"Dear Princess, do not whisper me so loud,"
Quoth Corallina, nurse and confidant,
"Do not you see there, lurking in a cloud,

IV. Line 2 shows a cancelled reading, 'Emperor' for 'Sovereign'. In line 7, 'Who' stands instead of 'Whom'. Between lines 6 and 7 is a cancelled beginning of a line: 'Borne upon'.

V. There is a rejected beginning to this stanza:

As in old Pictures Cherubs bear aloft
The souls of children.

In line 8, *promener à l'aile* has not the turned commas of previous editions.

VI. Line 3 has a cancelled reading: 'Do not you see there coming through'; and 'that cloud' is rejected in favour of 'a cloud'. In line 4, 'Crafty Cant'

Close at your back, that sly old Crafticant?
He hears a whisper plainer than a rant:
Dry up your tears, and do not look so blue;
He's Elfinan's great state-spy militant,
His running, lying, flying foot-man too,—
Dear mistress, let him have no handle against you!

VII.

"Show him a mouse's tail, and he will guess,
With metaphysic swiftness, at the mouse;
Show him a garden, and with speed no less,
He'll surmise sagely of a dwelling house,
And plot, in the same minute, how to chouse
The owner out of it; show him a"— "Peace!
Peace! nor contrive thy mistress' ire to rouse!"
Return'd the Princess, "my tongue shall not cease
Till from this hated match I get a free release.

VIII.

"Ah, beauteous mortal!" "Hush!" quoth Coralline,
"Really you must not talk of him, indeed."
"You hush!" reply'd the mistress, with a shine
Of anger in her eyes, enough to breed
In stouter hearts than nurse's fear and dread:
'Twas not the glance itself made nursey flinch,
But of its threat she took the utmost heed;
Not liking in her heart an hour-long pinch,
Or a sharp needle run into her back an inch.

IX.

So she was silenc'd, and fair Bellanaine,
Writhing her little body with ennui,

(in two words) is struck out. In line 7, the manuscript has 'He' instead of 'He's'. Between lines 5 and 6 is a cancelled reading:

He's Elfinan's state and tale-bearer?
His running and his flying footman.

VIII. Line 3 shows a cancelled reading, 'her' for 'the' before 'mistress'. There is a rejected variation of line 6:—

'Twas not the glance itself that made nurse flinch.

Line 7 shows the cancelled reading 'the threat'. Between lines 5 and 6 are the cancelled readings, 'Nor at the glance itself', and (seemingly),

Not for the very glance itself perhaps.

Continued to lament and to complain,
That Fate, cross-purposing, should let her be
Ravish'd away far from her dear countree ;
That all her feelings should be set at nought,
In trumping up this match so hastily,
With lowland blood ; and lowland blood she thought
Poison, as every staunch true-born Imaian ought.

X.

Sorely she griev'd, and wetted three or four
White Provence rose-leaves with her faery tears,
But not for this cause ;—alas ! she had more
Bad reasons for her sorrow, as appears
In the fam'd memoirs of a thousand years,
Written by Crafticant, and published
By Parpaglion and Co., (those sly compeers
Who rak'd up ev'ry fact against the dead,)
In Scarab Street, Panthea, at the Jubal's Head.

XI.

Where, after a long hypercritic howl
Against the vicious manners of the age,
He goes on to expose, with heart and soul,
What vice in this or that year was the rage,
Backbiting all the world in every page ;
With special strictures on the horrid crime,
(Section'd and subsection'd with learning sage,)
Of faeries stooping on their wings sublime
To kiss a mortal's lips, when such were in their prime.

XII.

Turn to the copious index, you will find
Somewhere in the column, headed letter B,
The name of Bellanaine, if you're not blind ;
Then pray refer to the text, and you will see
An article made up of calumny
Against this highland princess, rating her
For giving way, so over fashionably,
To this new-fangled vice, which seems a burr
Stuck in his moral throat, no coughing e'er could stir.

XIII.

There he says plainly that she lov'd a man !
That she around him flutter'd, flirted, toy'd,
Before her marriage with great Elfinan ;
That after marriage too, she never joy'd

In husband's company, but still employ'd
Her wits to 'scape away to Angle-land;
Where liv'd the youth, who worried and annoy'd
Her tender heart, and its warm ardours fann'd
To such a dreadful blaze, her side would scorch her hand.

XIV.

But let us leave this idle tittle-tattle
To waiting-maids, and bed-room coteries,
Nor till fit time against her fame wage battle.
Poor Elfinan is very ill at ease,
Let us resume his subject if you please:
For it may comfort and console him much,
To rhyme and syllable his miseries;
Poor Elfinan! whose cruel fate was such,
He sat and curs'd a bride he knew he could not touch.

XV.

Soon as (according to his promises)
The bridal embassy had taken wing,
And vanish'd, bird-like, o'er the suburb trees,
The Emperor, empierc'd with the sharp sting
Of love, retired, vex'd and murmuring
Like any drone shut from the fair bee-queen,
Into his cabinet, and there did fling
His limbs upon a sofa, full of spleen,
And damn'd his House of Commons, in complete chagrin.

XVI.

"I'll trounce some of the members," cry'd the Prince,
"I'll put a mark against some rebel names,
I'll make the Opposition-benches wince,
I'll show them very soon, to all their shames,
What 'tis to smother up a Prince's flames;
That ministers should join in it, I own,
Surprises me!—they too at these high games!
Am I an Emperor? Do I wear a crown?
Imperial Elfinan, go hang thyself or drown!

XVII.

"I'll trounce 'em!—there's the square-cut chancellor,
His son shall never touch that bishopric;

XVII. On the supposition of a glance at the royal matrimonial squabble, at its height when Keats wrote this piece, "the square-cut chancellor" would be Mr. Vansittart, I presume; and "the tiptoe marquis" might probably be the Marquis

And for the nephew of old Palfior,
I'll show him that his speech has made me sick,
And give the colonelcy to Phalaric;
The tiptoe marquis, moral and gallant,
Shall lodge in shabby taverns upon tick;
And for the Speaker's second cousin's aunt,
She sha'n't be maid of honour,—by heaven that she sha'n't!

XVIII.

"I'll shirk the Duke of A.; I'll cut his brother;
I'll give no garter to his eldest son;
I won't speak to his sister or his mother!
The Viscount B. shall live at cut-and-run;
But how in the world can I contrive to stun
That fellow's voice, which plagues me worse than any,
That stubborn fool, that impudent state-dun,
Who sets down ev'ry sovereign as a zany,—
That vulgar commoner, Esquire Biancopany?

of Lansdowne, whose refusal to sit upon the Green Bag Committee in the House of Lords was both "moral" and "gallant." In line 4 previous editions read 'speeches': the reading of the manuscript is 'speech has', which is preferable. In line 7 'lodge' seems to be written over 'live'. Line 8 has a cancelled reading, 'Brother's' for 'second'. On a separate leaf is a draft of this stanza showing the following variations: between lines 2 and 3 a cancelled reading:

And for that tip-toe Marquis Belfior
By heavens his Nephew.

In line 3, 'Palcolor' is struck out in favour of 'Palfior'. In line 4 the draft stanza also reads 'speech has' instead of 'speeches'. After line 5 is a cancelled reading:

The tip-toe Marquis moral too—by Dis
He still shall be...

Line 6, after obliteration of 'and gallant', 'moral too-good-good', 'God grant', and 'good—he still', reads: 'The tip-toe Marquis moral yet gallant'. Line 7 has 'live' instead of 'lodge', and line 8 'Brother's' instead of 'second'.

XVIII. The name 'Biancopany' as a mere fantasy is too inconceivably wild; and at this point I think the subject mentioned in previous notes may be clearly demonstrated. *Bianco* = *white*, *pane* = *bread*; and we have the name of one whose career is notoriously, from George IV.'s point of view, that of lines 6 to 9. Mr. Samuel Whitbread had at that time been a radical member of the first water for a long period: he was so well known as an adherent of Queen Caroline, that he is said to have furnished her Majesty, from his great wealth, with the necessary funds for carrying on her case; and on the 18th of September 1820 he brought his offences to a head by attacking the King in a speech supporting a motion for quashing "these filthy proceedings." As regards the holograph, it is to be recorded of this stanza that 'Baron' stands cancelled in line 4 in favour of 'Vicount'. In line 6, for the 'which' of the text, 'that' was written, and cancelled for 'who'. In line 8, 'always thinks a sovereign' stands cancelled in favour of 'set down every Sovereign for'.

XIX.

"Monstrous affair! Pshaw! pah! what ugly minx
Will they fetch from Imaus for my bride?
Alas! my wearied heart within me sinks,
To think that I must be so near ally'd
To a cold dullard fay,—ah, woe betide!
Ah, fairest of all human loveliness!
Sweet Bertha! what crime can it be to glide
About the fragrant pleatings of thy dress,
Or kiss thine eyes, or count thy locks, tress after tress?"

XX.

So said, one minute's while his eyes remain'd
Half lidded, piteous, languid, innocent;
But, in a wink, their splendour they regain'd,
Sparkling revenge with amorous fury blent.
Love thwarted in bad temper oft has vent:
He rose, he stampt his foot, he rang the bell,
And order'd some death-warrants to be sent
For signature:—somewhere the tempest fell,
As many a poor felon does not live to tell.

XXI.

"At the same time Eban,"—(this was his page,
A fay of colour, slave from top to toe,
Sent as a present, while yet under age,
From the Viceroy of Zanguebar,—wise, slow,

XX. Line 1 seems to have read originally thus:

So saying his eyes one minute's while were soft

with a 'he' above the 'were'. It is altered in the manuscript to the line given in the text. Line 6 has 'arose' for 'rose', and 'stamp' for 'stampt'. Line 7 shows the variation 'Ordered a few', cancelled in favour of 'And ordered some'. Line 9 reads 'felon' in the manuscript instead of the 'fellow' of previous editions.

XXI. In line 2, 'trusty secret close' with the alternative 'sly sure' stands cancelled in favour of 'slave from top to toe'. There is a rejected line 3,

To that old Fortuneteller whom I see...

In line 9, 'to' stands cancelled in favour of 'in'. There are the following cancelled openings to this stanza:

And at the same time " said he
(This was his favourite Page a negro Fay
" At the same time Eban" (this was his Page,
A Fay of Colour, sent from Zanquebar
A Present from the Viceroy)...

His speech, his only words were "yes" and "no,"
But swift of look, and foot, and wing was he,—)
"At the same time, Eban, this instant go
To Hum the soothsayer, whose name I see
Among the fresh arrivals in our empery.

XXII.

"Bring Hum to me! But stay—here, take my ring,
The pledge of favour, that he not suspect
Any foul play, or awkward murdering,
Tho' I have bowstrung many of his sect;
Throw in a hint, that if he should neglect
One hour, the next shall see him in my grasp,
And the next after that shall see him neck'd,
Or swallow'd by my hunger-starved asp,—
And mention ('tis as well) the torture of the wasp."

XXIII.

These orders given, the Prince, in half a pet,
Let o'er the silk his propping elbow slide,
Caught up his little legs, and, in a fret,
Fell on the sofa on his royal side.
The slave retreated backwards, humble-ey'd,
And with a slave-like silence clos'd the door,
And to old Hum thro' street and alley hied;
He "knew the city," as we say, of yore,
And for short cuts and turns, was nobody knew more.

XXIV.

It was the time when wholesale houses close
Their shutters with a moody sense of wealth,
But retail dealers, diligent, let loose
The gas (objected to on score of health),

XXII. Line 3 has the final word 'handling' instead of 'murdering'. Between lines 4 and 5 'At the same' is written at the beginning of a line and cancelled, and similarly between lines 6 and 7 'The next shall see'. There is a rejected variation of line 9:

Or at the least put to the torture of the wasp.

XXIII. 'Lay' stands cancelled as the first word of line 4; and in line 9, 'And for short' is altered into 'for shortest'.

XXIV. In line 1, instead of 'wholesale dealers' as in former editions, the manuscript reads 'wholesale houses', as above. Line 4 reads 'on the s[c]ore'. In line 6 'set it flaring' for 'make it flare' stands cancelled. Line 7 reads

That all the power of darkness it quite quell'th.

Line 8 has 'did' instead of 'doth' and line 9 'superseded' instead of 'supersedeth'.

Convey'd in little solder'd pipes by stealth,
And make it flare in many a brilliant form,
That all the powers of darkness it repell'th,
Which to the oil-trade doth great scaith and harm,
And supersedeth quite the use of the glow-worm.

XXV.

Eban, untempted by the pastry-cooks,
(Of pastry he got store within the palace,)
With hasty steps, wrapp'd cloak, and solemn looks,
Incognito upon his errand sallies,
His smelling-bottle ready for the allies;
He pass'd the Hurdy-gurdies with disdain,
Vowing he'd have them sent aboard the gallies;
Just as he made his vow, it 'gan to rain,
Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.

XXVI.

"I'll pull the string," said he, and further said,
"Polluted Jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!
Whose springs of life are all dry'd up and dead,
Whose linsey-woolsey lining hangs all slack,

XXV. The passage commencing here, quoted by Hunt in 'The Indicator', was perhaps the best quotation he could have made from the poem, even if it had not suited the particular purpose he had in view. The text of his quotation shows no variation from the current issues of later date, except in the matter of a few extra capitals to common nouns. The passage introducing the stanzas, mentioned at page 187 of this volume, is as follows:

"Of the Hackney-coach we cannot make as short work, as many persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps indeed it is partly a sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavour to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall shew presently. In the account of its demerits, we have been anticipated by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good poetess, of the name of Lucy V— L—, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript poem, in which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.

"READER. What, Sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?

"INDICATOR. Only in as much, Madam, as the lady gives such authority to the antisocial view of this subject, and will not agree with us as to the beatitude of the Hackney-coach.—But hold:—upon turning to the Manuscript again, we find that the objections are put into the mouth of a Dandy Courtier. This makes a great difference. The Hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the Courtier could talk so well."

It will be seen that Hunt kept his friend's secret dexterously enough. In line 3, 'measured' is cancelled in favour of 'hasty'. Line 7 has 'abord' instead of the 'on board' of previous editions; and line 9 reads—

And so he call'd a coach and bid it drive amain.

XXVI. The slang word *Jarvey*, for the driver of a hackney-coach, is well nigh forgotten in these days of "Hansoms" and "growlers". I do not know whether it was a common liberty to take with the word to transfer it from the

Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack ;
And evermore thy steps go clatter-clitter ;
Whose glass once up can never be got back,
Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
That 'tis of modern use to travel in a litter.

XXVII.

"Thou inconvenience ! thou hungry crop
For all corn ! thou snail-creeper to and fro,
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop,
And fiddle-faddle standest while you go ;
I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,
Unto some lazar-house thou journeyest,
And in the evening tak'st a double row
Of dowdies, for some dance or party drest,
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

XXVIII.

"By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,
An inch apears the utmost thou couldst budge ;

driver to the vehicle itself; but probably Keats knew the orthodox application well enough. Line 2 stood originally thus :

Ah filthy Hack ! Polluted Vehicle.

It is marked by a 1 and a 2 for transposition of its two divisions and stands cancelled in favour of the established reading, which in its turn is cancelled to make room for a third version :

In his heart Vile Jarvey ! Ah thou filthy hack.

In line 4 the second word was originally 'lining' but it is cancelled, and the word stands now as in the text. Line 6 reads—

And ever more thy steps are clattering

where 'teeth' stands cancelled in favour of 'steps'. Lines 8 and 9 read

Whose number stuck above my head a thing
(The number of the beast) gives trembling to my wing

and there is a rejected variant

Gives coldness to my heart and trembling to my wing.

XXVII. Lines 7 and 8 read thus in the manuscript :

And in the Even takest in a glow
Of Beauties from some dance or Party drest.

XXVIII. Line 3 in the manuscript reads : 'And at the least nod or hint or sign'. In line 4 the first word is 'Up' cancelled in favour of 'Round'. In line 5 'beckon' is spelt 'Beacon', and the line has two cancelled beginnings, 'Up to' and 'Ever on'. After line 4 there is a cancelled line,

As courteous to a Cobler as a Judge.

Yet at the slighest nod, or hint, or sign,
Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,
School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge,
A dull-ey'd Argus watching for a fare;
Quiet and plodding, thou dost bear no grudge
To whisking Tilburies, or Phaetons rare,
Curricles, or Mail-coaches, swift beyond compare."

XXIX.

Philosophizing thus, he pull'd the check,
And bade the Coachman wheel to such a street,
Who, turning much his body, more his neck,
Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet:
"Certes, Monsieur were best take to his feet,
Seeing his servant can no further drive
For press of coaches, that to-night here meet
Many as bees about a straw-capp'd hive,
When first for April honey into faint flowers they dive."

XXIX. In line 2 'turn' stands cancelled in favour of 'wheel'. Line 8 was apparently intended to begin with 'Thick' which word stands cancelled above 'Many'. After line 7 there is a cancelled beginning of a line: 'I doubt the [?]'. Between stanzas xxviii and xxix the manuscript shows the following tentative openings:

Philosophising thus he pull'd the String
check'd the d
Philosophising thus he pull'd the Check
The Coachman
And pointed

These are all cancelled except the two words 'the Check'; and then follow two uncancelled lines:

Philosophising thus he puld the Check
The Coachman turn'd and lowting down full low...

After xxix the manuscript has the following rejected stanza:

"Ho! Ho thought Eban so this Signor Hum
A Conversazione holds tonight
Whene'er he beats his literary drum
The learned muster round all right and tight
Drest in best black to talk by candle light."
E'en while he thought, for eighteen penny fare
He paid a half penny by cuning sleight
Made argent; then with self-contented Air
Broke through the Crowd to Hums, and all the world was there.

In line 1 'said' stands cancelled in favour of 'thought'; and after line 5 there is a cancelled line:

I'm at your elbow Signor like a rocket...

XXX.

Eban then paid his fare, and tiptoe went
To Hum's hotel ; and, as he on did pass
With head inclin'd, each dusky lineament
Show'd in the pearl-pav'd street, as in a glass ;
His purple vest, that ever peeping was
Rich from the fluttering crimson of his cloak,
His silvery trowsers, and his silken sash
Tied in a burnish'd knot, their semblance took
Upon the mirror'd walls, wherever he might look.

XXXI.

He smil'd at self, and, smiling, show'd his teeth,
And seeing his white teeth, he smil'd the more ;
Lifted his eye-brows, spurn'd the path beneath,
Show'd teeth again, and smil'd as heretofore,
Until he knock'd at the magician's door ;
Where, till the porter answer'd, might be seen,
In the clear panel more he could adore,—
His turban wreath'd of gold, and white, and green,
Mustachios, ear-ring, nose-ring, and his sabre keen.

XXX. Ending his quotation with line 4 of this stanza, Hunt says—"The tact here is so nice, of all the infirmities which are likely to beset our poor old friend, that we should only spoil it to say more". In line 1 'So Eban' is altered in the manuscript to 'Eban then'; in line 2 'Towards' is altered into 'To'; in line 3 'his' is cancelled in favour of 'each'; and in line 4 'the' is omitted before 'pearl pav'd'. There is a rejected opening :

So Eban paid his fare and up the Street

and a cancelled

Towards Hum's...

XXXI. Line 1 shows a cancelled beginning : 'He smil'd thereat and'. In line 6 is indicated the rejected reading—

Until he came to the Soothsay[er's] door...

In line 6 'he' is cancelled before 'might'. In line 7 'might' is cancelled in favour of 'could'. Line 9 has a cancelled beginning : 'His ear ring, nose ring, sabre in'. There are two cancelled openings to this stanza; the first is

Past either Ear, half shown, his plenteous hair
Went in a jetty wreath and on his back
Met in curl clusters, ever shining there
Went jetty, and in large curl clusters met
Between his shoulders, ever shining there

where lines 2 and 3 were cancelled in favour of lines 4 and 5, before the whole passage was abandoned : the second is :

Past either ear, half shown, his plenteous hair
Went jetty and in large curl-clusters fell
Between his shoulders...

XXXII.

"Does not your master give a rout to-night?"
Quoth the dark page. "Oh, no!" return'd the Swiss,
"Next door but one to us, upon the right,
The *Magazin des Modes* now open is
Against the Emperor's wedding;—and, sir, this
My master finds a monstrous horrid bore;
As he retir'd, an hour ago I wis,
With his best beard and brimstone, to explore
And cast a quiet figure in his second floor.

XXXIII.

"Gad! he's oblig'd to stick to business!
For chalk, I hear, stands at a pretty price;
And as for aqua vitæ—there's a mess!
The *dentes sapientiæ* of mice,
Our barber tells me too, are on the rise,—
Tinder's a lighter article,—nitre pure
Goes off like lightning,—grains of Paradise
At an enormous figure!—stars not sure!—
Zodiac will not move without a sly douceur!

XXXII. The manuscript gives a tentative opening of this stanza:

"Does not your Master give a rout tonight
Quoth Eban' "every Coach in all the Town
Is here, Methinks is here...

The 'Is here' at the beginning of the third line is cancelled. Between lines 4 and 5 the following passage is cancelled:

And who of all the gay world now would miss
To suit each shape ...

XXXIII. In line 9 the manuscript reads 'sly douceur'; but in previous editions it is 'slight douceur'. Between stanzas xxxiii and xxxiv the manuscript has the following tentatives:—

Venus wont stir an inch without a fee,—
And entre nous my master is to[o] fond
Of—Hush, hush said Eban—sure this is he
Coming down stairs, and by the Holy land,
Backwards.

In the first of these lines 'move' has been cancelled in favour of 'stir' and in the second ''Tween you and me' in favour of 'And entre nous'. The fourth line and the word 'Backwards' are cancelled. Then follow 'Coming down stairs' left uncancelled, 'A ruddy fan'—'A bloodred fan of fire' both cancelled, and 'A fan shap'd burst of bloodred fire' left uncancelled, but having 'fire' cancelled before 'bloodred'.

XXXIV.

"Venus won't stir a peg without a fee,
And master is too partial, *entre nous*,
To"— "Hush—hush!" cried Eban, "sure that is he
Coming down stairs,—by St. Bartholomew!
As backwards as he can,—is't something new?
Or is't his custom, in the name of fun?"
"He always comes down backward, with one shoe"—
Return'd the porter—"off, and one shoe on,
Like, saving shoe for sock or stocking, my man John!"

XXXV.

It was indeed the great Magician,
Feeling, with careful toe, for every stair,
And retrograding careful as he can,
Backwards and downwards from his own two pair:
"Salpietro!" exclaim'd Hum, "is the dog there?
He's always in my way upon the mat!"
"He's in the kitchen, or the Lord knows where,"—
Reply'd the Swiss,—"the nasty, yelping brat!"
"Don't beat him!" return'd Hum, and on the floor came pat.

XXXVI.

Then facing right about, he saw the Page,
And said: "Don't tell me what you want, Eban;

XXXIV. In this stanza as completely written after the tentatives, there is a rejected reading of line 3—

To"—"Hush—hush!" said Eban, "sure this is he

In line 6 'wonder' stands cancelled in favour of 'fun'. In line 8 'Swiss' is cancelled in favour of 'Porter'. In line 9 'only' stands cancelled between 'Like' and 'saving'.

XXXV. In line 1 'Astrologer' is cancelled in favour of 'Magician', in line 3 'like a careful man' stands cancelled for 'careful as he can', and in line 9 'or I will kill your cat' for 'and on the floor came pat'. Line 6 has 'alway' instead of 'always'. Between lines 3 and 4 there is a cancelled reading:

From the last landing of his own two Pair
And travelling backwards.

The reading 'whelping brat' of Lord Houghton's editions in line 8 is in the manuscript; but I think there can be no doubt that Keats meant to write 'yelping brat'. Although *whelp* and *brat* are almost synonymous, and whelps were probably so called because of their yelping, I can find no instance of the verb to whelp used in any sense but to bring forth whelps. This is obviously beyond the possibilities of a brat, and more especially of a male brat: see lines 6 and 7.

XXXVI. In line 2 'Eban what you want' is cancelled in favour of 'what you want Eban'.

The Emperor is now in a huge rage,—
'Tis nine to one he'll give you the rattan!
Let us away!" Away together ran
The plain-dress'd sage and spangled blackamoor,
Nor rested till they stood to cool, and fan,
And breathe themselves at the Emperor's chamber door,
When Eban thought he heard a soft imperial snore.

XXXVII.

"I thought you guess'd, foretold, or prophesy'd,
That's Majesty was in a raving fit?"
"He dreams," said Hum, "or I have ever lied,
That he is tearing you, sir, bit by bit."
"He's not asleep, and you have little wit,"
Reply'd the page: "that little buzzing noise,
Whate'er your palmistry may make of it,
Comes from a play-thing of the Emperor's choice,
From a Man-Tiger-Organ, prettiest of his toys."

XXXVIII.

Eban then usher'd in the learned Seer:
Elfinan's back was turn'd, but, ne'ertheless,
Both, prostrate on the carpet, ear by ear,
Crept silently, and waited in distress,
Knowing the Emperor's moody bitterness;
Eban especially, who on the floor 'gan
Tremble and quake to death,—he feared less
A dose of senna-tea or nightmare Gorgon
Than the Emperor when he play'd on his Man-Tiger-Organ.

XXXVII. In line 1 'said' is cancelled for 'guess'd'. Line 6 shows the rejected reading

Replied the Page that buzzing noise you hear.

Line 8 has 'little' cancelled before 'plaything', and in line 9 'King of royal toys' stands cancelled in favour of 'prettiest of his toys'. Upside down, at the end of this stanza, the manuscript has the following passage:—

His arms and wings wrapt in a crimson cloak
Incognito he makes important way
Through the Court yard whose golden Portals look
Full on a pearl built Minster...

In the first line of this 'purple' is cancelled in favour of 'crimson'; and in the third line is a rejected reading 'and golden gates' for 'whose golden Portals look'.

XXXVIII. In line 2 'for all that' is cancelled in favour of 'ne'er the less'. In line 8 the misspelt word 'Phisic' is cancelled before 'senna tea'.

XXXIX.

They kiss'd nine times the carpet's velvet face
Of glossy silk, soft, smooth, and meadow-green,
Where the close eye in deep rich fur might trace
A silver tissue, scantly to be seen,
As daisies lurk'd in June-grass, buds in treen;
Sudden the music ceased, sudden the hand
Of majesty, by dint of passion keen,
Doubled into a common fist, went grand,
And knock'd down three cut glasses, and his best ink-stand.

XL.

Then turning round, he saw those trembling two:
"Eban," said he, "as slaves should taste the fruits
Of diligence, I shall remember you
To-morrow, or the next day, as time suits,
In a finger conversation with my mutes,—
Begone!—for you, Chaldean! here remain!
Fear not, quake not, and as good wine recruits
A conjurer's spirits, what cup will you drain?
Sherry in silver, hock in gold, or glass'd champagne?"

XLI.

"Commander of the Faithful!" answer'd Hum,
"In preference to these, I'll merely taste
A thimble-full of old Jamaica rum."
"A simple boon!" said Elfinan; "thou may'st

XXXIX. In line 1 'furr' stands cancelled for 'face'. Between lines 1 and 2 are written and cancelled the phrases: 'of green silk meadow' and 'soft silk meadow green'. In line 5 the last word is unquestionably 'treen', not 'green', as in previous editions. Of line 7 there is a cancelled version—

Of Majesty struck on the sofa Table.

Of line 8 there is a cancelled beginning: 'Made to a'.

XL. In line 2 in the manuscript 'that you may' stands cancelled in favour of 'as slaves should'. In line 4 'the' stands before 'next' in the manuscript. Previous editions are without it.

XLI. In the manuscript line 5 reads:

Have Nantes as clear as water and as chaste.

In line 6 'sage' stands cancelled in favour of 'Seer' and in line 9 'bright and' in favour of 'crystal'. As a note to the word *laced* in line 5, previous editions have the following sentence from 'The Spectator':—"Mr. Nisby is of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head." Whether the note is Keats's own or supplied by the editor does not appear.

Have Nantz, with which my morning-coffee's lac'd."
"I'll have a glass of Nantz, then,"—said the Seer,—
"Made racy—(sure my boldness is misplac'd!)—
With the third part—(yet that is drinking dear!)—
Of the least drop of *crème de citron*, crystal clear."

XLII.

"I pledge you, Hum! and pledge my dearest love,
My Bertha!" "Bertha! Bertha!" cry'd the sage,
"I know a many Berthas!" "Mine's above
All Berthas!" sighed the Emperor. "I engage,"
Said Hum, "in duty, and in vassalage,
To mention all the Berthas in the Earth;—
There's Bertha Watson,—and Miss Bertha Page,—
This fam'd for languid eyes, and that for mirth,—
There's Bertha Blount of York,—and Bertha Knox of Perth."

XLIII.

"You seem to know"—"I do know," answer'd Hum,
"Your Majesty's in love with some fine girl
Named Bertha; but her surname will not come,
Without a little conjuring." "'Tis Pearl,
'Tis Bertha Pearl that makes my brains so whirl;
And she is softer, fairer than her name!"
"Where does she live?" ask'd Hum. "Her fair locks curl
So brightly, they put all our fays to shame!—
Live?—O! at Canterbury, with her old grand-dame."

XLIV.

"Good! good!" cried Hum, "I've known her from a child!
She is a changeling of my management;

XLII. In line 9 Keats wrote 'Yourk' for 'York',—influenced no doubt by the combination of vowels in 'Blount'.

XLIII. The reading of line 5 given in former editions—

'Tis Bertha Pearl! What makes my brains so whirl?

is not confirmed by the manuscript. Line 9 reads thus:—

Live! O she lives at Canterbury with her old Gran-dame

and there is a cancelled beginning, 'She lives at Canterbury'. One of the few points of vivid interest in this poem is the strange connexion, by name and place, Bertha and Canterbury, with the wonderful fragment, so full of earnest meaning and high poetic intention, 'The Eve of St. Mark.' See also stanza lvi.

XLIV. From the appearance of the holograph it is doubtful whether 'Good! good!' or 'Good God!' was intended. In line 5 'screaming' appears to have

She was born at midnight in an Indian wild ;
Her mother's screams with the striped tiger's blent,
While the torch-bearing slaves a halloo sent
Into the jungles ; and her palanquin,
Rested amid the desert's dreariment,
Shook with her agony, till fair were seen
The little Bertha's eyes oped on the stars serene."

XLV.

"I can't say," said the monarch ; "that may be
Just as it happen'd, true or else a bam !
Drink up your brandy, and sit down by me,
Feel, feel my pulse, how much in love I am ;
And if your science is not all a sham,
Tell me some means to get the lady here."
"Upon my honour !" said the son of Cham,
"She is my dainty changeling, near and dear,
Although her story sounds at first a little queer."

XLVI.

"Convey her to me, Hum, or by my crown,
My sceptre, and my cross-surmounted globe,
I'll knock you"—"Does your majesty mean—*down?*
No, no, you never could my feelings probe

been cancelled for 'halloo'; and line 6 has 'Dingles' in place of 'jungles'. After line 6 are the following cancelled readings :

Shook with her Agony, till fair was seen
The little Bertha's face...
The little Bertha's fair...
Of silken...
Shook with her agony till from the scene...

In line 9 previous editions read 'ope', not 'oped' as in the holograph.

XLV. In line 4 the readings 'Here, feel' and 'And feel' were rejected. In Lord Houghton's editions appears the following foot-note to the word 'Cham' in line 7 :—"Cham is said to have been the inventor of magic. Lucy learnt this from Bayle's Dictionary, and had copied a long Latin note from that work." If this is a note of Keats's, it would seem to imply that a part of his scheme was to have the work attributed to Lucy Vaughan Lloyd, and ostensibly edited and annotated by some one else,—following the plan adopted in that same year 1820 by his friend Reynolds in regard to that clever book "The Fancy : A Selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law. With a brief memoir of his Life" (Taylor and Hessey).

XLVI. The holograph indicates a slight difference in the dialogue of this stanza by ending Hum's speech at 'down' (line 3) and giving to Elfinan the words

No, no I never could your feelings probe
To such a depth !

To such a depth!" The Emperor took his robe,
And wept upon its purple palatine,
While Hum continued, shamming half a sob,—
"In Canterbury doth your lady shine?
But let me cool your brandy with a little wine."

XLVII.

Whereat a narrow Flemish glass he took,
That once belong'd to Admiral De Witt,
Admir'd it with a connoisseuring look,
And with the ripest claret crowned it,
And, ere one lively bead could burst and flit,
He turn'd it quickly, nimbly upside down,
His mouth being held conveniently fit
To catch the treasure: "Best in all the town!"
He said, smack'd his moist lips, and gave a pleasant frown.

XLVIII.

"Ah! good my Prince, weep not!" And then again
He fill'd a bumper. Great Sire, do not weep!

For minor variation, the word 'my' is wanting in line 2, line 3 has 'I knock' instead of 'I'll knock', line 7 'sham[m]ing a half sob' with the second *a* inserted above so as to read literally 'a half a sob', and line 8 the rejected reading 'In Canterbury you to-day'—which probably ended in the poet's mind with *shall dine*.

XLVII. Keats took some pains with this stanza, writing and cancelling—

Whereat he took a narrow flanders glass
That once belongd to the Pensioner De Wit

and

That once belong'd to Admiral de Wit

and even in the reading as settled for the time being he has 'flanders', not 'Flemish', which Lord Houghton doubtless found in another manuscript: the 'since' for 'once' in line 2 of the Houghton text must be regarded as an error of transcription, as also 'the lively bead' in line 5, for which Keats deliberately substituted 'one lively bead'. On the other hand the rejection of 'To save the creature' in favour of 'To catch the treasure' in line 8 must be accepted as the poet's; but the tentative use of that piece of slang is interesting. The holograph first read

conveniently fit
To save the creature. "Best in all the town!"
He said, and smack'd his lips.

The Irish term for whisky was probably more classical slang for any intoxicant in Keats's day than at present; but there is a certain good taste in his rejection of it as his own (or Lucy Vaughan Lloyd's) utterance in the character of narrator.

XLVIII. As a sample of haste, one may note that in this stanza, where the holograph shows no genuine variation, three errors occur—'You' for 'Your' in line 3, 'my' for 'me' in line 4, and 'spone' for 'sponge' in line 9.

Your pulse is shocking, but I'll ease your pain."
"Fetch me that Ottoman, and prithee keep
Your voice low," said the Emperor; "and steep
Some lady's-fingers nice in Candy wine;
And prithee, Hum, behind the screen do peep
For the rose-water vase, magician mine!
And sponge my forehead,—so my love doth make me pine.

XLIX.

"Ah, cursed Bellanaine!" "Don't think of her,"
Rejoin'd the Mago, "but on Bertha muse;
For, by my choicest best barometer,
You shall not throttled be in marriage noose;
I've said it, Sire; you only have to choose
Bertha or Bellanaine." So saying, he drew
From the left pocket of his threadbare hose,
A sampler hoarded slyly, good as new,
Holding it by his thumb and finger full in view.

L.

"Sire, this is Bertha Pearl's neat handy-work,
Her *name*, see here, *Midsummer, ninety-one*."
Elfinan snatch'd it with a sudden jerk,
And wept as if he never would have done,
Honouring with royal tears the poor homespun;
Whereon were broider'd tigers with black eyes,
And long-tail'd pheasants, and a rising sun,
Plenty of posies, great stags, butterflies
Bigger than stags,—a moon,—with other mysteries.

LI.

The monarch handled o'er and o'er again
These day-school hieroglyphics with a sigh;

XLIX. In line 4 is a rejected reading,—'be confin'd in marriage noose'. In line 8 'clean, and' stands cancelled in favour of 'slyly'. For line 9 there are the tentative openings 'And held it' and 'And cried'.

L. Line 2 originally stood thus:

Her name, see here, May 13 92.

The date is struck out and 'Midsummer ninety-one' substituted. In line 8 'a great stag' stands cancelled in favour of 'great stags'.

LI. In the manuscript the first word of line 2 is unquestionably 'These': the 'Those' of the Houghton text is likely to be unauthorized. Line 3 has a cancelled opening: 'With tender s' (probably *sadness* was intended). In line 5 the

Somewhat in sadness, but pleas'd in the main,
Till this oracular couplet met his eye
Astounded—*Cupid I, do thee defy!*
It was too much. He shrunk back in his chair,
Grew pale as death, and fainted—very nigh!
"Pho! nonsense!" exclaim'd Hum, "now don't despair;
She does not mean it really. Cheer up hearty there!

LII.

"And listen to my words. You say you won't,
On any terms, marry Miss Bellanaine;
It goes against your conscience—good! Well, don't.
You say you love a mortal. I would fain
Persuade your honour's highness to refrain
From peccadilloes. But, Sire, as I say,
What good would that do? And, to be more plain,
You would do me a mischief some odd day,
Cut off my ears and hands, or head too, by my fay!

LIII.

"Besides, manners forbid that I should pass any
Vile strictures on the conduct of a prince
Who should indulge his genius, if he has any,
Not, like a subject, foolish matters mince.
Now I think on't, perhaps I could convince
Your Majesty there is no crime at all
In loving pretty little Bertha, since
She's very delicate,—not over tall,—
A fairy's hand, and in the waist why—very small."

LIV.

"Ring the repeater, gentle Hum!" "'Tis five,"
Said gentle Hum; "the nights draw in apace;

"oracular couplet" has the comma after 'I' instead of after 'Cupid' as in previous texts. Keats's own punctuation preserves what we editors failed to bring out, that Bertha's sampler made two lines of her defiance—

CUPID I
DO THEE DEFY.

In line 6 'he fell back on the couch' stands cancelled in favour of 'he shrunk back in his chair'.

LII. Line 2 was written

Marry Miss Bellanaine on any terms

but is marked for transposition as in the text.

LIV. In line 1 'Touch' is cancelled in favour of 'Ring'. In line 9 stands

The little birds I hear are all alive ;
I see the dawning touch'd upon your face ;
Shall I put out the candles, please your Grace?"
"Do put them out, and, without more ado,
Tell me how I may that sweet girl embrace,—
How you can bring her to me." "That's for you,
Great Emperor ! to adventure, like a lover true."

LV.

"I fetch her !"—"Yes, an't like your Majesty ;
And as she would be frighten'd wide awake
To travel such a distance through the sky,
Use of some soft manœuvre you must make,
For your convenience, and her dear nerves' sake ;
Nice way would be to bring her in a swoon,
Anon, I 'll tell what course were best to take ;
You must away this morning." "Hum ! so soon?"
"Sire, you must be in Kent by twelve o'clock at noon."

LVI.

At this great Cæsar started on his feet,
Lifted his wings, and stood attentive-wise.
"Those wings to Canterbury you must beat,
If you hold Bertha as a worthy prize.
Look in the Almanack—*Moore* never lies—
April the twenty-fourth,—this coming day,

cancelled (in favour of 'adventure') an illegible word which may be 'finesse' or perhaps the provincialism 'finegue', to dodge.

LV. In line 5 the holograph reads 'For your own convenience'. Between lines 5 and 6 there is a rejected opening, 'This very morning sire'; and of line 6 there is the cancelled variation—

Best way would be to cast her in a swoon.

LVI. Line 1 appears to have been intended at first to open with 'At this Augustus' instead of the reading actually adopted, 'At this great Cæsar'. In line 3 the first word seems to be 'Take': it certainly is not 'Those'. Probably the reading 'Take wing to Canterbury' was abandoned in composition and not properly altered. Of line 7 there is the charming but rejected reading

Now spreading its yo[u]ng bloom upon the sky.

In line 8 'ends' is struck out in favour of 'Will end'. Two rejected readings in this stanza are of unusual interest:

April the twenty fifth this very morn
Is sacred to St. Mark

and

Ends quiet in St Agnes E[ve].

Now breathing its new bloom upon the skies,
Will end in St. Mark's Eve ;—you must away,
For on that eve alone can you the maid convey."

LVII.

Then the magician solemnly 'gan frown,
So that his frost-white eyebrows, beetling low,
Shaded his deep-green eyes, and wrinkles brown
Plaited upon his furnace-scorched brow :
Forth from the hood that hung his neck below,
He lifted a bright casket of pure gold,
Touch'd a spring-lock, and there in wool, or snow
Charm'd into ever-freezing, lay an old
And legend-leaved book, mysterious to behold.

LVIII.

"Take this same book,—it will not bite you, Sire ;
There, put it underneath your royal arm ;
Though it's a pretty weight it will not tire,
But rather on your journey keep you warm :
This is the magic, this the potent charm,
That shall drive Bertha to a fainting fit !
When the time comes, don't feel the least alarm,
Uplift her from the ground, and swiftly flit
Back to your palace, where I wait for guerdon fit."

LIX.

"What shall I do with this same book?" "Why merely
Lay it on Bertha's table, close beside

LVII. In line 1 there is no trace of the word 'to' given in former editions before 'frown'. Of course "'gan frown' was what Keats meant. In line 2 'snow-white' is rejected for 'frost-white'. In line 4 'Weather beaten' is cancelled in favour of 'furnace-scorched'. Line 5 reads 'the hood' not 'his hood' as in previous editions. Line 6 has a cancelled beginning : 'He lifted a bright book'. Line 8 shows the hyphen between 'ever' and 'freezing'.

LVIII. Line 3 seems to have stood originally thus :

It is a pretty weight but will not tire,

with the cancelled word 'heft' before 'weight'; and line 5 has as a cancelled opening the words 'A Lover'. There is a rejected reading in line 6—'That shall make swoon at once', and a cancelled beginning for line 7, 'Do not'. In line 8 the opening 'But' of former editions is cancelled in favour of 'Up' before 'lift'; and in line 9 the words 'where I wait for guerdon fit', formerly wanting, are fortunately supplied.

LIX. It is not clear whether 'this' in line 1 has been changed into 'that' or 'that' into 'this'; but 'this same' is now substituted for the 'that same' of

Her work-box, and 'twill help your purpose dearly ;
I say no more." "Or good or ill betide,
Through the wide air to Kent this morn I glide!"
Exclaim'd the Emperor. "When I return,
Ask what you will,—I'll give you my new bride!
And take some more wine, Hum ;—O Heavens! I burn
To be upon the wing! Now, now, that minx I spurn!"

LX.

"Leave her to me," rejoin'd the magian :
"But how shall I account, illustrious fay!
For thine imperial absence? Pho! I can
Say you are very sick, and bar the way
To your so loving courtiers for one day ;
If either of their two archbishops' graces
Should talk of extreme unction, I shall say
You do not like cold pig with Latin phrases,
Which never should be used but in alarming cases."

LXI.

"Open the window, Hum ; I'm ready now!"
"Zooks!" exclaim'd Hum, as up the sash he drew,
"Behold, your Majesty, upon the brow
Of yonder hill, what crowds of people!" "Whew!
The monster's always after something new,"
Return'd his Highness, "they are piping hot
To see my pigsny Bellanaine. Hum! do
Tighten my belt a little,—so, so,—not
Too tight,—the book!—my wand!—so, nothing is forgot."

LXII.

"Wounds! how they shout!" said Hum, "and there,—
see, see!
The Ambassadors return'd from Pigmio!

previous editions as what I take to be Keats's intention. Line 4 reads 'Ask m no more' instead of the 'I say no more' of previous editions. In line 9 we rea 'my Bride' for 'that minx', which latter is doubtless a genuine reading fro another manuscript.

LX. In line 9 the holograph reads 'extremest' instead of 'alarming' (also n doubt an authentic revision).

LXI. Lord Houghton's editions read 'Where?' for 'Whew!' in line 4. ventured to substitute in 1883 the exclamation 'Whew!'—which the holograp now confirms.

LXII. In line 2 'Your Embassey' is cancelled for 'The Ambassadors'

The morning's very fine,—uncommonly!
See, past the skirts of yon white cloud they go,
Tinging it with soft crimsons! Now below
The sable-pointed heads of firs and pines
They dip, move on, and with them moves a glow
Along the forest side! Now amber lines
Reach the hill top, and now throughout the valley shines."

LXIII.

"Why, Hum, you're getting quite poetical!
Those *nows* you managed in a special style."
"If ever you have leisure, Sire, you shall
See scraps of mine will make it worth your while,
Tit-bits for Phœbus!—yes, you well may smile.
Hark! Hah! the bells!" "A little further yet,
Good Hum, and let me view this mighty coil."
Then the great Emperor full graceful set
His elbow for a prop, and snuff'd his mignonnette.

LXIV.

The morn is full of holiday; loud bells
With rival clamours ring from every spire;
Cunningly-station'd music dies and swells
In echoing places; when the winds respire,
Light flags stream out like gauzy tongues of fire;

Line 4 has 'that' cancelled for 'yon'. Of line 5 there is the rejected reading—

Tinging it with soft purples crimsons and a glow...

and of line 6 the rejected variation—

The sable heads of pointed firs and pines...

There is also a cancelled reading of line 7—

They dip and fill the forest with a glow.

In line 9 the manuscript has 'through' instead of 'throughout'. I am not sure Keats did not mean to read 'thorough'; but we must take the 'throughout' of previous editions as authentic.

LXIII. Line 2 has a rejected variant—

Those nows are brought with special style.

In line 4 'shall' stands in place of 'will'. In line 6 the second word is 'Hah'; which seems to me preferable to the repeated 'hark' of previous editions. Line 7 has a cancelled opening, 'Good Hum I wish'.

LXIV. The holograph reads 'was' for 'is' in line 1, 'rang' for 'ring' in line 2, 'came' for 'comes' in line 7, 'freckled' for 'freckles' in line 8, and 'belw' (sic) for 'blow' in line 9. The tenses of course had to be brought into harmony throughout the stanza; and *swells* and *respire*, being involved in the rhyme-scheme, could not give way. In line 5 'Stream go the flags' is cancelled for 'Light flags stream out'. In line 9 'lon[g]' is cancelled for 'keen'.

A metropolitan murmur, lifeful, warm,
Comes from the northern suburbs ; rich attire
Freckles with red and gold the moving swarm ;
While here and there clear trumpets blow a keen alarm.

LXV.

And now the fairy escort was seen clear,
Like the old pageant of Aurora's train,
Above a pearl-built minster, hovering near ;
First wily Crafticant, the chamberlain,
Balanc'd upon his grey-grown pinions twain,
His slender wand officially reveal'd ;
Then black gnomes scattering sixpences like rain ;
Then pages three and three ; and next, slave-held,
The Imaian 'scutcheon bright,—one mouse in argent field.

In connexion with this sixty-fourth stanza the following rejected phrases figur in the holograph :

And sneering / And smiling } lookd upon the busy scene...
The People...
The merry bells with rival...
The merry Bells with rival clamours rang
The flagstaffs [?] with their...
Freckled the moving populace, an alarm
Of Trumpets here and there...
Of gold and purple...

LXV. With this stanza again Keats seems to have taken some special pains probably inflamed by recollection of Guido's Aurora. The holograph indicates a more or less connected variants the following lines and words, mostly rejected :—

And now the fairy escort { coming / floating / floated } near
On splendid...
Like the full pageant of Aurora's train
Around the pearl built minster, hovering near ;
Sagacious Crafticant, the chamberlain,
Balanc'd upon his gray-grown pinions twain,
His slender wand official { slan'd wise held / held aslant
Then pages fluttering two and two
Then black-gnomes scattering sixpences like rain
Upon the Populace ; and next { slave-held / upheld
The Imaian 'scutcheon Bright—Six mice in silver field.

All this was struck out save the one word 'field' (misspelt 'fild'). The wor 'By' was also cancelled before 'The Imaian' ; and before the eighth and ninth lines of the established text were arrived at, Keats wrote and rejected

Next pages two and two, and next, slave-held,
The Imaian 'scutcheon bright,—one mouse in { silver / golden } field.

LXVI.

Gentlemen pensioners next; and after them,
A troop of winged Janizaries flew;
Then Slaves, as presents bearing many a gem;
Then twelve physicians fluttering two and two;
And next a chaplain in a cassock new;
Then Lords in waiting; then (what head not reels
For pleasure?)—the fair Princess in full view,
Borne upon wings,—and very pleas'd she feels
To have such splendour dance attendance at her heels.

LXVII.

For there was more magnificence behind:
She wav'd her handkerchief. "Ah, very grand!"
Cry'd Elfinan, and clos'd the window-blind;
"And, Hum, we must not shilly-shally stand,—
Adieu! adieu! I'm off for Angle-land!
I say, old Hocus, have you such a thing
About you,—feel your pockets, I command,—
I want, this instant, an invisible ring,—
Thank you, old mummy!—now securely I take wing."

LXVIII.

Then Elfinan swift vaulted from the floor,
And lighted graceful on the window-sill;
Under one arm the magic book he bore,
The other he could wave about at will;
Pale was his face, he still look'd very ill:

LXVI. Line 2 shows 'flying' cancelled in favour of 'winged'. Line 3 has 'pages' inserted and cancelled after 'Then' and 'shoulder-worn' (?) cancelled after 'Slaves'.

LXVII. In line 3 the holograph reads 'shut' for 'clos'd'. In line 5 the homelier 'Good bye' is rejected for 'Adieu'; and lines 6 and 7 show the rejected variant—

have you such a thing
In your old jewish pocket.

LXVIII. Line 6 shows the rejected reading 'bow'd to' for 'bow'd at' in the stanza as finally settled; but before settling it there was much debate, as thus:

So saying he vaulted to the window sill
And standing like a little Mercury...
So saying he vaulted { nimbly / lightly } from the floor
And lighted graceful on the window sill.
"Hum you must laugh with me, I know you will
"More wine, old Boy! well mind it dose'nt [*sic*] spill.

To make Elfinan not only use Lady Byron's pet-name at the close of this stanza, but also quote Rex Lord's renowned 'Farewell', was rather hard on Byron.

He bow'd at Bellanaine, and said—"Poor Bell!
Farewell! farewell! and if for ever! still
For ever fare thee well!"—and then he fell
A laughing!—snapp'd his fingers!—shame it is to tell!

LXIX.

"By'r Lady! he is gone!" cries Hum, "and I—
(I own it)—have made too free with his wine;
Old Crafticant will smoke me. By the bye—
This room is full of jewels as a mine,—
Dear valuable creatures, how ye shine!
Sometime to-day I must contrive a minute,
If Mercury propitiously incline,
To examine his scrutoire, and see what 's in it,
For of superfluous diamonds I as well may thin it.

LXX.

"The Emperor's horrid bad; yes, that's my cue!"
Some histories say that this was Hum's last speech;
That, being fuddled, he went reeling through
The corridor, and scarce upright could reach
The stair-head; that being glutted as a leech,
And us'd, as we ourselves have just now said,
To manage stairs reversely, like a peach
Too ripe, he fell, being puzzled in his head
With liquor and the staircase: verdict—*found stone dead.*

LXIX. In line 1 in place of 'By'r Lady!' the holograph has 'By larkin' with the *r* cancelled and an apostrophe above. There is not the remotest doubt that what Keats meant to write and decided to reject was *By'r la'kin*, i.e. *By our Ladykin=By our Small Lady.*

LXX. In line 5 'like' is cancelled in favour of 'as' after 'glutted', and in line 7 'descend' in favour of 'manage'. In line 9 two readings have been cancelled for that of the text, namely, 'and reach [*sic*] the bottom dead'—and,—'found at the bottom dead!' 'Stairs' seems to have been originally written and then altered into 'Staircase'. Moreover, there is a separate tentative version of the greater part of the stanza, in which lines 1, 3 and 4 of the text do duty without variation. The second line was originally written

Some histories say that these were Hum's last words

but it is altered to the reading of the text. Line 5 reads

The Sta[i]rhead; that being juice ripe as a peach

and line 7

He gain'd the Landing, and (as we have said,

where 'Red...' and 'Gaining' both stand cancelled at the beginning and 'Stair head' is struck out for 'Landing'. Then follows an incomplete line

Being usd [*sic*] to decend [*sic*] Backwards

LXXI.

This as a falsehood Crafticanto treats ;
And as his style is of strange elegance,
Gentle and tender, full of soft conceits,
(Much like our Boswell's,) we will take a glance
At his sweet prose, and, if we can, make dance
His woven periods into careless rhyme ;
O, little faery Pegasus ! rear—prance—
Trot round the quarto—ordinary time !
March, little Pegasus, with pawing hoof sublime !

LXXII.

Well, let us see,—*tenth book and chapter nine*,—
Thus Crafticant pursues his diary :—
"'Twas twelve o'clock at night, the weather fine,
Latitude thirty-six ; our scouts descry
A flight of starlings making rapidly
Towards Thibet. Mem. :—birds fly in the night ;
From twelve to half-past—wings not fit to fly
For a thick fog—the Princess sulky quite
Call'd for an extra shawl, and gave her nurse a bite.

LXXIII.

" Five minutes before one—brought down a moth
With my new double-barrel—stew'd the thighs

LXXI. The opening of this stanza exercised Keats considerably, to judge by the evidence of the holograph. The following openings are rejected :—

But Crafticant { entirely denies / denies this out and out
And as he has an elegance of style
Gentle, imaginative...
This Crafticanto as a blunder treats
This Crafticanto out and out { refutes / denies
And as his style is pure and elegant,
Gentle, imaginative, full of soft conceits
(Much like our Cowley's).

LXXII. Here the holograph seems to indicate a rejected heading for this section of Crafticant's diary, thus—

Well, let us see,—*tenth book and chapter nine*,—
Desert of Gobi.

(See stanza lxxiv.) In line 2 we read 'History' instead of 'diary'. No stop appears after 'quite' in line 8; and probably the semicolon of previous editions is wrong.

LXXIII. At the end of line 2 'ribs', 'loin' and 'legs' in the manuscript all stand cancelled in favour of 'thighs'. Line 7 was originally

She frown'd, and tried to beat my face and eyes

but is altered to the reading of the text.

And made a very tolerable broth—
Princess turn'd dainty ;—to our great surprise,
Alter'd her mind, and thought it very nice :
Seeing her pleasant, try'd her with a pun,
She frown'd ; a monstrous owl across us flies
About this time,—a sad old figure of fun ;
Bad omen—this new match can't be a happy one.

LXXIV.

"From two till half-past, dusky way we made,
Above the plains of Gobi,—desert, bleak ;
Beheld afar off, in the hooded shade
Of darkness, a great mountain (strange to speak),
Spitting, from forth its sulphur-baken peak,
A fan-shap'd burst of blood-red, arrowy fire,
Turban'd with smoke, which still away did reek,
Solid and black from that eternal pyre,
Upon the laden wind that scantly could respire.

LXXV.

"Just upon three o'clock a falling star
Created an alarm among our troop,

LXXIV. The reading, in line 1, 'till' instead of the 'to' of previous editions is from the holograph, where 'darkling' stands cancelled in favour of 'dusky'. Of line 4 there is the rejected variant :

Of Darkness a Volcano's smoke and reek,

which also has 'fiery' written and cancelled above 'smoke'. Line 6 has 'flames' cancelled for 'fire'. In line 7 'swarthy' is cancelled before 'smoke'. In line 9 we read 'wind', not 'winds' as in previous editions. There is also a rejected line—

Upon the laden heavy-laden wind.

The holograph shows moreover the following tentative version of the greater part of the stanza

At two o'clock we pass
From two till half past, { darkling way we made / made our darkling way }
Above the plains of Gobi desolate
Beheld aflar [*sic*] off in the hooded Shade
Of Darkness a { peak'd mountain / Volcano, vast and great }
Sending
Spitting from forth its nitrous peak elate
A fan-shap'd burst of bloodred arrowy fire
Turban'd with monstrous clouds.

LXXV. The manuscript has a cancelled opening of line 4 : 'Three Pl' (*Plate* no doubt). In line 8 'Saw a Bat,—' stands cancelled in favour of 'A large bat'

Kill'd a man-cook, a page, and broke a jar,
A tureen, and three dishes, at one swoop,
Then passing by the Princess, singed her hoop:
Could not conceive what Coralline was at,
She clapp'd her hands three times and cry'd out 'Whoop!'
Some strange Imaian custom. A large bat
Came sudden 'fore my face, and brush'd against my hat.

LXXVI.

"Five minutes thirteen seconds after three,
Far in the west a mighty fire broke out,
Conjectur'd, on the instant, it might be,
The city of Balk—'twas Balk beyond all doubt:
A Griffin, wheeling here and there about,
Kept reconnoitring us—doubled our guard—
Lighted our torches, and kept up a shout,
Till he sheer'd off—the Princess very scar'd—
And many on their marrow-bones for death prepar'd.

LXXVII.

"At half-past three arose the cheerful moon—
Bivouack'd for four minutes on a cloud—
Where from the earth we heard a lively tune
Of tambourines and pipes, serene and loud,
While on a flowery lawn a brilliant crowd
Cinque-parted danc'd, some half asleep reposed
Beneath the green-fan'd cedars, some did shroud
In silken tents, and 'mid light fragrance dozed,
Or on the open turf their soothed eyelids closed.

LXXVIII.

"Dropp'd my gold watch, and kill'd a kettledrum—
It went for apoplexy—foolish folks!—

There is a rejected opening to line 9, 'He sheer'd off to the right—'; and 'fore' is written above 'in'; but the latter seems not to be cancelled, as if the preposition were under consideration.

LXXVI. In line 3 'at the time' is cancelled in favour of 'on the instant', and in line 4 'without' in favour of 'beyond'. In line 5 'Drag[on]' is rejected for 'Griffin'.

LXXVII. Of line 3 there is a rejected variant—

Where from the earth a most melodious tune...

In line 9 'green' stands cancelled in favour of 'turf'.

LXXVIII. In line 5 there is no stop after 'favour': the semicolon of previous editions is no doubt wrong. Line 8 seems to have stood thus originally;

When at poor Corraline she 'gan to huff.

Left it to pay the piper—a good sum—
(I've got a conscience, maugre people's jokes ;)
To scrape a little favour 'gan to coax
Her Highness' pug-dog—got a sharp rebuff—
She wish'd a game at whist—made three revokes—
Turn'd from myself, her partner, in a huff ;
His majesty will know her temper time enough.

LXXIX.

"She cry'd for chess—I play'd a game with her—
Castled her king with such a vixen look,
It bodes ill to his Majesty—(refer
To the second chapter of my fortieth book,
And see what hoity-toity airs she took).
At half-past four the morn essay'd to beam—
Saluted, as we pass'd, an early rook—
The Princess fell asleep, and, in her dream,
Talk'd of one Master Hubert, deep in her esteem.

LXXX.

"About this time,—making delightful way,—
Shed a quill-feather from my larboard wing—
Wish'd, trusted, hop'd 'twas no sign of decay—
Thank heaven, I'm hearty yet !—'twas no such thing :—
At five the golden light began to spring,
With fiery shudder through the bloomed east ;
At six we heard Panthea's churches ring—
The city all her unhiv'd swarms had cast,
To watch our grand approach, and hail us as we pass'd.

LXXXI.

"As flowers turn their faces to the sun,
So on our flight with hungry eyes they gaze,
And, as we shap'd our course, this, that way run,

LXXIX. In line 5 the manuscript reads 'whims and vagaries' instead of 'hoity-toity airs'. In line 6 'began' stands instead of 'essayed', and 'break' is cancelled in favour of 'beam'. In line 9 'what can this mean' is cancelled in favour of 'deep in her esteem'.

LXXX. Line 2 shows the rejected variation 'I shed a feather'. Line 6 has a cancelled opening 'Into the'. Before 'shudder' two words, seemingly 'gleaming' and 'tremulous', have been cancelled in favour of 'fiery', and 'upward through the dark' is cancelled for 'through the bloomed East'. Line 8 reads 'her' for the 'his' of previous editions.

LXXXI. In line 2 the manuscript had originally 'gaz'd' which stands altered into 'gaze'. In line 4 'hand-joined' is rejected in favour of 'hand-clasp'd', and in line 5 'through the air' in favour of 'in the air'.

With mad-cap pleasure, or hand-clasp'd amaze ;
Sweet in the air a mild-ton'd music plays,
And progresses through its own labyrinth ;
Buds gather'd from the green spring's middle-days,
They scatter'd,—daisy, primrose, hyacinth,—
Or round white columns wreath'd from capital to plinth.

LXXXII.

"Onward we floated o'er the panting streets,
That seem'd throughout with upheld faces paved ;
Look where we will, our bird's-eye vision meets
Legions of holiday ; bright standards waved,
And fluttering ensigns emulously craved
Our minute's glance ; a busy thunderous roar,
From square to square, among the buildings raved,
As when the sea, at flow, gluts up once more
The craggy hollowness of a wild reefed shore.

LXXXIII.

"And 'Bellanaine for ever!' shouted they,
While that fair Princess, from her winged chair,
Bow'd low with high demeanour, and, to pay
Their new-blown loyalty with guerdon fair,
Still emptied, at meet distance, here and there,
A plenty horn of jewels. And here I
(Who wish to give the devil her due) declare
Against that ugly piece of calumny,
Which calls them Highland pebble-stones not worth a fly.

LXXXIV.

"Still 'Bellanaine!' they shouted, while we glide
'Slant to a light Ionic portico,
The city's delicacy, and the pride
Of our Imperial Basilic ; a row
Of lords and ladies, on each hand, make show
Submissive of knee-bent obeisance,
All down the steps ; and, as we enter'd, lo!
The strangest sight—the most unlook'd-for chance—
All things turn'd topsy-turvy in a devil's dance.

LXXXV.

"'Stead of his anxious Majesty and court
At the open doors, with wide saluting eyes,

Congées and scape-graces of every sort,
And all the smooth routine of gallantries,
Was seen, to our immoderate surprise,
A motley crowd thick gather'd in the hall,
Lords, scullions, deputy-scullions, with wild cries
Stunning the vestibule from wall to wall,
Where the Chief Justice on his knees and hands doth crawl.

LXXXVI.

"Counts of the palace, and the state purveyor
Of moth's-down, to make soft the royal beds,
The Common Council and my fool Lord Mayor
Marching a-row, each other slipshod treads;
Powder'd bag-wigs and ruffy-tuffy heads
Of cinder wenches meet and soil each other;
Toe crush'd with heel ill-natur'd fighting breeds,
Frill-rumpling elbows brew up many a bother,
And fists in the short ribs keep up the yell and pother.

LXXXVII.

"A Poet, mounted on the Court-Clown's back,
Rode to the Princess swift with spurring heels,
And close into her face, with rhyming clack,
Began a Prothalamion;—she reels,
She falls, she faints! while laughter peels
Over her woman's weakness. 'Where!' cry'd I
'Where is his Majesty?' No person feels
Inclin'd to answer; wherefore instantly
I plung'd into the crowd to find him or to die.

LXXXVIII.

"Jostling my way I gain'd the stairs, and ran
To the first landing, where, incredible!
I met, far gone in liquor, that old man,

LXXXV. Previous editions read 'scrape-graces' in line 3 of this stanza.

LXXXVIII. The final turned commas printed at the close of this stanza in Lord Houghton's editions of course belong to the fourth line, where they mark the end of the long extract from Crafticant's journal. Lord Houghton notes that "No more was written." It is worth pointing out that the words 'The sequel of this day', by no means unnoteworthy, occur almost literally in a very noble context in Tennyson's 'Morte d'Arthur'. The rejected 'Ask me no more' in stanza lix is equally noteworthy as an "anticipated cognition" of one of the late Laureate's exquisite lyric openings.

That vile impostor Hum,——"
So far so well,—
For we have prov'd the Mago never fell
Down stairs on Crafticanto's evidence;
And therefore duly shall proceed to tell,
Plain in our own original mood and tense,
The sequel of this day, though labour 'tis immense!

* * * *

LINES SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ADDRESSED TO FANNY BRAWNE.

THIS living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou would[st] wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience-calm'd—see here it is—
I hold it towards you.

These lines were written in the margin of a page of the holograph manuscript of 'The Cap and Bells', and were published in my sixth one-volume edition of Keats's Poetry (1898).

SONNET.

Written on a Blank Page in Shakespeare's Poems, facing A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

BRIGHT star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

Lord Houghton, whose work of 1848 ends with this sonnet, records that, after Keats had embarked for Italy he "landed once more in England, on the Dorsetshire coast, after a weary fortnight spent in beating about the Channel; the bright beauty of the day and the scene revived the poet's drooping heart, and the inspiration remained on him for some time even after his return to the ship. It was then that he composed that sonnet of solemn tenderness,

'Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art', &c.

and wrote it out in a copy of Shakespeare's Poems he had given to Severn a few days before. I know of nothing written afterwards."

The copy of Shakespeare's Poetical Works had been given to Keats by John Hamilton Reynolds; and from Keats it passed to Severn, who is responsible for the description of it as a folio, adopted by Mr. Colvin. It is now in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke, and is in fact a copy of the royal 8vo edition "printed for Thomas Wilson, No. 10, London-House-yard, St. Paul's", in 1806. This sonnet is written upon the verso of the fly-title to 'A Lover's Complaint'. Being written high up on the page, it faces a space of equal size containing no words except the boldly printed heading of Shakespeare's poem, 'A Lover's Complaint', as if in that mournful moment Keats desired to appropriate to his last poetic utterance a style and title already immortal. Lord Houghton gives a variant of the last line—

Half-passionless, and so swoon on to death.

As there is no trace of this in the Shakespeare, there must have been another manuscript—perhaps a pencilled draft—and it is to be presumed that the words 'fall and swell' in line 11 of Lord Houghton's text occurred in that,—'swell and fall', the reading of the Shakespeare, being in that case an error of transcription on Keats's own part. The poem is stated by Mr. Colvin ('Keats,' page 301) to have been written on the night of the 28th of September 1820. No authority is adduced; but the sonnet cannot possibly have been written many days from that date. Severn communicated it to the editor of 'The Union Magazine', who published it with Severn's letter in February 1846.

ESSAYS AND NOTES.

The miscellaneous prose writings of Keats as given in the Library Edition of his works in 1883 consisted of the two articles on Edmund Kean gathered in from 'The Champion' newspaper of the year 1817, the *marginalia* from the Shakespeare folio of 1808 in Sir Charles Dilke's collection, the Notes on Milton's 'Paradise Lost' given from a copy of that work in the same collection, but of which some had appeared in 'The Dial' and some in 'The Athenæum', and the paper entitled "A Now, Descriptive of a Hot Day", written by Leigh Hunt with Keats's help, and published in 'The Indicator.' Lord Houghton had made it clear in the 'Life, Letters' &c. that Keats wrote the two articles in 'The Champion' as acting dramatic critic to the paper in the absence of Reynolds, who held that post. In 1888, while the second issue of the Library Edition and the supplementary book called 'Poetry and Prose by John Keats' were in preparation, it transpired from letters then unpublished that Keats wrote for 'The Champion' two other theatrical criticisms, one on 'Retribution, or the Chieftain's Daughter,' the other on 'Don Giovanni,' a Pantomime, and further that he was the author of a review, in 'The Examiner,' of Reynolds's 'Peter Bell, a Lyrical Ballad,' which appeared in 1819. These three essays attained, by a bibliographical chance, the dignity of an *editio princeps*; for, before they were gathered into either the second Library Edition, the 'Poetry and Prose,' or any other book, they were reprinted as an elegant little independent volume, thus entitled :—

THREE ESSAYS

BY

JOHN KEATS

"'I think,' he said humbly, 'I shall be among the English poets after my death.' He is; he is with Shakespeare"

MATTHEW ARNOLD

LONDON

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION

1889

The volume is a crown quarto consisting of fourteen leaves, a frontispiece, and a wrapper. On the recto of the first leaf is the certificate "Of this book only fifty copies have been printed." The second leaf is a half-title reading "Three Essays,"

with blank verso. The frontispiece is a photo-sculpture from the life-mask of Keat
The title-page has the Chiswick Press imprint on the verso. The fourth leaf ha
a preface printed on both sides. The fifth, eighth, and eleventh are half-titles t
the three Essays, with blank versos; the Essays occupy the sixth, seventh, ninth
tenth, twelfth and thirteenth leaves; and the fourteenth bears on the recto a larg
oval mark of the Chiswick press (lion, anchor and dolphin), with imprint belov
The book is printed on a French hand-made paper and enclosed in a wrapper of gre
paper (also French and hand-made), on the first page of which the title is repeated
Examples with the wrapper in a proper state are of extreme scarcity, a Londo
book-seller having acquired nearly all the fifty copies and had them made up i
thin boards to which the wrappers were pasted. The little book is printed i
Messrs. Whittingham's best style, and is more sightly, though far less interesting
than the posthumous *editio princeps* of the 'Other Version of Hyperion
described at page 170 of the present volume. Further details connected wit
these Essays and Marginalia will be found in the foot-notes to the several pieces.

H. B. F.

ESSAYS AND NOTES.

I.

ON EDMUND KEAN AS A SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR.

"In our unimaginative days,"—Habeas Corpus'd as we are out of all wonder, curiosity, and fear;—in these fireside, delicate, gilded days,—these days of sickly safety and comfort, we feel very grateful to Mr. Kean for giving us some excitement by his old passion in one of the old plays. He is a relict of romance; a posthumous ray of chivalry, and always seems just arrived from the camp of Charlemagne. In Richard he is his sword's dear cousin; in Hamlet his footing is germain to the platform. In Macbeth his eye laughs siege to scorn; in Othello he is welcome to Cyprus. In Timon he is of the palace—of Athens —of the woods, and is worthy to sleep in a grave "which once a day with its embossed froth, the turbulent surge doth cover."

I. This paper appeared in 'The Champion' for Sunday the 21st of December 1817. The expression "his reappearance in Richard" must not be construed as having any reference to the subject of the second paper; and the ascertainment of the external facts seemed to me worthy of research. Kean had played Richard III. at Drury Lane on the last night of the previous season, the 20th of June 1817; and, after the reopening of the theatre on the 6th of September, he had reappeared in the part on the 6th of October. Keats's brothers did not leave him for Devonshire till December, and he could not be telling them of that performance as a piece of news: nevertheless, writing to them on the 28th of December a letter hitherto dated (editorially) the 22nd, he said—"I saw Kean return to the public in Richard III., and finely he did it, and at the request of Reynolds I went to criticise his Duke in Rich[ar]d. The critique is in to day's 'Champion,' which I send you..." It is this sentence, by the bye, that settles the date of the letter, 'Richard Duke of York' not having appeared till Monday the 22nd of December, and the notice of it being in the next Sunday's paper, and written after much thought and study. The opening of the second paragraph of the present critique points to an absence of Kean's through one of his "illnesses" between his reappearance in Richard III. early in the season and that "return to the public" in the same great *rôle*, concerning which Keats wrote to his brothers. Genest records no performances of Kean's between the 30th of October 1817 and those of the week in which, as stated by Keats, he appeared in 'Richard III.' and 'Riches'; and, during the interval, Macbeth and other great parts of Kean's were taken by other actors at Drury Lane: one of these was a *débutant* named David Fisher, "whom", according to a note on a play-bill in the British Museum, "the Com-

For all these was he greeted with enthusiasm on his re-appearance in Richard; for all these his sickness will ever be a public misfortune. His return was full of power. He is not the man to "bate a jot." On Thursday evening he acted Luke in "Riches," as far as the stage will admit, to perfection.[1] In the hypocritical self-possession, in the caution, and afterwards the pride, cruelty, and avarice, Luke appears to us a man incapable of imagining to the extreme heinousness of crimes. To him they are mere magic-lantern horrors. He is at no trouble to deaden his conscience. Mr. Kean's two characters of this week, comprising as they do, the utmost of quiet and turbulence, invite us to say a few words on his acting in general. We have done this before, but we do it again without remorse. Amid his numerous excellencies, the one which at this moment most weighs upon us, is the elegance, gracefulness, and music of elocution. A melodious passage in poetry is full of pleasures both sensual and spiritual. The spiritual is felt when the very letters and points of charactered language show like the hieroglyphics of beauty; the mysterious signs of our immortal free-masonry! "A thing to dream of, not to tell!" The sensual life of verse springs warm from the lips of Kean, and to one learned in Shakespearian hieroglyphics—learned in the spiritual portion of those lines to which Kean adds a sensual grandeur

mittee had imported to keep Kean down." The Museum play-bills afford positive evidence on the absence alluded to by Keats: Kean was announced to play Richard III. on Monday the 24th of November; but, on account of the great tragedian's "*sudden* illness", Maywood took the part. In 'The Morning Post' of the following day was a letter from Kean stating that he "apprised the managers on the 23rd he should not be able to appear." On the 6th of December it was announced that "The Historical Play of Richard Duke of York" was "postponed on account of Mr. Kean's continued and severe indisposition." The announcement for Monday the 15th of December was as follows:—"Mr. Kean will have the honour of resuming his professional duties this evening, when he will perform the character of Richard the Third." It must be to that performance that Keats refers.

[1] The Thursday on which Keats saw Edmund Kean perform in 'Riches,' a very properly forgotten piece, was the 18th of December 1817. Mr. Walkley describes the play as "a clumsy bowdlerization by Sir James Bland Burges of Massinger's 'City Madam.'" 'Riches, or the Wife and Brother,' was first produced at Drury Lane on the 3rd of February 1810, with Raymond as Luke, and then played fourteen times, "a respectable 'run' in 1810," says Mr. Walkley. Kean's first performance in the part of Luke was at his own benefit at Drury Lane on the 25th of May 1814. Macready played the part at his benefit at Bath on the 18th of February 1815; and it was his success in this, his first Bath season that brought him his first London engagement. Kean played Luke once more at Drury Lane after Keats's death, namely on the 13th of February 1822. It was no doubt because the play was not even a new *réchauffé* that Keats, occupied a few days later with the theme of old play-names *versus* new, did not call attention to this particular instance of the inferiority of the new, 'Riches, or the Wife and Brother' to the old, 'The City Madam, a Comedie.'

his tongue must seem to have robbed the Hybla bees and left them honeyless! There is an indescribable *gusto* in his voice, by which we feel that the utterer is thinking of the past and future while speaking of the instant. When he says in Othello "Put up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them," we feel that his throat had commanded where swords were as thick as reeds. From eternal risk, he speaks as though his body were unassailable. Again, his exclamation of "blood, blood, blood!" is direful and slaughterous to the deepest degree; the very words appear stained and gory. His nature hangs over them, making a prophetic repast. The voice is loosed on them, like the wild dog on the savage relics of an eastern conflict; and we can distinctly hear it "gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb." In Richard, "Be stirring with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk!"[1] comes from him, as through the morning atmosphere, towards which he yearns.[2] We could cite a volume of such immortal scraps, and dote upon them with our remarks—but as an end must come, we will content ourselves with a single syllable. It is in those lines of impatience to the night who, "like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp so tediously away." Surely this intense power of anatomizing the passions of every syllable, of taking to himself the wings[3] of verse, is the means by which he becomes a storm with such fiery decision; and by which, with a still deeper charm, he does his spiriting gently. Other actors are continually thinking of their sum-total effect throughout a play. Kean delivers himself up to the instant feeling, without a shadow of a thought about anything else.

[1] Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
King Richard III., Act v, Scene 3.

[2] In Professor Colvin's 'Keats,' the passage ending here is quoted; and, *apropos* of an expression in one of Keats's letters, about "Hazlitt's depth of Taste" being one "of three things to rejoice at in the present age," Mr. Colvin says pertinently: "This mention of the name of Hazlitt brings us to another intellectual influence which somewhat powerfully affected Keats at this time. On the liberal side in politics and criticism there was no more effective or more uncertain free lance than that eloquent and splenetic writer, with his rich, singular, contradictory gifts, his intellect equally acute and fervid, his temperament both enthusiastic and morose, his style at once rich and incisive. The reader acquainted with Hazlitt's manner will easily recognise its influence on Keats in the fragment of stage criticism above quoted. Hazlitt was at this time delivering his course of lectures on the English poets at the Surrey Institution, and Keats was among his regular attendants. With Hazlitt personally, as with Lamb, his intercourse at Haydon's and elsewhere seems to have been frequent and friendly, but not intimate: and Haydon complains that it was only after the death of Keats that he could get Hazlitt to acknowledge his genius."

[3] The word 'wings' has hitherto been printed as 'airings'; but the expression 'the airings of verse' seems to me an impossible one. Keats may have written 'strings' indistinctly, or even 'springs'; but 'wings' would most easily be mistaken in the printing-house for 'airings' and makes by far the finest sense.

He feels his being as deeply as Wordsworth, or any other of our intellectual monopolists. From all his comrades he stands alone, reminding us of him, whom Dante has so finely described in his Hell:

"And sole apart retir'd, the Soldan fierce."[1]

Although so many times he has lost the battle of Bosworth Field, we can easily conceive him really expectant of victory, and a different termination of the piece. Yet we are as moths about a candle in speaking of this great man.

"Great, let us call him, for he conquered us!"

We will say no more. Kean! Kean! have a carefulness of thy health, a nursing regard for thy own genius, a pity for us in these cold and enfeebling times! Cheer us a little in the failure of our days! for romance lives but in books. The goblin is driven from the hearth, and the rainbow is robbed of its mystery.[2]

II.

ON KEAN IN "RICHARD DUKE OF YORK."

THE Committee of Drury Lane have thought proper to give the name of Richard to the last born of that ancient house, without considering that they have a child still living who bears the same title. A confusion has very naturally arisen in the minds of those who have been introduced to both as to *which is which*,

[1] Cary's Dante, 'Inferno,' Canto iv, line 126.

[2] See note at page 29 of Volume II, on the passage in 'Lamia' beginning with line 231—

There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:

it is curious that Keats should have taken this idea into the stock of his conversation within a week after publishing it.

II. The article on Kean in 'Richard Duke of York' appeared in 'The Champion' for Sunday the 28th of December 1817, as already stated. Keats had evidently attended the first performance; but he does not seem to have known who it was that had done the work of snipping up the three parts of King Henry VI. and throwing some of them together again; nor can I learn that positive knowledge on this point has come down to the present day. By way of illustrating Keats's most serious attempt at professional criticism, it seems worth while to give here, from 'Some Account of the English Stage' (Volume VIII), Genest's analysis of the compilation-play in which Kean appears to have been so striking,—a play which, though printed in 1817 and preserved in the British Museum Library, is not likely to be consulted by the general reader. The analysis is as follows:—

"[Drury Lane 22nd Decr. 1817.] First time. Richard Duke of York, or the Contention of York and Lancaster—compiled from Shakespeare's three parts of Henry 6th—Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York=Kean: King Henry VIth=Maywood: Gloucester=Holland: Cardinal Beaufort=Pope: Mortimer=Powell: Somerset=S. Penley: Suffolk=Rae: Old Lord Clifford=Bengough:

and we will venture to say that more than half the spectators believe, in the innocence of their hearts, that there are not two Duke Richards, but one Duke Richard. "'Tis yet to know" with many that this same Duke of York is the father of their old, savage, crafty, and courageous favourite, Richard the Third. The present ingenious compilation, or rather the essence of three of Shakespeare's historical dramas, only throws us back into the breaking of the stormy day of the Lancastrian strife. We have on the stage been used to the noontide of the struggle, and to its tempestuous night. It is the morning of the Plantagenets: the white rose is but just budding on the tree, and we have known it only when it was wide dispersed and flaunting in the busy air, or when it was struck, and the leaves beat from the stem. Perhaps there is not a more interesting time in history than this pelican strife, for it has a locality which none of us can misstate, at the same time that it relishes of romance in its wildness and chivalrous encounters. We read of royal deeds of valour and endurance, and of the personal conflicts between armed and youthful princes, under

Young Clifford = Wallack: Buckingham = T. P. Cooke: Salisbury = R. Phillips: Warwick = Barnard: Vernon = Fisher: Horner = Wewitzer: Peter = Knight: Jack Cade = Munden: Dick = Oxberry: Queen Margaret = Mrs. Glover:—the bill was foolishly printed with the names of the performers only—acted 7 times.

"Act 1st begins with the scene in the Temple Garden—then follows the scene in the prison—Mortimer, instead of dying on the stage, is borne off—Plantagenet speaks a soliloquy, 20 lines of which are from Chapman—both these changes are for the worse—the latter part of this scene did not require the slightest alteration—scene 3d—the Parliament—the contention between Vernon and Clifford (or as Shakespeare calls them Vernon and Basset) is improperly omitted in representation—when the king, &c. go out, Shakespeare's short scene is foolishly eked out with 18 lines from Chapman—these scenes are from the first part of Henry 6th—then follows the 1st scene of the 2d part, badly altered.

"Act 2d begins with the petitioners—the scene is foolishly changed from the palace to a wood—and some sad stuff is added to Peter's part—scene 2d, the Council room—after some few short speeches, Gloucester enters and says—

'Now, lords, my choler being overblown'

this is wrong, as Gloucester's choler and the reasons of it have been both omitted—the whole, or a part of the reproaches made to Gloucester should have been retained, and then Gloucester (without going out) might have replied—

'As for your spightful false objections,
Prove them and I lie open to the law:
But Heav'n in mercy, &c.'

Horner and Peter are brought in guarded—it would have been better to have omitted these 2 characters entirely—and Buckingham might have entered, as he now does—Gloucester in Shakespeare says—

'Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,' &c.

—this speech is with much impropriety given to the King.

"Act 3d begins with the low characters in rebellion—then follows the 2d scene in Shakespeare's 3d Act—York speaks what belongs to Warwick, and 6 lines from

waving and crested banners, till we might almost think the most knightly days were come again; but then we read of Tewkesbury and Gloucester, and of cities and towns which lie all about us, and we find the most romantic occurrences realized in our minds. What might almost have been deemed an airy nothing acquires at once a local habitation and a name. The meeting with such places as the Temple Hall and Crosby House flatly contradicts the half-formed notion that "'Tis but our fantasies," and we readily "let belief take hold of us." We have no doubt but that Shakespeare intended to have written a complete dramatic history of England, for from Richard the Second to Richard the Third the links are unbroken. The three parts of Henry VI. fall in between the two Richards. They are written with infinite vigour, but their regularity tied the hand of Shakespeare. Particular facts kept him in the high road, and would not suffer him to turn down leafy and winding lanes, or to break wildly and at once into the breathing fields. The poetry is for the most part ironed and manacled

Webster, badly brought in—Warwick speaks what belongs to Salisbury—this change is not only unnecessary, but improper—it was evidently made for the sake of giving more importance to Kean's part—York, who was no friend to Gloucester, is here represented as extremely zealous in his cause—besides, York was at this time in Ireland—the act concludes with Beaufort's death.

"Act 4th begins with a short scene which would have been better omitted—in the 2d scene when Cade, &c. enter, about 2 pages are inserted from Crowne—this was not necessary—scene 3d is omitted in representation, but it ought to have been retained, as otherwise it does not appear what becomes of Jack Cade—scene 4th, York enters and speaks 6 lines from Chapman—scene 5th—in Shakespeare the king says—

'See Buckingham! Somerset comes with the Queen,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke'

these lines should have been retained, as without them the Queen's first speech is not to the purpose—the 4th and 5th scenes are taken from the 1st scene of Shakespeare's 5th Act—scene 6th—the field of battle near St. Alban's—some lines are omitted, because Cibber has introduced them into his Richard 3d—for that very reason they ought to have been retained—the act closes with the King, Queen and Young Clifford.

"Act 5th begins with the 1st scene of the 3d part—divided into 2 scenes and badly altered—scene 3d, Sandal Castle—the characters of Edward and Richard Plantagenet are improperly omitted—in Shakespeare York doubts whether they ought to meet the Queen in the field as they have only 5000 men—Richard replies

'Ay, with 500, *father*, for a need,
A woman's general; What should we fear?'

in the alteration, this speech is absurdly given to York, who addresses it to Salisbury——scene 4th & 5th—a field of battle—Clifford kills Rutland behind the scenes—York enters wounded and bleeding—in his soliloquy, Shakspeare's simile of the swan would have been better omitted—York dies, and the play ends——there is a field at no great distance from the ruins of Sandal Castle, which is still pointed out by tradition as the precise spot where the Duke of York was killed.

"Love's Labour's Lost is the only one of Shakespeare's plays, which has not been performed, in some shape or other since the Restoration—even the 1st part of

with a chain of facts, and cannot get free; it cannot escape from the prison house of history, nor often move without our being disturbed with the clanking of its fetters. The poetry of Shakespeare is generally free as is the wind—a perfect thing of the elements, winged and sweetly coloured. Poetry must be free! It is of the air, not of the earth; and the higher it soars the nearer it gets to its home. The poetry of "Romeo and Juliet," of "Hamlet," of "Macbeth," is the poetry of Shakespeare's soul—full of love and divine romance. It knows no stop in its delight, but "goeth where it listeth"—remaining, however, in all men's hearts a perpetual and golden dream. The poetry of "Lear," "Othello," "Cymbeline," &c., is the poetry of human passions and affections, made almost ethereal by the power of the poet. Again, the poetry of "Richard," "John," and the Henries is the blending the imaginative with the historical: it is poetry!—but often times poetry wandering

Henry 6th was acted once at C. G.—Mch 13 1738—Crowne revived the 2d and 3d parts with very material alterations—see D. G. 1681—Cibber compressed the History of Henry 6th into one play—see D. L. July 5 1723—the compiler of the modern play ought, as far as the history is concerned, to have followed the example of Crowne or T. Cibber—instead of which he finishes his play without any conclusion to the History of Henry 6th—it is true that he calls his piece Richard Duke of York, but this is so far from being an excuse, that it is in reality an aggravation of the impropriety of which he has been guilty—his preface makes it pretty plain why this lame and impotent conclusion was adopted—his grand object was to get Kean to play the Duke of York—he knew that Bottom the weaver would not play Pyramus, unless Pyramus were made decidedly the superior part—and he did not dare to add an act, or an act and a half, after Kean was dead—he acknowledges that Shakespeare has drawn the early part of Richard the third's character in a masterly manner—yet he has omitted all those scenes—he has with much want of judgment foisted in passages from Chapman, &c., whereas Shakespeare's materials were so ample, that the only difficulty lay, in selecting his best scenes and compressing them within 5 acts—the compiler says he is not aware of any instance in which the language of Shakespeare has been altered, except where the reason for alteration was obvious and decisive—the fine scene, in which Cardinal Beaufort dies, is so perfect, that not a letter should have been changed—— the Cardinal says—

> 'Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
> Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.'

the modern editor has had the temerity to alter 'the apothecary' to 'that wretched slave'—on the whole this alteration of Shakespeare's plays is a bad one, yet some things are done well, and Richard Duke of York deserved much better success than it met with——it appears from a note, that several passages, which had been retained by the compiler, were omitted in the representation.

"Jan. 3. Richard Duke of York 3d time. Jack Cade=Harley."

The abbreviations *C. G.*, *D. G.*, and *D. L.*, in this extract stand, of course, for *Covent Garden*, *Dorset Gardens*, and *Drury Lane*. With reference to Keats's remark on the continuity of Shakespeare's Historical Plays, it is worth noting that the strange faction of heretics who hold Bacon to be the author make a great point of the omission of Henry VII, the history of whose reign was detailed in large but very unshakespearian prose by the great philosopher.

on the London Road. We hate to say a word against a word of Shakespeare's, and we can only do so by comparing himself with himself. On going into the three parts of "Henry the Sixth" for themselves, we retract all dispraise and accusation, and declare them to be perfect works.[1] Indeed, they are such. We live again in the olden time. The Duke of York plucks the pale rose before our eyes. Talbot stands before us majestic, huge, appalling—"in his habit as he lived." Henry, the weak, careless, and good Henry, totters palpably under his crown. The Temple Hall is in our sight. By way of making some reparation for having put these plays last in our estimate, and for the real pleasure of contradicting the critical remarks which we in our petty wisdom have urged, and for the simple and intense delight we take in copying and feeding upon noble passages in Shakespeare, we will here give one of the speeches of Richard Duke of York, which is in itself rich enough to buy an immortality for any man :—

> "Oft have I seen a corse from whence the ghost
> Hath 'timely parted, meagre, pale, the blood
> Being all descended to the labouring heart;
> Who in the conflict that it holds with death,
> Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
> Which with the heart, then cools, and ne'er returneth
> To blush and beautify the cheek again.
> But see—his face is black and full of blood:
> His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
> Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
> His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
> His hands abroad displayed, like one that grasp'd
> And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
> Look on the sheets—his hair you see is sticking,
> His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
> Like to the summer corn by tempest lodged.
> —Oh! those soft natural deaths, that are joint-twins
> To sweetest slumber! No rough-bearded comet
> Glares on thy mild departure—the dull owl
> Beats not against thy casement—the hoarse wolf
> Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse
> While horror waits on princes."

We haste now to look at the manner in which this compilation has been made, for we feel that criticism has no right to purse its little brow in the presence of Shakespeare.

[1] This sentence, in which by the bye the word 'retract' has hitherto been misprinted 'extract', shows how seriously Keats had taken the work of appraising Kean and tracing his relations to the true spirit of Shakespeare: he had evidently, in the interval between witnessing the performance and writing his article, reread the fifteen acts of 'King Henry VI.' with care. No wonder that he had to apologize to his brothers for not sending a long letter to Teignmouth for them that week!

He has, to our relief, very few imperfections, and perhaps these might vanish from our minds, if *we* had the perfection properly to scan them. The play, as it is compressed, is most interesting, clear, and vigorous. It bears us from the beginning to the middle of that tremendous struggle, and very properly stops at the death of the first of the Richards. Richard, Duke of York, has all the quickness, resolution, and ability, which would naturally exist in a man that was inwardly stirred to wrestle for the crown. He has not that rushing stream of thoughts and purposes which characterized Richard III., his son, who was born in the cause of an aspiring father; and with all the excitement of a parent's and a brother's death urging him on. The individuality of Shakespeare's character is most strongly exemplified in the two Richards;—but in what is it not? Perhaps the faults of the compilation are these:—First, the characters are too hastily introduced and despatched, and their language clipped too closely. They are "curtailed of their fair proportions." Jack Cade and his rabble are put into strait-waistcoats, as a body might say, and the armourer and his man are cut short in their dispute most abruptly and unsatisfactorily. We see nothing of Talbot, and missing him is like walking among the Elgin Marbles and seeing an empty place where the Theseus had reclined. In the next place the poetry is too much *modernized*.[1] We speak of it as we heard it. Again, the events are not harmonized well, and Shakespeare felt that they could not be put together in less than fifteen acts, "and we would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds." The present play appears to go on by fits and starts, and to be made up too much of unmatchable events. It is inlaid with facts of different colour, and we can see the cracks which the joiner's hand could not help leaving.

After these little objections, all our observations on this compilation are full of praise.

Great ingenuity is displayed, and we should think Kean had a hand in it.[2] The author has extracted veins of gold from a

[1] In this passage as hitherto printed we have the words 'the party is too much *modernized*'. I have ventured to substitute 'poetry' for 'party' because I feel sure that that is what Keats wrote: otherwise there is no sense in his 'We speak of it as we heard it',—which also, by the way, seems to indicate that he had not studied the "book of the words," as altered from Shakespeare.

[2] Keats may have *known* this and merely obeyed the *etiquette* of his temporary craft in not saying so decidedly. If that is the case, there may have been no author "to speak of" outside William Shakespeare and Edmund Kean; indeed the British Museum catalogue tentatively ascribes the work to Kean. That Kean did have "a hand in it," and a preponderant one, is certain. In an obscure publication called, 'The Theatrical Inquisitor and Monthly Mirror' for August 1818, in a voluminous report of a meeting held by the proprietors of Drury Lane theatre, the course of a somewhat controversial discussion shows that "Mr. Kean had made a

huge mine, and he is liberal enough to share it with other people. The workings of Richard's mind are brought out as it were by the hand of the anatomist, and all the useless parts are cut away and laid aside.

But with all we fear the public will not take the obligation as it is meant, and as it ought to be received. The English people do not care one fig about Shakespeare,—only as he flatters their pride and their prejudices. We are not sure that this has not been remarked before, though we do not remember where; nevertheless it is our firm opinion. But let us say a few words of the actors.

Kean stands like a tower. He is "all power, passion, self-will." His animations flow from his lips as "musical as is Apollo's lute."

It is impossible to point out any peculiar and little felicities where the whole piece of acting is of no mingled web. If we were to single a favourite part, we should choose that in which he parts with his son, young Rutland, just before the battle. It was pathetic to oppression. Our hearts swelled with the feeling of tears, which is a deeper feeling than the starting of them in the eye. His tongue lingered on the following passage as fondly as his eyes clung to the object which occasioned them, and as tenderly as the heart dwells and dotes upon some long-loved object:—

> "Bring in my dear boy, Rutland.
> [*Enter* RUTLAND *with attendants.*
> My darling! let me kiss thee ere I go—
> I know not if I e'er shall see thee more.
> If I should fall, I leave thee to thy brothers,
> All valiant men; and I will charge them all,
> On my last blessing, to take care of thee,
> As of their souls."[1]

stipulation at the commencement of last season, that every new piece in which he was to perform, was to be got up under his management"; and a document entitled 'Mr. Kean's Manifesto,' reprinted in the same periodical for October 1819 from 'The Sunday Monitor,' contains the words—"By my articles I must be manager on the nights on which I play." Kean's rights clearly included that of dictating the arrangement of such a compilation as that criticized by Keats. Who, if anybody, helped him is another question. From the report referred to above it seems that five pieces "got up" under the terms of the agreement "had failed." The five pieces appear to have been 'Richard Duke of York,' 'The Bride of Abydos' adapted from Byron's poem by one Dimond, Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta' adapted by S. Penley, an Actor in the Drury Lane Company, Home's 'Douglas' (played three times), and Shakespeare's 'King John' (played three times). It is possible that Penley tinkered the three parts, of 'King Henry VI.' into 'Richard Duke of York' under Kean's directions and subject to his revision. In the final announcement of the production of the piece, which had been postponed from the 6th to the 22nd of December on account of Kean's illness (see note at pages 229-30 *ante*), it is said that the play "will be produced under the Direction of Mr. Kean."

[1] Kean's delivery of this passage probably still haunted Keats in the summer of

His death was very great. But Kean always "dies as erring men do die." The bodily functions wither up, and the mental faculties hold out till they crack. It is an extinguishment, not a decay. The hand is agonized with death; the lip trembles with the last breath, as we see the autumn leaf thrill in the cold wind of evening. The very eye-lid dies. The acting of Kean is Shakespearian—he will fully understand what we mean. There is little to be said of the rest. Pope as a *Cardinal* (how aptly chosen) balances a red hat.[1] Holland wears insipid white hair, and is even more insipid than the hair that he carries. Rae plays the adulterous Suffolk, and proves how likely he is to act amiss. Wallack, as young Clifford, "towers above his sex." Mr. Maywood is more miserable in Henry VI. than winters or wet nights, or Death on a pale horse, or want of money, or deceitful friends, or any other crying evil.

The comic parts are sadly mangled, owing to illness of Munden and Oxberry. Jack Cade dies of a lock-jaw, and Dick the butcher is become a grave man. Mrs. Glover chews the blank verse past endurance; her comedy is round and comfortable; her tragedy is worse than death.[2]

1819 when he was writing 'Otho the Great,' in the fifth act of which (all his own —Brown not interfering) he makes the great warrior Otho, in his anxiety about his mad and dying warrior-son, break out almost like a woman—

Why will ye keep me from my darling child?

No father will say that the feeling expressed, in the situation depicted, is contrary to nature; but all will admit that the degree of what Walt Whitman called *let go* is most unusual. I have little doubt that the touch was derived from this Shakespearian hint—the 'darling' being, however, still literally a child in that case.

[1] The Pope here mentioned had, like his great fore-runner of that patronymic, the baptismal name of Alexander; and letters signed by him occasionally delude the unwary autograph-collector. Rae, Wallack, Maywood, Munden, Oxberry and Mrs. Glover are all more or less known to fame. The allusion to 'Death on a pale horse' needs a word of explanation, derivable from Keats's own letters of this period. Writing to his brothers on Sunday the 28th of December 1817, he says—"I spent Friday evening with Wells, and went next morning to see 'Death on the Pale Horse.' It is a wonderful picture when West's age is considered; but there is nothing to be intense upon ... in this picture we have unpleasantness without any momentous depth of speculation excited, in which to bury its repulsiveness. The picture is larger than 'Christ rejected.'" It is clear that Keats might have done excellent occasional work as an art-critic, though it would not have been wholly to the taste of Sir Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy.

[2] Hunt, at a much later date, used the term 'cosey' to describe the *differentia* of this actress's comedy. Although Mrs. Glover, who lived till 1850, attained to great accomplishment in her particular line, Keats was not alone in finding it difficult to be interested in her tragedy, especially when she was playing on the same boards with Kean. 'The Theatrical Inquisitor' for November 1818 gives a vivid account of what took place at the revival of 'The Distrest Mother,' in which Mrs. Glover played the eponymous part of Andromache to Kean's Orestes. The

One thing we are convinced of on looking over the three parts of *Henry*, from which this play is gleaned; which is, that Shakespeare was the only lonely and perfectly happy creature God ever formed. He could never have a mate,—being most unmatchable.

III.

ON "RETRIBUTION, OR THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER,"

A Tragedy

Acted at Covent Garden Theatre.

WHAT exquisite names did our old dramatists christen their plays withal! The title of an old play gives us a direct taste and surmise of its inwards, as the first lines of the Paradise Lost smack of the great Poem. The names of old plays are Dantean inscriptions over the gates of hell, heaven, or purgatory. Some of such enduring pathos that in these days we may not for decency utter them, 'honor dishonorable'—in these days we may but think of passion's seventh heaven, and but just mention how crystalline the third is. The old dramatists and their title pages are old Britain kings and their provinces. The fore page of a love play was ever "to Cupid's service bowed," as "The Mad Lover," "The Broken Heart"—or spake its neighbourhood to the "shores of old romance," as "The Winter's Tale," "Two Noble Kinsmen."

writer says "his peculiar excellence has no opportunity of displaying itself, till the last scene, and this is fully equal to any piece of acting we have ever witnessed: on this single scene, does the revival of the tragedy rest all its claims to public favour. This is uniformly received with shouts of applause and the enthusiastic approbation it excites, betrays the audience into the monstrous indecency of requiring the curtain to fall on the death of *Orestes*, without permitting the tragedy to be finished... Mrs. Glover's performance of *Andromache*, though, perhaps not totally free from defect, certainly merits a more gracious reception than to be interrupted and broken off, ere completed."

III. This notice appeared in 'The Champion' for Sunday the 4th of January 1818, under the editorship of John Scott. It is not nearly so striking as that of 'Richard Duke of York' and does not seem to indicate that Keats would have been greatly successful if he had seriously attempted to trammel his genius by undertaking periodical hack work. He needed before all things a subject to his mind. The printing is very inexact; and I have not thought it requisite to reproduce every trifling inaccuracy. The chance by which the poet came to do this trifling task was that already mentioned—the absence of Reynolds, whose business it was to do it: the chance by which we came to know of the episode was that Keats's brothers were at Teignmouth, and he mentioned the matter to them in a letter which has survived—that of the 5th of January 1818. (See Letters.) 'Retribution, or the Chieftain's Daughter' was produced at Covent Garden on the

The title of the play newly acted at Covent Garden set us thinking of these affairs. It had been long announced, and is called "Retribution, or the Chieftain's Daughter." Now this is most wretched; an unpardonable offence, so *sans pareilly*,[1] so inferior to Mrs. Radcliffe, so germain to a play-bill at a fair, that we will say no more about it for fear prejudice and indignation should carry us butt against the main body of the work to try whose skull is hardest. The scene lies in Persia among "kingdoms of the sun." Varanes, king of Persia (Mr. Young), we learn, in conspiracy with his elder son Chosroo (Mr. Macready), had some time ago murdered his King and brother, for the sake of his Crown and Sceptre. It appears that Varanes tutored his son into the crime, and the son has the dreadful audacity to be continually holding a rod over his parent on account of the secret. This filial coercion as it touches upon Zimia the chieftain's daughter (Miss O'Neill) begets the most leading features, and the greater number of speeches in the piece. Varanes has a younger son Hamed (Mr. C. Kemble), who is quite a contrast to Chosroo, being mild, gentle, and compassionate; and likewise most lionlike in his just wrath. These two contra-distinguished brothers are desperately in love with Zimia, whose father, Suthes (Mr. Terry), the tyrannical Chosroo had first driven into rebellion, by an improper behaviour to his daughter, afterwards conquered, and, sticking to the old proverb, talks of their being his slaves: he is opposed by Hamed—and thus one rut the carriage makes may

1st of January 1818, and it was then, of course, that Keats saw it. Genest (Volume viii) says—"This is an indifferent play by Dillon." Macready, who played Chosroo, the villain of the piece, thought more highly of it. "On the 1st of January 1818," he says ('Reminiscences,' 1875, Volume i, page 159), "a new tragedy was produced at Covent Garden. The author, John Dillon, a very young man, was the librarian of Dr. Simmons of Paddington, famous for a very splendid collection of valuable books. With great promise of dramatic power, as evinced in this his first essay, he wisely left the poet's 'idle trade' for the more lucrative pursuits of commerce, and became partner in the well-known firm of Morrison, Dillon & Co. His play was called *Retribution*, the chief weight of which, in a very powerful character, Varanes, was on Young's shoulders. Miss O'Neill, Charles Kemble, Terry, and myself were his supporters, the villain of the story falling of course to me. It was acted 9 nights, and tended to establish me more firmly in public opinion as the undisputed representative of the disagreeable." It was in the course of those nine days that Macready, brandishing a battle-axe in the green-room, broke a pier-glass worth £100. He offered to pay for a new one, but was let off very lightly by Manager Harris—that Bob Harris who "came out with his old humble opinion" when Keats, as related to his brothers in the letter of the 5th of January 1818 already referred to, met him on the steps of his theatre on the night of this first performance of 'Retribution' and "had a good deal of curious chat" with him.

[1] This curious coinage may be more intelligible today if translated into *adelphiish*. The Sans Pareil was a minor theatre not licensed to play legitimate drama, and afterwards called the Adelphi.

be explored with all expostulations pro and con between the fathers, sons, courtiers; moreover if the imaginer thinks in[1] certain common-places about virtue and vice—virtue's footstool, and vice's ugly face, he will not be much out of the way. This Chosroo also has a great mind to displace his father by some means; however he is saved that trouble, for unluckily for Hamed during a perilous discourse between him and the King concerning the murder, the King is so overcome by "retribution" as to fall down in a fainting fit, not before his raving had called towards the room some gentlemen of the Court, who immediately apprehend Hamed for the murder of his father. In consequence Chosroo becomes sovereign, goes on in a most barefaced manner, and even when it is supposed his dead father is lying in state before him on his throne, he condemns Hamed, Suthes, and Zimia to death; they keep on moralizing and etiquetting upon who shall die, until in rushes Varanes, and turns the tables completely upon Chosroo who, instead of these innocents, is led off to execution. There was a scene about a nosegay between Zimia, Hamed, and Suthes. We thought this most poetical part of the play tedious, dull and bad. Some few expressions we caught at as poetical, such as in speaking of a waterfall, "cool enjoyments," with others of the like, could we recollect them. We have an idea too that the simile about autumn is fine. On the whole, however, it is full of improbabilities and common-place language so that to refer it to any standard of excellence, it must be sear'd like—

> A scribbled form, drawn with a pen
> Upon a parchment.

In comparison with second rate, or rather no rate authors, we may say it is ten folios from Otway, and one-third as good as Rowe. If the author is young[2] and has a wide chasm to fill up with achievement, and at the same time gives up writing such common-place as we find in this his first trial, he need not care what is said for or against in the public prints.

Miss O'Neill does a very fine thing[3] about the third act, which cheers one up a little; we will not explain it, that those who go

[1] The transitive verb to think in, parallel to the verb to read in when one talks of words or meanings imported into a text, is unusual, but doubtless what Keats wrote.

[2] He was (see Macready's statement in the note on page 241); and it is no unfair to suspect that Keats knew it. If he did, the employment of this metho of speech again would lend probability to the suggestion (page 237, foot-note) tha he *knew* Edmund Kean to have had a hand in the Shakespearian compilatio 'Richard Duke of York, or the Contention of York and Lancaster.'

[3] This considerateness for contemporary play-goers was great bad-luck for us c to-day, who would give much for what would probably have been the best piece c criticism in this paper.

may also have the pleasure of surprise. Mr. C. Kemble kept us in very good temper. Mr. Young's acting we do not like, and therefore will not offend his numerous admirers with any remarks. Mr. Terry's talents have never been appreciated. Finally, we think the average excellence of the verse of this play, and the average excellence of the Covent Garden talent tragedian much upon a par, both for sentiment and pronunciation: more finally, that Miss O'Neill, and Mr. Kean are your only people to give music to the C. and S.

IV.

ON "DON GIOVANNI," A PANTOMIME

Acted at Drury Lane Theatre.

Don Giovanni after having been wire drawn for many years past at the neighbour theatres, made a pet of at the Surrey, and fiddled away to hell at the Italian Opera, has found its way into the Drury-lane pantomime for the Christmas of 1817-18. Your great antiquaries now would pronounce his whole history from the day of his birth to this present, not omitting the gradual changing of his hair from flaxen to black, nor any little choice conversation or riddle-me-ree between him and his nursery maid on the day he was breeched; nor how

IV. The notice of 'Don Giovanni,' appeared simultaneously with the criticism of 'Retribution,' in 'The Champion' for Sunday the 4th of January 1818; and the evidence of its authorship is the letter to George and Thomas Keats mentioned in the foot-note at page 240 on 'Retribution.' This fourth paper must be deemed inferior to any of the others, because it makes no attempt to deal with the subject. Mr. Walkley, whose help will be apparent in these notes, writes to me deprecatingly—and I interject *crede experto*!—"But just you try to criticize a pantomime!" Of this particular pantomime, 'Don Giovanni,' he opines that the production took place on boxing-night, that is to say the 26th of December 1817. The author's name does not appear to have come down to us; and Genest does not even mention the performance. On the 12th of April 1817 Mozart's opera 'Don Giovanni' had been produced at the King's Theatre, and had been criticized by William Hazlitt in 'The Times' of the following Saturday, the 19th of April. According to 'The Drama; or Theatrical Pocket Magazine' for November 1821, Mozart's opera "ran through the whole season with the greatest applause, proving the most profitable speculation that house had entered into for many years. Since this, *Don Juan* has appeared on the English stage in various forms from a serious opera to a ballet, pantomime and burlesque, and has been played at every theatre in the metropolis. We have had him in London [at the Olympic and Drury Lane]... In the Country [at the Cobourg]... On horseback [at Astley's]... He has also been turned into an Harlequin [at Drury Lane]—and last of all *a Vampire* [at the Adelphi]." The fact that the Don was the Harlequin of the

fond he was of rabbits, and pigeons, and cockchaffers, and moo-cows, and hunt the slipper, nor how he volunteered among the little tambour workers for weeks and weeks, so breathing in an intoxicating air, sucking in poison from a sampler, and forgetting himself at a red morocco slipper. Unfortunate Don! unthinkingly didst thou treasure up the forms of things in thine imagination—the storm, the fatal storm was mustering by little and little till it burst to the utter astonishment of a certain fair playmate. Then were his eyes opened, he forgot his kite, his top, and what is more his knitting needles—for now that happy time was gone where with a luxurious patience he would frame and fashion delicately a pair of garters for a being made of light. Aye happy and yet not happy was that May morning on which the young Giovanni and the fair Silentilla walked forth—but this is no place for a fairy tale; suffice it to say, that in consequence, has the poor youth been thrown into Tartarus from every stage in Europe, to the great delight of greater part of the male audience from a spirit of rivalry, jealousy, and certain other things which do haunt the heads and hearts of men, and to the retrospective compassion of the more soft and pitying spectators: he has, say they—

> ——"Bought golden opinions—
> Which s[h]ould be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Not cast aside so soon."

In the course of the pantomime Punch and Judy with their family were introduced: an illustrious house, of which the pranks and witty squeaking are more popular than Giovanni himself; and it would not be an useless or uninstructive speculation to enquire why and wherefore. In the first place if the Don is well made, Punch is ill made; if the Rake has a dozen mistresses, Punch has his Judy, who has the charms of a dozen in her summed up—if the former has a confident stamp, the latter has the neatest jerk of the left leg; if the former has his quizzing glass the latter has his ladle. The Commentators have started a variety of frivolous objections to this entertaining hunchback; those of Stephanio[1] one turns

piece witnessed by Keats is about the only solid extraneous record we have on the subject. Of the various parodies of 'Don Giovanni' the most successful appears to have been W. T. Moncrieff's 'Giovanni in London,' produced at Bath in 1820 (Genest, Volume ix), then transferred by Elliston to Drury Lane and subsequently to the Olympic. It had an enormous run, partly on its merits—for it was good enough to be praised by Charles Lamb in 'The Examiner,' and partly, says Mr Walkley, "on the merits of Madame Vestris's legs." I have even seen a carefully executed coloured print, I think by George Cruikshank, of a scene from this piece.

[1] Presumably 'Stephanio' is intended to represent none other than George Steevens, Dr. Johnson's collaborator in the work of editing the plays of

from disgusted, seeing that in his discourse concerning the wife Judy, he has punned upon the word *Lemon*. Malonius has objected to the bit of black ribbon which confines his pigtail, calling it an unapt contrast to the white powder, and saying moreover that it is a plagiarism from the chess board, the origin of which and that of the Punch family he thinks intimately connected. Theobaldio, Warburtonio, and many more make such like stands against all common sense and decency, with a blind sort of pertin[a]city, as if they were to seal the book of fame and remain unassailable by after critics. To answer these gentlemen separately would be to count the grains in a bushel of corn: to have a doubt of their vanity would be to take a hawk for a handsaw. One particular however may as well be noticed. Much cavilling has arisen concerning which of the ruined damsels shed the most tears, and to settle this matter we must turn, as naturally as horse to manger, towards tradition, from which we glean that three had black eyes, one blue, three hazel, six grey, and eight brown; s there any thing to be resolved on from this? One almost fears to say again we find from the secret memoirs of a lady-bird, the measurement the crique and breadth of their respective dimples: some ten, some twenty, some thirty paces across: yet this affords no clew to anything like probability. One of them, however, we learn, was in a few particulars distinct from the rest, and she we think must have been the most tearful unfortunate. Her finger nails were touched with the faintest crimson, like the heart of a maiden's blush; and if you did not suddenly snatch her into your vision, you might suppose that the fair roundure of her fingers reached back to heaven and faded into the milky way. She never plucked a lily but once.

As to the pantomime, be it good or bad, a child should write a critique upon it. We were pleased knowing how much better it ought to be—a child's is the eulogy—and that not merely in pantomimes.

Shakespeare, called by Gifford "the Puck of Commentators." Keats certainly possessed a copy of one of Johnson and Steevens's editions; and it passed at his death into the hands of Severn. The book was of considerable interest, being, it is said, annotated by Keats in manuscript. At Severn's death it passed to his medical attendant, a Dr. Valeriani of Rome; and, when he in turn was gathered to his fathers, it was purchased and resold for export to America. I did not see it, and do not know its present resting-place. Edmund Malone, Lewis Theobald, the original hero of 'The Dunciad,' and William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, author of the Commentary on Pope's 'Essay on Man' and of a dissertation on the hero of 'The Dunciad,' prefixed when Theobald gave place to Colley Cibber,—all wear their disguises too thinly, almost, to need identification.

V.

REVIEW OF JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS'S "PETER BELL, A LYRICAL BALLAD."

THERE have been lately advertised two books, both *Peter Bell* by name: what stuff one of them was made of may be seen by the motto,—"I am the real Simon Pure."—This false Florimel has hurried from the press, and obtruded herself into public notice, while, for ought we know, the real one may be still wandering about the woods and wildernesses. Let us hope she may soon appear, and make good her right to the Magic Girdle.

The pamphleteering Archimage, we can perceive, has rather a splenetic love, than a downright hatred, to real Florimels; he has, it seems, a fixed aversion to those three rising Graces, Alice Fell, Susan Gale, and Betty Foy; and now especially to Peter Bell, the fit Apollo.

It is plainly seen by one or two passages in this little skit, that the writer of it has felt the finer parts of Mr. WORDSWORTH'S poetry, and perhaps expatiated with his more remote and sublimer Muse. This, as far as it relates to *Peter Bell*, is unlucky: the more he may love the sad embroidery of the *Excursion*, the more will he hate the coarse sample[r]s of Betty Foy and Alice Fell; and, as they come from the same hand, the better will he be able to imitate that which we see can be imitated, to wit, *Peter Bell*, as far as that hero can be imagined

V. The story of John Hamilton Reynolds's brilliant squib, 'Peter Bell, a Lyrical Ballad,' was agreeably told by Keats in the latter half of April 1819 in a long letter to George and his wife, wherein the draft of this review appears. (See Letters.) The review itself was published in 'The Examiner' for Sunday the 25th of April 1819, and reappeared in the issue of Monday the 26th. Some of the variations from the draft seem to me to indicate that Keats himself made changes in copying it; but it is probable that Hunt is responsible for some of the alterations. Reynolds's 'Peter Bell' ("the ante-natal Peter," as Shelley called it) is a scarce pamphlet, although there were three editions of it in a very short time. It is no longer out of currency; for it was reprinted, *totidem verbis*, as an appendix to the third volume of my Library edition of Shelley's Poetical Works,—the volume containing *Peter Bell the Third*. In the genesis of that poem, it now appears, Keats took part; for it was this review, with Hunt's notice a week later of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, that so amused Shelley as to induce him to contribute to the *Bell* literature. The title-page of Reynolds's jeu d'esprit reads thus—"PETER BELL. A LYRICAL BALLAD. 'I do affirm that I am the REAL SIMON PURE.' *Bold Stroke for a Wife.* LONDON: PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY, 93, FLEET STREET. 1819." There is a page of advertizements at the end, wherein 'Endymion' is offered for sale at 9*s*. This page is dated "April, 1819," in the first and second editions, and "May, 1819," in the third.

from his obstinate name. We repeat, it is very unlucky: this Simon Pure is in points the very man: there is such a pernicious likeness in the scenery, such a pestilent humour in the rhymes, and such an inveterate cadence in some of the stanzas. If we are one part amused with this, we are three parts sorry that any one who has any appearance of appreciating WORDSWORTH, should show so much temper at this really provoking name of *Peter Bell.*

The following are specimens of the Preface and the Poetry:—

It is now a period of one-and-twenty years since I first wrote some of the most perfect compositions (except certain pieces I have written in my later days) that ever dropped from poetical pen. My heart hath been right and powerful all its years. I never thought an evil or a weak thought in my life. It has been my aim and my achievement to deduce moral thunder from buttercups, daisies*, celandines, and (as a poet, scarcely inferior to myself, hath it) "such small deer." Out of sparrows' eggs I have hatched great truths, and with sextons' barrows have I wheeled into human hearts, piles of the weightiest philosophy.

* * * * * * * * * *

My Ballads are the noblest pieces of verse in the whole range of English poetry: and I take this opportunity of telling the world I am a great man. Milton was also a great man. Ossian was a blind old fool. Copies of my previous works may be had in any numbers, by application at my publisher.

* * * * *

He hath a noticeable look †,
This old man hath—this grey old man;
He gazes at the graves, and seems,
With over waiting, over wan,
Like Susan Harvey's ‡ pan of creams.

'Tis Peter Bell—'tis Peter Bell,
Who never stirreth in the day;
His hand is wither'd—he is old!
On Sundays he is us'd to pray,
In winter he is very cold §.

I've seen him in the month of August,
At the wheat-field, hour by hour,
Picking ear,—by ear,—by ear,—

* A favourite flower of mine. It was a favourite with Chaucer, but he did not understand its moral mystery as I do,

"Little Cyclops, with one eye."
Poems by ME.

† "A noticeable man with large grey eyes."
Lyrical Ballads.

‡ Dairy-maid to Mr. Gill.

§ Peter Bell resembleth Harry Gill in this particular:

"His teeth they chatter, chatter, chatter."

I should have introduced this fact in the text, but that Harry Gill would not rhyme. I reserve this for my blank verse.

Through wind,—and rain,—and sun,—and shower,
From year,—to year,—to year,—to year.

You never saw a wiser man,
He knows his Numeration Table;
He counts the sheep of Harry Gill ||,
Every night that he is able,
When the sheep are on the hill.

Betty Foy—*My* Betty Foy,
Is the aunt of Peter Bell;
And credit me, as I would have you,
Simon Lee was once his nephew,
And his niece is Alice Fell || ||.

He is rurally related;
Peter Bell hath country cousins,
(He had once a worthy mother)
Bells and Peters by the dozens,
But Peter Bell he had no brother.

Not a brother owneth he,
Peter Bell he hath no brother;
His mother hath no other son,
No other son e'er call'd her mother;
Peter Bell hath brother none.

|| Harry Gill was the original proprietor of Barbara Lewthwaite's pet-lamb; and he also bred Betty Foy's celebrated poney, got originally out of a Night-mare, by a descendant of the great Trojan horse.

|| || Mr. Sheridan, in his sweet poem of the critic, supplies one of his heroes with as singularly clustering a relationship.[1]

VI.

A NOW, DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY;

Written by Leigh Hunt with Keats's Help.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming

[1] These extracts were almost certainly not transcribed by Keats. They are so essentially accurate that they were in all probability set up from the pamphlet itself, or from portions of it cut out for the purpose. It is only in some half-a-dozen instances that it has been necessary to restore the punctuation of the original. The word 'a' before 'Night-mare', in the note on Harry Gill, seems to have been dropped out accidentally in 'The Examiner.'

VI. Hunt says in his Autobiography (one volume edition, page 274), speaking of 'The Indicator,' "the paper that was most liked by Keats, if I remember, was

forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence: that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as "I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler,"—or "I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good-looking and the lady in good-humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says "Ah—men can talk fast enough;" upon which the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, "So can women too for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and doats on the repartee all the day after. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road side, are thick with dust; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with

the one on a hot summer's day, entitled *A Now*. He was with me while I was writing and reading it to him, and contributed one or two of the passages." The greator part of the paper is so much in the taste and humour of Keats that I can scarcely err in adding its slight bulk to the scanty relics we have of his prose, outside the fortunate mass of his letters. The paper appeared in 'The Indicator' for the 28th of June 1820,—the number which had on its last page the sonnet on a Dream (page 16 of this volume).

powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish into their cool corners, and say millions of "My eyes!" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through hay-fields, by chance; and the latter say, "Ha' done then, William;" and the overseer in the next field calls out to "let thic thear hay thear bide;" and the girls persist, merely to plague "such a frumpish old fellow."

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin-canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of it's box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a water-pipe let out, and see it bubbling away in a tall and frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounger, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buck-skins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in great coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage coach, hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing, but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated: and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats:

and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and coblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread? and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

We cannot conclude this article however without returning thanks, both on our own account and on that of our numerous predecessors who have left so large a debt of gratitude unpaid, to this very useful and ready monosyllable—"Now." We are sure that there is not a didactic poet, ancient or modern, who if he possessed a decent share of candour would not be happy to own his acknowledgments to that masterly conjunction, which possesses the very essence of wit, for it has the talent of bringing the most remote things together. And it's generosity is in due proportion to it's talent, for it always is most profuse of it's aid, where it is most wanted.

We must enjoy a pleasant passage with the reader on the subject of this "eternal Now" in Beaumount and Fletcher's play of the Woman Hater.—Upon turning to it, we perceive that our illustrious particle does not make quite so great a figure as we imagined; but the whole passage is in so analogous a taste, and affords such an agreeable specimen of the wit and humour with which fine poets could rally the common-places of their art, that we cannot help proceeding with it. Lazarello, a foolish table-hunter, has requested an introduction to the Duke of Milan, who has had a fine lamprey presented him. Before the introduction takes place, he finds that the Duke has given the fish away; so that his wish to be known to him goes with it; and part of the drollery of the passage arises from his uneasiness at being detained by the consequences of his own request, and his fear lest he should be too late for the lamprey elsewhere.

COUNT. (Aside to the Duke.) Let me entreat your Grace to
stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding. He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my knowledge.

DUKE. His name?

COUNT. Lazarello.

DUKE. I heard of him this morning:—which is he?

COUNT. (Aside to Laz.) Lazarello, pluck up thy spirits. Thy fortune is now raising. The Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

LAZ. He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon business.

COUNT. 'Tis all one: thou shalt know him first.

LAZ. Stay a little. If he should offer to take me with him, and by that means I should lose that I seek for! But if he should, I will not go with him.

COUNT. Lazarello, the Duke stays. Wilt thou lose this opportunity?

LAZ. How must I speak to him?

COUNT. 'Twas well thought of. You must not talk to him as you do to an ordinary man, honest plain sense; but you must wind about him. For example if he should ask you what o'clock it is, you must not say, "If it please your Grace, 'tis nine;"—but thus;—"Thrice three o'clock, so please my Sovereign:"—or thus;—

"Look how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"—

And so forth. And you must now and then enter into a description.

LAZ. I hope I shall do it.

COUNT. Come.—May it please your Grace to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded, in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and pot-herbs whatsoever?

DUKE. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

LAZ. I kiss the ox-hide of your Grace's foot.

COUNT. (Aside to Laz.) Very well.—Will your Grace question him a little.

DUKE. How old are you?

LAZ. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath. Four prenticeships
Have I most truly served in this world:
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly course, since——

DUKE. I understand you, Sir.

LUCIO. How like an ignorant poet he talks!

DUKE. You are eight-and-twenty years old? What time of the day do you hold it to be?

LAZ. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs.
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now: now the tables all——

DUKE. 'Tis almost dinner-time?

LAZ. Your Grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

VII.

MARGINALIA FROM THE SHAKESPEARE FOLIO OF 1808.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

These are the forgeries of jealousie,
And never since the middle Summers spring
Met we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
By paved fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,
But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Act II [Scene 1].

THERE is something exquisitely rich and luxurious in Titania's saying "since the middle summer's spring" as if bowers were not exuberant and covert enough for fairy sports until their second sprouting—which is surely the most bounteous overwhelming of all Nature's goodnesses. She steps forth benignly in the spring and her conduct is so gracious that by degrees all things are becoming happy under her wings and nestle against her bosom: she feels this love and gratitude too much to remain selfsame, and unable to contain herself buds forth the overflowings of her heart about the middle summer. O Shakespeare thy ways are but just searchable! The thing is a piece of profound verdure.

VII. These Notes are in the autograph of Keats in a copy of the 1808 reprint of the Shakespeare folio of 1623, now in the collection of Sir Charles Dilke. This treasurable book contains two poems in Keats's autograph,—the 'King Lear' sonnet and the Lines on Seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair (see notes to those poems). The underlinings and annotations (the latter very few) are confined to five plays, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Troylus and Cressida,' 'King Lear,' 'The First Part of King Henry the Fourth,' and 'Romeo and Juliet'; and of these the two last-mentioned are only marked, without being annotated. 'The First Part of King Henry the Fourth' is marked only in the first eight pages; and some few errors of the edition are corrected from a better copy; in 'Romeo and Juliet' the markings extend over the first half of the play. As regards the three annotated plays it is to be further stated that, in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' there are but two pages which show any trace of Keats's hand,—namely those in Act II bearing the above note; that 'Troylus and Cressida' is much underlined throughout, and has the first of Keats's five notes at the opening of Act I; and that 'King Lear,' while also copiously marked throughout, has but three of Keats's notes. It is curious that the three parts of King Henry the Sixth are not marked: probably the re-reading mentioned at page 236 of the present volume was from another copy—perhaps the Johnson and Steevens referred to at page 245 (foot-note).

TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA.

1.

I have (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:
Act I [Scene 1].

I have not read this copy much and yet have had time to find many faults—however 'tis certain that the Commentators have contrived to twist many beautiful passages into commonplaces as they have done with respect to "a scorn" which they have hocus pocus'd into "a storm" thereby destroying the depth of the simile—taking away all the surrounding atmosphere of Imagery and leaving a bare and unapt picture. Now however beautiful a Comparison may be for a bare aptness—Shakespeare is seldom guilty of one—he could not be content to "the sun lighting a storm," but he gives us Apollo in the act of drawing back his head and forcing a smile upon the world—"the Sun doth light a-scorn."

2.

Pandarus.—But to proove to you that *Hellen* loves him,
she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.
Cressida.—*Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?
Act I [Scene 2].

A most delicate touch—Juno being the Goddess of Childbirth.

3.

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape.
Act I [Scene 3].

The genius of Shakespeare was an in[n]ate universality—wherefore he had the utmost atchievement of human intellect prostrate beneath his indolent and kingly gaze. He could do easily Man's utmost. His plans of tasks to come were not of this world—if what he purposed to do hereafter would not in his own Idea "answer the aim" how tremendous must have been his Conception of Ultimates.

4.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne up
In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like evil
To over-bulke us all.
Act I [Scene 3].

"Blowne up" &c. One's very breath while leaning over these pages is held for fear of blowing this line away—as easily as the gentlest breeze

Robs dandelions of their fleecy Crowns.

5.

Sweete, rouse yourselfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke unloose his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be shooke to ayrie ayre

Act III [Scene 3.

Wherefore should this *ayrie* be left out?[1]

KING LEAR.

1.

Goneril.—You see how full of changes his age is...

Act I, Scene 1.

How finely is the brief of Lear's character sketched in this conference—from this point does Shakspeare spur him out to the mighty grapple—"the seeded pride that hath to this maturity blowne up" Shakspeare doth scatter abroad on the winds of Passion, where the germs take b[u]oyant root in stormy Air, suck lightning sap, and become voiced dragons—self-will and pride and wrath are taken at a rebound by his giant hand and mounted to the Clouds—there to remain and thunder evermore.

2.

...though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple,...

Act I, Scene 5.

"Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty."

[Lear, Act II, Scene 4.]

3.

Regan.—Was he not companion with the riotous Knights that tended upon my Father?
Gloster.—I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.
Bastard.—Yes Madam, he was of that consort.

Act II, Scene 1.

This bye-writing is more marvellous than the whole ripped up contents of Pernambuca—or any buca whatever—on the earth or in the waters under the earth.

[1] Echo answers *why?* But it is left out of even the admirable Globe edition, which also reads 'a storm' for 'a-scorne' in 'Troylus and Cressida,' Act I, Scene 1.

VIII.

NOTES ON MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

1.

On the Poet and the Poem.

THE Genius of Milton, more particularly in respect to its span in immensity, calculated him, by a sort of birthright, for such an 'argument' as the Paradise Lost: he had an exquisite passion for what is properly, in the sense of ease and pleasure, poetical Luxury; and with that it appears to me he would fain have been content, if he could, so doing, have preserved his self-respect and feel of duty performed; but there was working in him as it were that same sort of thing as operates in the great world to the end of a Prophecy's being accomplish'd: therefore he devoted himself rather to the ardours than the pleasures of Song, solacing himself at intervals with cups of old wine; and those are with some exceptions the finest parts of the poem. With some exceptions—for the spirit of mounting and adventure can never be unfruitful or unrewarded: had he

VIII. In 'The Dial' for April 1843, in a memoir of George Keats, signed "J. F. C.", we read: "He preserved and highly prized John's letters, and unpublished verses, the copy of Spenser filled with his works [*sic* but *quære, marks*?], which he had read when a boy, and which had been to him a very valuable source of poetic inspiration, and a Milton in which were preserved in a like manner John's marks and comments. From a fly-leaf of this book, I was permitted to copy the passages I now send you. I know not whether you will agree with me in their being among the most striking criticisms we possess upon this great author." The memoir is in the form of a letter to the Editor of *The Dial*; and the author seems to have been a Unitarian clergyman, the Rev. J. Freeman Clarke. Following the letter are the notes, headed "Remarks on John Milton, by John Keats, written in the fly-leaf of Paradise Lost." It is possible that Keats may have written some of his notes in two copies of Milton; but certainly all the notes given in *The Dial* and reprinted by Lord Houghton exist with others in Keats's autograph on one of the fly-titles and in the margins of a copy of *Paradise Lost* inscribed (also in Keats's writing) to his friend Mrs. Dilke. This book, a pocket edition in two volumes published in 1807 by W. and J. Deas of High Street, Edinburgh, is still in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke; and, as 'The Dial' does not say George Keats's book contained *autograph* notes, it seems likely that it was a copy into which the notes made in the other had been transcribed. Such a copy, indeed, is in my own collection,—a small volume containing only *Paradise Lost*, with a preface by Elijah Fenton, but with no title-page whereby to identify the edition: into this, Miss Mariane Reynolds (afterwards Mrs. Green), with great pains-taking and exactness, copied not only all Keats's notes in the Dilke copy, but also all his very numerous underlinings. I have not had occasion to use this little volume, as Sir Charles Dilke placed the original at my disposal among the rest of the highly important documents owned by him. The four longer notes here added to those given in *The Dial* originally appeared in *The Athenæum* for the 26th of October 1872. In now placing over each note the passage from the poem to which it refers, I have shown in italics what words or lines are underscored by Keats in these passages; but the book is very copiously underlined throughout.

not broken through the clouds which envelope so deliciously the Elysian field of verse, and committed himself to the Extreme, we should never have seen Satan as described—

"But his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd," &c.

John Keats.

2.

On "The Argument."

There is a greatness which the Paradise Lost possesses over every other Poem—*the Magnitude of Contrast*, and that is softened by the contrast being ungrotesque to a degree. Heaven moves on like music throughout. Hell is also peopled with angels; it also moves on like music, not grating and harsh, but like a grand accompaniment in the Base to Heaven.

J. K.

3.

On the Opening.

There is always a great charm in the openings of great Poems, more particularly where the action begins—that of Dante's Hell. Of Hamlet, the first step must be heroic and full of power; and nothing can be more impressive and shaded than the commencement of the action here—

"round he throws his baleful eyes."

J. K.

4.

Book I, lines 53 to 75.

But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: *round he throws his baleful eyes*,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild.
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover *sights of woe*,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.

Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious ; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set,
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell !

One of the most mysterious of semi-speculations is, one would suppose, that of one Mind's imagining into another. Things may be described by a Man's self in parts so as to make a grand whole which that Man himself would scarcely inform to its excess. A Poet can seldom have justice done to his imagination—for men are as distinct in their conceptions of material shadowings as they are in matters of spiritual understanding : it can scarcely be conceived how Milton's Blindness might here aid[1] the magnitude of his conceptions as a bat in a large gothic vault.

5.

Book I, lines 318-21.

Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven ?

There is a cool pleasure in the very sound of vale. The English word is of the happiest chance. Milton has put vales in heaven and hell with the very utter affection and yearning of a great Poet. It is a sort of Delphic Abstraction—a beautiful thing made more beautiful by being reflected and put in a Mist. The next mention of Vale is one of the most pathetic in the whole range of Poetry

Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent Valley &c. [Book II, lines 546-7.]

How much of the charm is in the valley !—

6.

Book I, lines 527-67.

but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears :

[1] Keats wrote 'here ade' in such a way that it might be read for 'pervade'; but his manuscript is full of slips of this kind; and the sense leaves no doubt that 'here aid' is what he meant. The sense is not after all fully expressed; but the

Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from *the glittering staff unfurled*
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now
Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose.

The light and shade—the sort of black brightness—the ebon diamonding—the Ethiop Immortality—the sorrow, the pain, the sad-sweet Melody—the P[h]alanges of Spirits so depressed as to be "uplifted beyond hope"—the short mitigation of Misery—the thousand Melancholies and Magnificences of this Page—leaves no room for anything to be said thereon but "so it is."

meaning is clear—that Milton's blindness might so sharpen his imagination as to give him the same advantage in the realm of the unseen as a bat has in the darkness of a gothic vault.

7.

Book I, lines 591-9.

his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

How noble and collected an indignation against Kings, "*and for fear of change perplexes Monarchs*" &c. His very wishing should have had power to pull that feeble animal Charles from his bloody throne. "The evil days" had come to him; he hit the new system of things a mighty mental blow; the exertion must have had or is yet to have some sequences.

8.

Book I, lines 710-30.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

What creates the intense pleasure of not knowing? A sense of independence, of power, from the fancy's creating a world of its own by the sense of probabilities. We have read the

Arabian Nights and hear there are thousands of those sort of Romances lost—we imagine after them—but not their realities if we had them nor our fancies in their strength can go further than this Pandemonium—

"Straight the doors opening" &c.
"rose like an exhalation" &c.

9.

Book II, lines 546-61.

Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle, and complain that Fate
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. *In discourse more sweet*
(*For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense*)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute—
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

Milton is godlike in the sublime pathetic. In Demons, fallen Angels, and Monsters the delicacies of passion, living in and from their immortality, is of the most softening and dissolving nature. It is carried to the utmost here—"Others more mild"—nothing can express the sensation one feels at "Their song was partial" &c. Examples of this nature are divine to the utmost in other poets—in Caliban "*Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments*" &c. In Theocritus, Polyphemus—and Homer's Hymn to Pan where Mercury is represented as taking his "*homely fac'd*"[1] to Heaven. There are numerous other in-

[1] This is a reminiscence of the quaint but vigorous translation of Chapman. As the Hymn to Pan is not one of the happiest examples of Chapman's manner, it may be sufficiently unfamiliar to make the following extract serviceable:

For soft love entering him
Conform'd his state to his conceited trim,
And made him long, in an extreme degree,
T' enjoy the fair-hair'd virgin Dryope.
Which ere he could, she made him consummate
The flourishing rite of Hymen's honour'd state;
And brought him such a piece of progeny,
As show'd, at first sight, monstrous to the eye;...

stances in Milton—where Satan's progeny is called his "*daughter dear*," and where this same Sin, a female, and with a feminine instinct for the showy and martial, is in pain lest death should sully his bright arms, "*nor vainly hope to be invulnerable in those bright arms*." Another instance is "*Pensive I sat* alone." We need not mention "Tears such as Angels weep."

10.

Book III, lines 1 and 15-9.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !

* * * * * *

So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where He sits
High throned above all highth, bent down his eye
His own works and their works at once to view.

The management of this Poem is Apollonian. Satan first "*throws round his baleful eyes*", the[n] awakes his legions, he consults, he sets forward on his voyage—and just as he is getting to the end of it we see the Great God and our first parent, and that same Satan all brought in one's vision—we have the invocation to light before we mount to heaven—we breathe more freely—we feel the great author's consolations coming thick upon him at a time when he complains most—we are getting ripe for diversity—the immediate topic of the Poem opens with a grand Perspective of all concerned.

11.

Book III, lines 135-7.

Thus while God spake ambrosial fragrance filled
All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.

Hell is finer than this.

Yet the most useful Mercury embraced,
And took into his arms, his homely-faced;
Beyond all measure joyful with his sight:
And up to heaven with him made instant flight,
Wrapt in the warm skin of a mountain hare;
Set him by Jove; and made most merry fare
To all the Deities else with his son's sight;
Which most of all fill'd Bacchus with delight ...

12.

Book III, lines 487-9.

A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry,
Into the devious air.

This part in its sound is unaccountably expressive of the description.

13.

Book III, lines 606-17.

What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, *when, with one virtuous touch,*
The arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effects so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled. Far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine, *as when his beams at noon*
Culminate from the equator,...

A Spirit's eye.

14.

Book IV, lines 1-5.

O for that warning voice, which he who saw
The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
"Woe to the Inhabitants on Earth!"

A friend of mine says this Book has the finest opening of any. The point of time is gigantically critical—the wax is melted, the seal is about to be applied—and Milton breaks out, "*O for that warning voice*," &c. There is moreover an opportunity for a Grandeur of Tenderness. The opportunity is not lost. Nothing can be higher—nothing so more than Delphic.

15.

Book IV, lines 268-72.

Not that fair field
Of Enna where Proserpin gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis

Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world—

There are two specimens of a very extraordinary beauty in the Paradise Lost; they are of a nature as far as I have read unexampled elsewhere—they are entirely distinct from the brief pathos of Dante—and they are not to be found even in Shakespeare—these are according to the great prerogative of poetry better described in themselves than by a volume. The one is in the fol[lowing]—"which cost Ceres all that pain"—the other is that ending "Nor could the Muse defend her son"—they appear exclusively Miltonic without the shadow of another mind ancient or Modern.[1]

16.

Book VI, lines 58-9.

reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awaked;...

"Reluctant" with its original and modern meaning combined and woven together, with all its shades of signification has a powerful effect.

17.

Book VII, lines 420-3.

but feathered soon and fledge
They summed their pens, and, soaring the air sublime
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect.

Milton in every instance pursues his imagination to the utmost—he is "sagacious of his Quarry," he sees Beauty on the wing, pounces upon it and gorges it to the producing his essential verse. "So from the root springs lighter the green stalk." &c.[2] But in no instance is this sort of perseverance more exemplified, than in what may be called his *stationing or*

[1] The second passage, Book VII, lines 32-8, is entirely underlined in Keats's copy; but there is no further note upon it than that in Book IV given above. The lines are—

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son.

[2] *Paradise Lost*, Book V, lines 479-80.

statuary. He is not content with simple description, he must station,—thus here we not only see how the Birds "*with clang despised the ground,*" but we see them "*under a cloud in prospect.*" So we see Adam "*Fair indeed, and tall—under a plantane*"—and so we see Satan "*disfigured—on the Assyrian Mount.*" This last with all its accompaniments, and keeping in mind the Theory of Spirits' eyes and the simile of Galileo, has a dramatic vastness and solemnity fit and worthy to hold one amazed in the midst of this Paradise Lost.

18.

Book IX, lines 41-7.

Me, of these
Nor skilled nor studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depressed; and much they may if all be mine
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

Had not Shakespeare liv'd?

19.

Book IX, lines 179-91.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent. *Him fast sleeping soon he found,*
In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,
Fearless, unfeared, he slept. In at his mouth
The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Satan having entered the Serpent, and inform'd his brutal sense—might seem sufficient—but Milton goes on "*but his sleep disturb'd not.*" Whose spirit does not ache at the smothering and confinement—the unwilling stillness—the "*waiting close*"? Whose head is not dizzy at the possible speculations of Satan in the serpent prison? No passage of poetry ever can give a greater pain of suffocation.

IX.

NOTES ON BURTON'S "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

1

Part. 2. Sec. 3. Mem. 2.

to dispute of gentry, without wealth, is (*saving your reverence*) to discuss the original of a mard. [page 14]

Sterne.

IX. These Notes are written in an odd second volume of an edition of 1813 printed for a syndicate of publishers and booksellers,—a handy library edition in two octavo volumes, which is of course by no means rare in itself, though this copy is priceless. The book consists of 612 pages with the following title :—

"The | Anatomy | of | Melancholy, | what it is, with all the | Kinds, Causes, Symptomes, Prognostics, | and | Several Cures of it. | In Three Partitions. | With their several | Sections, Members, and Subsections, | Philosophically, Medicinally, Historically opened and cut up. | By | Democritus Junior | with | A Satyricall Preface conducing to the following Discourse. | The Eleventh Edition corrected. | To which is now first prefixed | An Account of the Author. | Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. | Vol. II. | London : | Printed for J. Walker ; R. Lea ; ... Longman and | Co. ; Lackington ... Cradock and Joy ; and R. Saunders. | 1813." On the title-page, at the top, is written in the poet's hand, "John Keats | from | Charles Brown | 1819."

It would seem that, when Keats's "chest of books" was "divided among his friends" according to his testamentary wish, Brown recovered his enriched gift; for it is in consequence of its reaching Sir Charles Dilke's hands from Brown's son, Major Charles Brown of Taranaki in New Zealand, that I am enabled to publish the notes. The book had been read by Brown, and contains a few pencilled notes of a word or two by him. Keats read it throughout carefully, with pen in hand, scoring the margins constantly, even when not annotating, and underlining freely. He also began an index of special passages on the last fly-leaf. Now and again his note is but a word, a name, or a parallel quotation; once it is but a note of exclamation. His underlinings are full of interesting suggestion connected with his life and works; but I have not set out more of Burton's text here than is necessary to show the significance of the actual notes. The whole of these are in Partitions 2 and 3 ; and I have headed each scrap of text and comment with a specification of the Section, Member, and Subsection in which it occurs, as set forth in the headlines of the book itself,—numbering them for further convenience of reference as a part of Keats's writings. All words here printed in italics in the quoted passages of Burton represent words underlined by Keats. For the sake of this distinction roman letters are employed for a few of Burton's words which, in the edition of 1813, are printed in italics.

2.

Part. 2. Sec. 3. Mem. 3.

Quippe voluptatem commendat rarior usus: 'tis the rarity and necessity that makes a thing acceptable and pleasant. [page 26]

—blunting the fine point of seldome[1] pleasure.

S. S.

3.

Part. 2. Sect. 4. Memb. 1. Subs. 4.

...almost all jewels and precious stones have excellent vertues to pacify the affections of the mind; for which cause rich men so much covet to have them; and those smaller unions which are found in shells amongst the Persians and Indians, by the consent of all writers, are very cordial, and most part avail to the exhilaration of the heart.

Most men say as much of gold...Erastus...confesseth of gold, that it makes the heart merry, but in no other sense but as it is in a misers chest... [page 99]

This list of precious stones and their virtues is very curious—it is certainly a slight touch of 'my uncle Toby' because in looking onwards I do not find the *counter-snarle* Precious stones are certainly a remedy against Melancholy: a valuable diamond would effectually cure mine.

4.

Part. 3. Sec. 1. Mem. 1. Subs. 1.

But let these cavillers and counterfeit Catos know, that... an old, a grave, discreet man is fittest to discourse of love matters,

2. It is a noteworthy sign of the intimacy with which Keats knew Shakespeare's Sonnets in 1819 that he did not miss even the difference between 'seldome' and 'seldom', both employed in the 52nd Sonnet, from which he took this line of comment:—

> So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
> Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
> The which he will not ev'ry hower survay,
> For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.
> Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
> Since, seldom comming, in the long yeare set,
> Like stones of worth they thinly placed are
> Or captaine jewells in the carconet.

3. The subsection is headed "Pretious Stones, Metals, Minerals, Alteratives." After two pages on precious stones and their virtues comes a disquisition on Minerals.

4. Partition 3 is on Love-Melancholy. In this note Keats wrote 'mary' with a small *m*. The immortal Nicodemus Dodge in Mark Twain's 'Tramp Abroad'

because he hath likely more experience, observed more... [page 152]

I could relate here a story or two about old women—Old Men are innocents—old women are herodesses in these matters. Old Men let them pass with half attention but (not impiously I say it) old women like Mary lay up these things and ponder them in their hearts.

5.

Part. 3. Sec. 1. Mem. 1. Sub. 2.

Loves Beginning, Object, Definition, Division.
[pages 159 to 166]

Here is the old plague spot ; the pestilence, the raw scrofula. I mean that there is nothing disgraces me in my own eyes so much as being one of a race of eyes nose and mouth beings in a planet call'd the earth who all from Plato to Wesley have always mingled goatish winnyish lustful love with the abstract adoration of the deity. I don't understand Greek—is the love of God and the Love of women express'd by the same word in Greek? I hope my little mind is wrong—if not I could—— Has Plato separated these loves? Ha! I see how they endeavour to divide—but there appears to be a horrid relationship.

6.

Part. 3. Sec. 1. Mem. 3.

He that shall see men swear and forswear, lye and bear false witness... *Italian blaspheming, Spanish renouncing*, &c. may well ask where is charity? [pages 187-8]

O that he had gone through all the nations!

is very edifying on this point. Nicodemus expounded his religion as a belief that if a man helps "another feller when he's in trouble, and don't cuss, and don't do no mean things, nur nuth'n he ain' no business to do, and don't spell the Savior's name with a little *g*, he ain't runnin' no resks—he's about as saift as if he b'longed to a church." Questioned as to what if he did spell it with a little *g*, he replied—"if he done it a-purpose, I reckon he wouldn't stand no chance—he *oughtn't* to have no chance, anyway ..." As Keats expressly disclaims impiety, he must be held not to have "done it a-purpose."

5. Keats wrote 'done' for 'don't', 'greek' (first time) with a small *g*, and began his first question with 'does', altering it to 'is'. This note has reference to the whole subsection. The round statement that he "had no Greek" is of consequence.

7.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 1. Subs. 2.

And she again to him, as the bride saluted the bridegrome of old in Rome, Ubi tu *Caius*, ego semper *Caia*, be thou still Caius, I'll be Caia. [page 205]

Jack and Jill.

8.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 2. Subs. 2.

The Barbarians stand in awe of a fair woman, and at a beautiful aspect, a fierce spirit is pacified. [page 222]

'abash'd the devil stood'

9.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 2. Subs. 2.

Inachus and Peneus, and how many loving rivers can I reckon up, whom beauty hath enthral'd! I say nothing...of idols themselves, that have committed idolatry...of looking glasses that have been rapt in love (if you will believe Poets) when their ladies and mistresses looked on to dress them. [page 224]

How is he caught by his own birdlime!

10.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 2. Subs. 2.

The very form of beauty will fetch them to it many miles off... [page 226]

Witness Mary of Buttermere, Knighton Sally.

11.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 3. Subs. 3.

For whereas (saith he) at our coming to Brasil, we found both men and women naked as they were born...Their nakedness did much less entice...to lasciviousness, then our womens cloaths. [page 242]

"Beware of the rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes."

8. Keats's quotation from Milton at this point is most apt. The context ('Paradise Lost,' Book IV, lines 844-6) is—

> So spake the Cherube [Zephon], and his grave rebuke
> Severe in youthful beautie, added grace
> Invincible: abasht the Devil stood...

12.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 3. Subs. 4.

a fine sweet gentleman, a proper man, who could not love him? [page 264]

Romeo and Juliet.

13.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 3. Subs. 4.

They will crack, counterfeit and collogue, as well as the best, with handkerchiefs, and *wrought nightcaps*, purses, posies, and such toyes: [page 281]

Mr. Bickerstaff.

14.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 4. Subs. 1.

So she will do by him, drink to him with her eys, nay drink him up, devoure him, swallow him... [page 297]

Ben Jonson

15.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 4. Subs. 1.

Frequenting shady bowers in discontent,
To the ayr his fruitless clamors he will vent. [page 302]

"Whose shadows the forsaken Batchelor loves
Being lass-lorn."

14. It will be remembered that the lovely song "Drink to me only with thy eyes" is one of the fifteen lyrics in Ben Jonson's collection called 'The Forest.' A passage underlined at the top of the same page of Burton has a strong interest: "They cannot look off whom they love; they will impregnare eam ipsis oculis, *deflowre her with their eys*; be still gazing, *staring, stealing faces, smiling, glancing at her*...There can be no doubt that this is the source of the expressions used in the third stanza of the Ode to Fanny (page 9, *ante*):—

Who now, with greedy looks, eats up my feast?...
Ah! keep that hand unravished at the least...

15. Burton's last word before this couplet is 'solitariness'. Keats made the asterisk for his foot-note only half an inch from the word; and must have read the passage recently when he used this word in 'The Eve of St. Mark.' See foot-note at page 7, *ante*.

16.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 4. Subs. 1.

Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself, ill-favored, wrinkled, pimpled ... squint-ey'd, sparrow-mouthed, Persean hook-nosed, have a sharp fox nose ... if he love her once, he admires her for all this... [page 314]

Feu de Joi[e] round the batteries of Fort St. Hyphen de Phrase—on the Birthday of the Digamma. The whole alphabet was drawn up into a Phalanx on the corner of an old Dictionary —Band playing 'amo amas I lov'd a Lass.'

17.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 2.

St. Austin ... would not live in the house with his own sister. Xenocrates lay with Lais of Corinth all night, and would not touch her. [page 360]

quite antipodes.

18.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 3.

But without question, good counsel and advice must needs be of great force, especially if it shall proceed from ... a man of authority whom the parties do respect... [page 367]

Pshaw!

19.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 3.

If yong, she is, likely, wanton and untaught; if lusty, too lascivious; and if she be not satisfied, you know where and when, nil nisi jurgia, all is in an uprore, and there is little quietness to be had... [page 385]

good.

16. The passage from page 314 and the note upon it are worked up in the Winchester journal-letter of September 1819, for parts of which we are dependent on an American print. Keats writes of "a page I here copy for you": the editor neither gives it nor states whether it is a page of Keats or a page of a particular edition of Burton. In editing the letters in 1889, I made a guess for the precise quantity—a lucky one as it turns out, for Keats happens to have underlined every word of the three-fourths of an octavo page which I gave.

20.

Part. 3. Sect. 2. Mem. 6. Sub. 5.

And therefore as well to avoid these ferall maladies, 'tis good to get them husbands betimes, as to prevent some other grosse inconveniences, and, *for a thing that I know besides* ; ubi nuptiarum tempus et ætas advenerit, as Chrysostome adviseth let them not defer it ; they perchance will marry themselves else, or do worse. [page 401]

mum.

21.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 5,

Collige, virgo, rosas dum flos novus et nova pubes,
Et memor esto ævum sic properare tuum ;
Fair maids, go gather roses in the prime,
And think that as a flowre, so goes on time. [page 402]

cogliam la rosa d'amorè *ubique*

22.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 5.

Theodosius the Emperour, in short space, took notice of her [Eudocia's] beauty ... and a little after ... made her his wife : 'Twas nobly done of Theodosius. [page 404]

Massinger

23.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 5.

The divel too sometimes may divert by his ill suggestions, and marre many good matches ; as the same Paul was willing to see the Romans, but hindred of Satan, he could not. [page 406]

I

24.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 5.

Many lay-men repine still at priests marriages above the rest and not at cleargy men onely, but all of the meaner sort and condition ; they would have none marry, but such as are rich and able to maintain wives ; because their parish, belike, shall be pestered with orphanes, and the world full of beggers : but .. they do not consider that a great part of the world is not yet inhabited as it ought. [page 409]

Parson Malthus.

25.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Mem. 6. Subs. 5.

But what do I trouble myself, to find arguments to persuade to, or commend marriage? behold a brief abstract of all that which I have said, and much more,...by Jacopus de Voragine...
Qy 1 Hast thou meanes? thou hast one to keep and increase it.
Qy 2 Hast none? thou hast one to help to get it.
Qy 3 Art in prosperity? thine happiness is doubled.
Qy 4 Art in adversity? shee'l comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden to make it more tolerable.
Qy 5 Art at home? shee'l drive away melancholy.
Qy 6 Art abroad? shee looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy returne.
Qy 7 There's nothing delightsome without society; no society so sweet as matrimony.
Qy 8 The band of conjugal love is adamantine.
Qy 9 The *sweet* company of kinsmen increaseth, the number of parents is doubled, of brothers, sisters, nephews...
All this is true, say you, and who knowes it not? but how easy a matter is it to answer these motives, and to make an antiparodia quite opposite unto it? To exercise myself, I will essay.
1. Hast thou meanes? thou hast one to spend it... [page 417]

aye—aye—

26.

Part. 3. Sec. 3. Mem. 1. Subs. 2.

Especially if they be bald, for bald men have ever been suspitious (read more in Aristotle sect. 4. prob. 19.) as Galba, Otho, Domitian, and remarkable Cæsar amongst the rest [page 440]

C.B. C.C.C. J.R. G.K.

25. There are twelve items in the account on each side; but I have only extracted those with which Keats deals. He expresses his doubts on nine out of the twelve by the familiar 'Qy' set against each as shown in the text; and he only assents to one of the propositions in the "counter-snarle," as shown above. The eighth item of the "counter-snarle" he underlined: it is as follows:
"The band of marriage is adamantine; no hope of loosing it; thou art undone."

26. The initials placed in the margin of this passage are those of Charles Brown, Charles Cowden Clarke, John Reynolds, and George Keats. The precise value of the note from a biographical or psychological point of view cannot be usefully discussed on this occasion: there is much beside baldness dealt with in the Subsection.

27.

Part. 3. Sec. 3. Mem. 1. Subs. 2.

Theodosius the emperour, gave his wife Eudoxia a golden appl
when he was suiter to her, which she long after bestowed upo
a young gallant of the court... [page 444]

Massinger.

28.

Part. 3. Sec. 4. Mem. 1. Subs. 2.

For in all these religions and superstitions, amongst ou
idolaters, *you shall still finde that the parties first affected, ar
silly rude ignorant people, old folkes, that are naturally prone t
superstition, weak women, or some poor rude illiterate persons
that are apt to be wrought upon*, and gulled in this kind..
And the best meanes they have to broach first, or to maintain i
when they have done, is to keep them still in ignorance; *fo
ignorance is the mother of devotion as all the world knowes*, an
these times can amply witness. This hath been the divel
practice, and his infernall ministers in all ages; *not as ou
Saviour by a few silly fishermen, to confound the wisdome o
the world, to save publicans and sinners, but to make advantag
of their ignorance, to confound them and their associates;* an
that they may better effect what they intend, they begin, as
say, *with poor, stupid, illiterate persons.* [page 507]

extraordinary

29.

Part. 3. Sec. 4. Mem. 1. Subs. 2.

and to advance the common cause, undergo any miseries, tur
traytors, assassinates, *pseudo-martyrs*... [page 510]

The most biggotted [*sic*] word ever met with.

30.

Part. 3. Sec. 4. Mem. 1. Subs. 2.

Not that fasting is a thing of itself to be discommended; fo
it is an excellent meanes to keep the body in subjection,
preparative to devotion, the physick of the soule, by whic

28. Against the words *ignorant people* &c. Keats has set a bold rom
capital P, and against *our Saviour* &c. lower down another. The wo
extraordinary is written up the margin from P to P.

chast thoughts are ingendred, true zeale, a divine spirit, whence wholesome counsells do proceed, concupiscence is restrained, vicious and predominent lusts and humours are expelled. [page 510]

Good.

31.

Part. 3. Sec. 4. Mem. 1. Subs. 1.

And 'tis true they say of it, if it be moderately and seasonably used, by such parties as Moses, Elias, Daniel, CHRIST, and as his apostles made use of it... [pages 510-11]

I would decapitate these large letters but really they being in such very bad company have *without sneer* a right to pre-eminence.

32.

Part 3. Sec. 4. Mem. 1. Subs. 2.

For these Sibyls set down all particular circumstances of Christ's coming, and many other future accidents, far more perspicuous and plain than ever any prophet did. [page 513]

Test.

33.

Part. 3. Sec. 4. Mem. 1. Subs. 3.

Ut pueri infantes credunt signa omnia ahena
Vivere, et esse homines, et sic isti omnia ficta
Vera putant, credunt signis cor inesse ahenis.

As children thinke their babies live to be,
Do they these brazen images they see. [page 536]

I wonder he skipp'd Isaia on the subject.

34.

Part. 3. Sec. 4. Mem. 2. Subs. 6.

The paschal lamb was eaten with sowre hearbs... [page 597]

au sorrel.

31. Notes 29 and 31 face each other in the bottom margins of pages 310-311.

32. The word written under this passage is the only one in the book about which I have any doubt. It might possibly be *Jest* spelt with a capital I; but Keats usually reserved that luxury for the proper names John &c. I have little doubt that the word is 'Test' and is an instruction to himself to look into authorities on the question.

34. This French note is not good even for culinary French. He should have said *à l'oseille*. One wonders whether the word *sour* awoke a recollection of hearing his West Country father speak of *sour-sabs*, as the leaves of the wild sorrel are called in Devonshire.

X.

A SCRAP WRITTEN IN THE LECTURE-ROOM AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

Whenne Alexandre the Conqueroure was wayfayringe in y^e^ londe of Inde, there mette hym a damoselle of marveillouse beautie slepynge uponne the herbys and flourys. He colde ne loke uponne her withouten grete plesance, and he was welle nighe loste in wondrement. Her forme was everyche whytte lyke y^e^ fayrest carvynge of Quene Cythere, onlie thatte y^t^ was swellyd and blushyd wyth warmthe and lyffe wythalle.

Her forhed was as whytte as ys the snowe whyche y^e^ talle hed of a Norwegian pyne stelythe from y^e^ northerne wynde One of her fayre hondes was yplaced thereonne, and thus whytte wyth whytte was ymyngld as ye gode Arthure saythe, lyke whytest lylys yspredde on whyttest snowe; and her bryghte syne whenne she them oped, sparklyd lyke Hesperus through an evenynge cloude.

Theye were yclosyd yn slepe, save that two slauntynge raies shotte to her mouthe, and were theyre bathyd yn sweetenesse as whenne bye chaunce y^e^ moone fyndeth a banke of violettes and droppethe thereonne y^e^ sylverie dewe.

The authoure was goynge onne withouthen descrybynge y^r^ ladye's breste, whenne lo, a genyus appearyd—"Cuthberte," sayeth he, "an thou canst not descrybe y^e^ ladye's breste, and fynde a simile thereunto, I forbyde thee to proceede yn thy romaunt." Thys, I kennd fulle welle, far surpassyd my feble powres, and forthwythe I was fayne to droppe my quille.

X. 'The Philosophy of Mystery,' by Walter Cooper Dendy (1841), yields this morsel by Keats. Treating of "Poetic Phantasy, or Frenzy" (page 99), the writer says—"Even in the lecture-room of Saint Thomas's, I have seen Keats in a deep poetic dream: his mind was on Parnassus with the muses. And here is a quaint fragment which he one evening scribbled in our presence, while the precepts of Sir Astley Cooper fell unheeded on his ear..." Although this is a sufficiently boyish piece of trifling, it is not quite what any boy might have written, and is in some respects characteristic. It has not, of course, any connexion with the study of Chatterton, but is interesting as evidence that Sir John Mandeville must be reckoned among the sources of Keats's English.

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CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

Volume I.

Page vi, last line, for 'Addenda' read 'Addendum'.
„ xii, line 13, for 'Prose of' read 'Prose by'.
„ xiv, line 1, 'British Museum', delete turned commas.
„ xv, last line, for 'Præterea' read 'Prætera'.
„ xvii, line 20, delete the 'em-leader' (...).
„ xxxii, „ 24, insert comma after 'rest'.
„ xxxiv „ 9, „ „ „ 'formerly'.
„ xxxv, „ 17, „ „ „ 'collection'.
„ „ „ 24, „ semi-colon „ 'Causeway'.
„ „ „ 26, „ comma „ 'great'.
„ „ „ 35, „ „ „ 'Then'.
„ xl, „ 17, delete „ „ '*ottava-rima*'.
„ xlii, „ 23, for 'he then left Hunt's' read 'he left the Hunts'.
„ „ „ 24, insert comma after 'Shelley'.
„ „ „ 1 of foot-note, after 'wrote' insert 'to'.
„ xliii, „ 19 to line 23, from 'The glance' to 'some pair' to be enclosed in turned commas.
Page xlvii, line 5, for 'refers' read 'referred'.
„ 22, „ 1 of foot-notes, for '28' read '29'.
„ 24, lines 40 and 41 should be divided by a space.
„ 88, line 2 of foot-notes, for 'Lo' read 'So'.
„ 110, last line but two of foot-notes, for '971' read '970'.
„ 139, „ „ „ four „ for '363' read '963'.
„ 147, line 4 of foot-note to 156, for '939' read '938'.
„ 164, insert between the first and second foot-notes—"756. The manuscript reads 'clew' for 'clue'."
Page 183, last foot-note, for '310-16' read '311-17'.
„ 190, line 1 of last foot-note, read 'unmistakably'.
„ 192, „ 5 from foot, for 'Baily' read 'Bailey'.

Volume II.

Page vi, line 8 from foot, for 'On' read 'The'.
„ 35, „ 15, insert comma after 'Hunt'.
„ 39, „ 15 of foot-note, for 'another' read 'George Keats's'.

Page 43, line 3 of foot-notes, delete 'a' before 'rhyme'.

„ 55, last line but one of foot-notes, insert comma after '4'.

„ 79, line 15 of foot-notes, for 'xlvii' read 'xlviii'.

„ 86, „ 14 „ for '5' read '3'.

„ 89, „ 7 „ for 'clothing' read 'cloathing'.

„ 112, lines 8 and 9 should be in condensed type.

„ 115, Add to the note on line 12 the words—"Probably he did not know his Sandys's Ovid as well as Keats did; 'bowse' is only a sea-term now-a-days; but formerly it was a hawking term, describing a thirsty state of the hawk; and in the comment on the fifth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses Sandys uses it when translating a passage from Persius, thus:

I of the Horse's spring did never bowse;
Nor, knowing, slept on forkt *Parnassus* browes.

This has some bearing on the question what edition of Sandys Keats used, as the comment only occurs in the larger editions.

Page 137, line 2 of last foot-note, for 'Miltonic, who has' read 'Miltonic: compare'

Page 142, insert the following additional foot-note:—"349. For the notable expression 'region-whisper', compare Shakespeare's 33rd Sonnet:—

The region-cloude hath mask'd him from me now."

Page 167, lines 5 and 6 should not be indented.

„ 169, line 5 of foot-notes, the word 'moment' needs turned commas.

„ 172, last line of poem, insert full point at end.

„ 173, line 1 of foot-notes, for 'First given' read "The sonnet 'Oh! how I love' &c. was first given."

Page 192, line 6 from foot, insert 'also' after 'Woodhouse'.

„ 200, „ 5 from foot, for '82' read '49'.

„ 200, foot-note, line 4 from foot, for 'in the present volume' read "(Volume III, page 31)".

„ 206, line 4 of foot-notes, for '77' read '46'.

„ 207, the head-line should be 'Song: "Spirit here that reignest!"'.

„ 213, line 44, substitute a semi-colon for a comma after 'Aldebrim'.

„ 216, „ 5, substitute comma for full-point after 'ears'.

In the endeavour to distinguish between the *ipsissima verba* of Keats and the words of the editor by adopting a special type for each, there have been a few cases in which, in the foot-notes, old-style type has been used instead of condensed, and condensed instead of old style; but fortunately these are cases in which it is quite clear without differentiation by type whether the words are the poet's or the editor's.

Volume III.

Page 113, last line of text, delete comma after 'more'.

„ 163, line 2 of foot-notes, for '1817' read '1877'.

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